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Their Imperial Majesties King Emperor and Queen Empress.

The Past Capital

-- OF --

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The Orient,

-- BY --

T. ARCHIBALD BROOKS,

Panjab Education Department,

AUTHOR OF

"THE TAJ MAHAL OF AGRA"
"SOME HINDU FESTIVALS"

"ISLAM—A SHORT STUDY"
ETC., ETC.,

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TO

HIS HONOUR SIR JOHN PRESCOTT HEWETT, K.C.S.I., C.I.E.

PRESIDENT OF THE CORONATION DURBAR OF INDIA.

1911.

SIMLA,

26TH OCTOBER, 1911.

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- - The Environs of Delhi. - -

DISTANCES AS GIVEN FROM DELHI.

FIROZABAD—near Jail or about 500 yards beyond Delhi Gate.

PURANA QILA—with Mosque of Sher Shah and Sher Mandal ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles).

MAUSOLEUM OF HAMAYUN—4 miles,

SHRINE OF SHEIQ NIZAM-UD-DIN AULIA, CHISTY—(returning from Humayun's Tomb and proceeding to Qutab).

SAFDAR JUNG (MAUSOLEUM),—midway between Delhi and Qutab.

QUTAB MINAR including :
- TOMB OF SULTAN ALTAMASH
- QUWAT-UL-ISLAM MOSQUE
- IRON PILLAR
- ALAI DARWAZA
- TOMB OF SULTAN ALA-UD-DIN KHILJI

} **11—11$\frac{1}{4}$ miles.**

TUGHLAKHABAD—(5 miles from Qutab).

PRINCE KHURRAM, son of *Jahangir* and grand son of *Akbar the Great*, ascended the Mughal Throne in 1628, assuming the titles of ABUL MUZAFFAR SHAHAB-UD-DIN SHAH JAHAN, SAHIB-I-KIRAN SANI.

SHAH JAHAN (King of the World) was the founder of modern Delhi—*Shahjahanbad*. The lustre of the Orient culminates in this *Sultan*. Never before and never after, had the *Mughal* Empire so flashed out in brilliant splendour. Side by side with its marvellous prosperity was the comfort and peace enjoyed by its subjects. SHAH JAHAN was preeminently the royal architect of India;—the *Fort* and the *Jama-i-Masjid* of Delhi and the *Taj Mahal*, the *Jama-i-Masjid* and the *Moti Masjid* at Agra bear abundant testimony to his illustrious magnificence. His *Peacock Throne*, on which great travellers and romancists have exhausted their descriptive eloquence, was a veritable miracle of exquisite workmanship, and barely causes surprise at the knowledge that its value, in sterling, equalled above four million pounds! The Emperor reigned from 1628 to 1658; in that year he was taken prisoner and confined in the Fort at Agra by his son *Aurangzeb*, who thus usurped and occupied the throne. The royal prisoner died in 1666.

Beside *Shah Jahan* in the picture, is his wife ARJUMAND BANU BEGUM (the lady of Good Fortune) subsequently called MUMTAZ-I-MAHAL (the exalted of the Palace) and still later, TAJ MAHAL (the Crown of the Palace) over whom is erected the most wondrous Mausoleum in the world,—the *Taj Mahal* of Agra. *

---

* The term "Taj Mahal" for the Mausoleum is decidedly wrong though popular and commonly current. *Taj Bibi ka Rauza*, which means the tomb of the Taj lady, is the correct name.

The *Sultana* died in 1631. Two years after *Shah Jahan* ascended the throne. After his death, *Shah Jahan* was laid to rest by the side of his favourite wife, whom he had surived for thirty-five years.

Ofcourse the palatial buildings of Delhi were non existent in the days of this Queen Consort, but it is doubtful whether, in her day, her royal husband even contemplated transferring the Capital from Agra to Delhi.

Taj Mahal died at Behrampur when the Sultan was engaged in his campaign in the Deccan against *Khan Jahan Lodi*, and her remains were embalmed and conveyed to the Metropolis after the disturbances in that quarter of his kingdom were suppressed. The building of the TAJ was begun in 1632 and completed in 1648.

- - Delhi. - -

ON THE CONFINES of Ajmere in Rajputana, on the way to the Hill of *Tara*, the traveller is drawn irresistibly to do more than just curiously glance at the ruins of a huge Hindu temple, said to have been erected by supernatural agency, ond occupying no more than two-and-a-half days to build ! The tradition is preserved in the title of the place, which is *Dhai din ka Jhompra*,—the hut-of-two-and-a-half days. Historically the builder of this " Hut " was none other than *Kutab-ud-din* himself, so prominent an actor at the historical theatre of Delhi :—but be that as it may, the title at once recalls to mind a proverb as common as it is universal.

If " Rome was not built in a day," neither was Delhi. The beginnings of ' the Queen of the Palatine hills ' are lost in the haze of a fabulous dawn, even so *when* (rather more than *where*) Delhi began, has baffled the ingenuity of chronologists to determine. Long before both the sanguinary and the voluptuous reign of the Mughals, when the Rajput Kings, one side claiming a solar descent and another (virtually at least) sheltering, as her sole monopoly, under Cynthia's rays, Delhi WAS. *Indraprastha* (the dwelling of the God *Indra*), *Kurakshathra* (the battlefield of the *Kaurvas and Pandus*), *Dheeli* (loosened, kingdom made slack) ; *Deh-liz* (Persian, the threshold to India) ;—these are amongst the names that our Delhi of to-day looks back upon, with pride mingled

with tears. Thus historically speaking, Roma with her Father Tiber was not more historic or more revered than was Delhi with her *Jamna mai* (mother Jamna).

And when centuries have rolled by and with them " the dust of a vanished race;"—after edifices have crumbled to ruins and ruins in their turn have helped to erect edifices ; after Empires and Kings have, in pompous regalia and with inspiring retinue, moved off the world's stage,—yeilding place to others mightier and more skilled in the royal science of imperial rule ;—after a Sultan *Raziah*, whose only misfortune, notwithstanding her masculine title, was that she belonged " to the wrong sex," had ruled and reigned in manner provoking emulation; after the beautiful *Nur Mahal* (once known as *Mehr-un-Nissa*, Queen of women) from being the light of the palace was translated as the light of the world—*Nur Jahan* ; after the beloved *Mumtaz Mahal—Arjumand Banu Begum*—comprehended in herself the trinity of time, taking past, present and future wherewith to cover her ashes with that dream in marble which the mind of angels conceived and the hands of fairies built in the moonlight ; *Shah Jahan*, the most magnificent of his many magnificent ancestors, planned out and built *Shah-Jahan-abad* (his abode) to which the plebian language of the day, still tenaciously clinging to the antiquity of an archaic title, calls DELHI.

This is the place which honoured by ancient time has more than once received the imperial favour of the throne of England, and to-day—in this year of grace 1911—it attempts to offer welcome to the Sovereign of the British Dominions and his royal Consort, and humbly greets the Emperor and Empress of India to her shores at the Coronation Darbar.

With these words for an Introduction, we recapitulate in brief, the gatherings of unvarnished History, and we come to note that from the earliest period of Aryan colonisation in India, DELHI has been the site of one great Metropolis after another, so that the whole country for some 15 miles around the Delhi of to-day, is covered with the *debris* of ruined cities, and these ruins extend to an area of some 50 square miles.

The oldest capital is *Indraprastha*, founded about the fifteenth century B. C., when *Yudhishthra* was the Aryan King, and over this ground, when the world was young, waged the war celebrated in the famous Hindu Epic of the *Mahabharata*. The site is now occupied by the ruins of *Purana Qila* (Old Fort) of the Emperors *Sher Shah Suri* and *Humayun*. It was here that *Humayun* met with his fatal fall when coming down the steps of his Library.

The name of DELHI comes definitely to the front in the history of the first century B. C. Passing in succession under the rule of Hindus, Pathans, Mughals and Marhattas, it came at length into the hands of the English after Lord Lake's victories in 1803. The battle of Delhi was fought on 11th September.

The Mughal power, however, still lived within the Fort or Palace walls of Delhi. After *Shah Alam* had been released from his Mahratta persecutors, the Governor-General assigned a large portion of territory to him. He became ofcourse nothing more than a titular sovereign, with no jurisdiction outside the Fort walls, with the British Resident and the Chief Commissioner to answer to, and with British Officials administering Muhammadan Law in his name throughout the territory.

This anomalous state of things lasted till 1832, when the territory became part of the North-West Provinces, and its control was placed under the Hon'ble East India Company. The Mutiny caused the total collapse of the Mughal power. *Bahadur Shah*, the then King, was the last of the race. Transported for rebellion, he died in Rangoon in 1862.

The year following the Mutiny, a Lieutenant-Governorship was created for the Punjab, and Delhi ceased to belong to the North Western Provinces, now called the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. At the present moment, the unique and auspicious year of the CORONATION DURBAR, one is happy to note that this Office is filled, with no little distinction, by His Honour Sir Louis Dane.

The population of the District totals to over 7 lacs of souls;— that of the city of Delhi exceeds 2 lacs,—the Hindus numbering about a third more than the Muhammadans. The Jats, Sikhs, Europeans and others are comparatively very few.

The city of Modern Delhi—more correctly *Shajahanabad* (the habitation of *Shah Jahan*)—is enclosed on three sides by a lofty wall of solid stone (5½ miles in circuit) now indented in several places by the signs of the Mutiny of 1857. The eastern side, where the city extends to the river bank, has no wall, but the high bank is faced with masonry. There are ten main gates. The Fort is in the east of the city and abuts directly over the river. This Fort and the *Jama-i-Masjid* facing it, immortalise the name of *Shah Jahan in Delhi*,—as the *Taj* does his name in *India* and indeed throughout the world !

Though the hand of the Vandal has often been busy against it, the *Fort*, so far as some of its chief buildings are concerned, is still 'a thing of beauty' and 'a joy for ever.' And yet, if European military barracks in their hideousness still continue to mar the grounds and take the place of many a royal apartment, and common mortar has been raised where glistening marble once stood, one may regard it as a just Nemesis for the last act of atrocity committed within the Fort walls, when in the bloody dawn of the Mutiny of 1857, some fifty Christians,—European and Eurasian—mostly women and children, were thrust indiscriminately into a room in the palace, and after 16 days' confinement, were massacred in the Court yard !

The principal street of the city is *Chandni Chauk* (The Lighted Street), * three quarters of a mile long, and 74 ft. broad, leading eastward from the Fort to the Lahore Gate.

The *Chandni Chauk* originally was a name belonging to an octagonal court built by *Jahanara Begum*, the daughter of *Sha Jahan*. The present name was subsequently extended to the Street.

The European quarter lies outside of the *Kashmir* and *Mori* Gates. The Club (Ludlow Castle) is on Alipur Road ; facing it are the well-kept *Nicholson Gardens*, and a little beyond in line with the latter, is *Maiden's Hotel* so largely patronised by every first class tourist.

---

* A very popular mistake is to call it "Silver Street, mistaking the vernacular word *Chandni*, which literally means illuminated by moonlight, for *Chandi* which means Silver.

In later days DELHI has added not a little to the grandeur of its past memories, with this significant difference that it has been under the auspices of a peaceful administration. Chief among these have been the great DURBAR on the 1st of January, 1877, when QUEEN VICTORIA was proclaimed Empress of India ; and the still grander DURBAR on New Year's Day, 1903, with which Lord Curzon's name will always be associated, to commemorate the Coronation of KING EDWARD VII, and when their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught graciously attended. Apart from the DURBAR itself, which will live for all who witnessed it, as long as memory lasts, the most brilliant spectacle of all was in the *Diwan-i-Khas* in the Fort, when the Investiture of the Exalted Indian Orders, was held in the Durbar Hall. It has been said—not without reason—that could the Poet have contemplated that scene of beauty and light, three centuries after the Grand Mughal had passed away, he might have suspended his ecstatic utterance which one finds inscribed above the arches in this Hall !—"If there be a Paradise on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this."—

It would not be fair to anticipate what transformation scene yet further awaits the *Diwan-i-Khas* under the *aegis* of their Majesties GEORGE V AND MARY—the Emperor and Empress of India, in person. A later historian will tell with abler pen that which is denied to the writer of this slender sketch.

No traveller can afford to visit India and not make at least a three days' stay in Delhi. Even then his review of the place and its environments will be hasty and unsatisfactory enough, but where time is limited it is the best he can do.

The Lions of Delhi.

ONE repudiates the title of "GUIDE BOOK" in a treatise of this nature. A scene of persona linadequacy as to efficiency on the one hand, and a desire to do something better than draw out a literary map on the other, may allow for such repudiation.

Assuming that the visitor or Tourist to Delhi has at least four days at his disposal, the LIONS OF DELHI may be visited with some approach to comfort in four days *at the least*.

With this end in view, we would venture to suggest the following *Time Table and Programme*, and on this basis the *Text* of this little Book is founded. Were Delhi to be visited chronologically, we should begin either at the *Qutab Minar or Purana Kila*, that is to say due deference would have to be paid to the claims of rival dynasties and the traditions of a remote age of Hindu supremacy.

In this matter-of-fact age however, we are safe to assume that the traveller will not begin his peregrination (good tourist expression, that !) until after a night's rest and an early morning refreshment at the *Hotel Cecil or Maiden's Hotel*. Then with the inevitable *Kodak*, a pair of Binoculars, a rough Note Book and a cigarette (of course we are thinking of mere *men* here !) he may be disposed to chart out his four days in the following order :—

First Day. *Morning*.—Drive through Kashmir Gate, and visit St. James Church (St. Stephen's Mission College on the left); Government High School ; Telegraph Memorial ; Old Magazine ; The Fort (entering by Lahore Gate) ; Sunhari Masjid of Javed Khan ; the Jama-i-Masjid ; Golden Temple and then Home by St. Stephen's Mission Church,—driving over the Dufferin Bridge and *viâ* the Mori Darwaza.

Afternoon.—Flag Staff Tower ; Hindu Rao's house ; Ashoka's Pillar ; Mutiny Memorial and Roshanara Gardens.

Second Day. *Morning*.—Nicholson Monument ; Cemetery, Nicholson's grave ; Kabul Gate Bastion ; Queen's Gardens ; Darya Ganj ; Memorial Cross ; Kotilá of Feroze Shah.

Afternoon.—Kadam Sharif.

Third Day. *(Whole)*.—Leave house at 7 or 7-30 after a substantial *Choti Hazri*. Drive through Ajmir Gate direct to Tuglakabad (this necessitates changes of horses at three places ; first at the Qutab, next at Tuglakabad, and lastly again at the Qutab.) After forty minutes or a little more at Tuglakabad, return to the Qutab and there having a somewhat late breakfast (there is a nice Dak Bungalow) give yourself up to the Minar and all that environs that stately column.

On returning, " roadside fame " may be ignored without much disadvantage, but alight at the Mausoleum of Safdar Jang, which one meets midway and must have noticed in the morning drive.

Fourth Day. (*Whole*).—Visit Kalan Masjid and the (supposed) Tomb of Sultan Raziya at the Turkoman Gate ; then pass out of Ajmir Gate to the Shrine of Nizam-ud-din Aulia (here one leaves Safdar Jang again on the right) ; a short drive beyond, reaches the Mausoleum of Hamayun, and driving by the direct road from there takes you to Purana Qila.

Presuming that " sunset has now dawned " (we have Indian Scholastic authority for this expression !) take Chandni Chauk *en-route*, and thus view the main street of Shahjahanabad under the influence of electric lights and as a typical Indian thoroughfare, replacing, though in decadence, the ' once that was ' of the Days of the Grand Oriental.

Kashmir Gate.

WHO HAS NOT HEARD of *Lalla Ruhh* ? Might it not have been through this gate—certainly through this roadway—amid the scattering of roses and the waving of peacock plumes, the fairest daughter of *Aurangzeb*, fairer than *Zuleikha*, more fascinating than *Shirin*, set out to meet in Earths' Paradise, her chozen *Feramurz* ?

The Indian King had a gateway leading to each big city and we find names lingernig in the titles given to gateways still. We have the Kabul, the Lahore, the Ajmere, and other Gates in Delhi ; we here see the KASHMIR GATE.

But as we look on it to-day and as the European scrutinizes it to-day—they are not thoughts of poesy fragrant with musk that will come to him, should his memory carry him no further that only half a century back. This is famous if any part of modern Delhi is famous, for the valour and heroism of the British forces, which culminated in the magnificent *coup* they made on 14th September 1857, and thus opened the way to victory and the banner of England.

St. James Church.

THIS LIES within KASHMIR GATE and was built by Colonel James Skinner, C.B. at a cost of Rs. 80,000. Skinner lies buried opposite the Altar. In north aisle is a tablet with this inscription:—

"In fulfilment of a vow made while lying wounded on the field of battle, in grateful acknowledgment of the mercy of Divine Providence, and in testimony of his sincere faith in the truth of the Christian religion."

Around the walls are many Memorial Tablets of those murdered during the Mutiny.

In the Churchyard are graves of the Skinner family ; William Frazer, Commissioner of Delhi, murdered in 1835 ; and of Sir T. T. Metcalfe. Also Memorial gilded ball and cross showing damage sustained from bullets fired at it in 1857.

Government High School.

BETWEEN ST. JAMES' CHURCH and the Telegraph Office. The building from an historical point of view is of extreme interest. Originally it was believed to be the house of Ali Mardan Khan, the Governor of Kandahar, who surrendered his Province to *Shah Jahan* (1637) and was made Viceroy of the Panjab (1639). It is therefore nearly three centuries old.

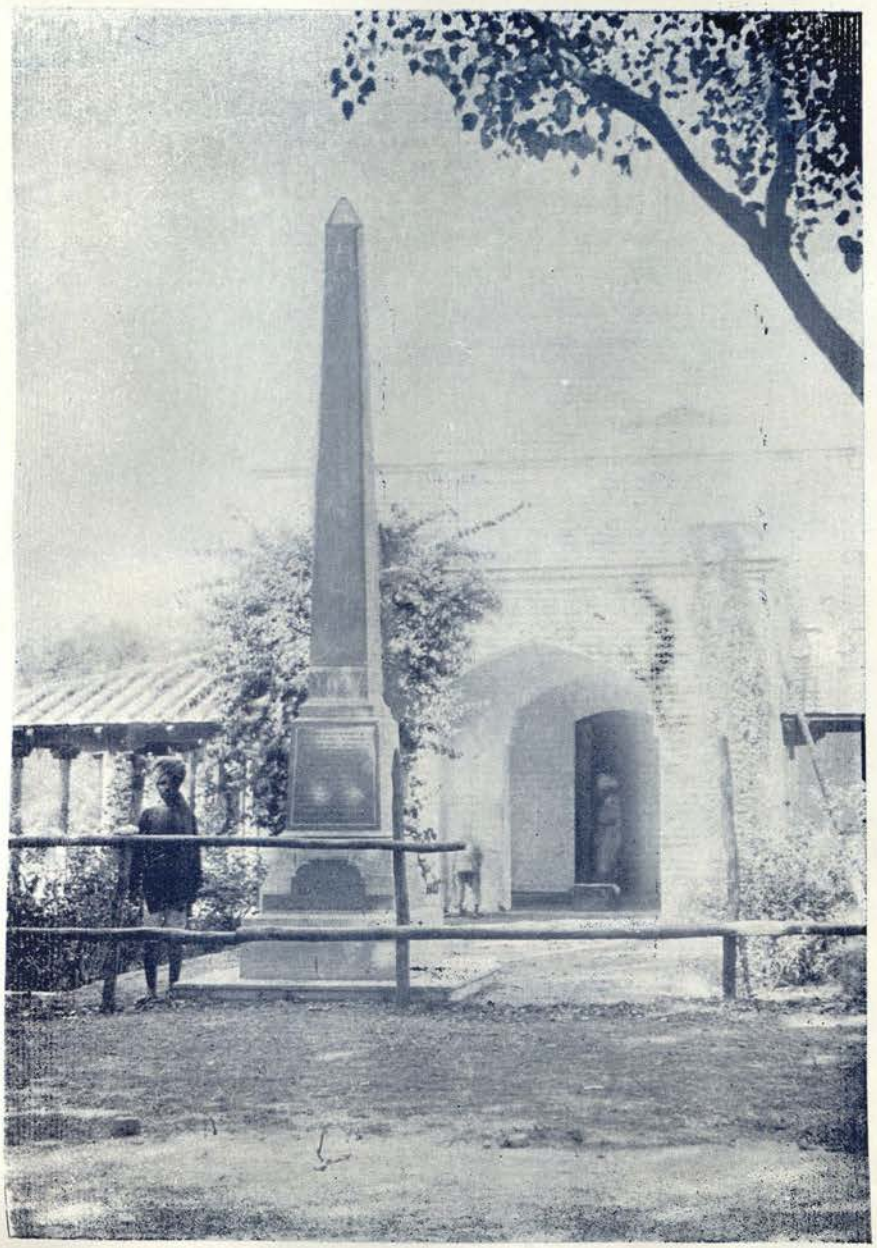
In 1803 it became the residence of Colonel Ochterlony, the British Resident at the Court of Delhi; and the Mughal King, glorying in the name of *Shah Alam* (King of the known world), rescued from the hands of the Marhattas, from this time became nothing more than a titular sovereign.

Subsequently the place was used for many years as the Delhi Government College, and in 1883 was reduced to a High School.

Under the orders of Lord Curzon, a commemorative Tablet with the simple words "ONCE THE RESIDENCY" (the same also in vernacular) has been placed on the west wall.

Telegraph Memorial.

IN THIS CITY of sad Memorials, not the least of these is depicted in this Picture.



The following *verbatim* account taken from the Obelisk explains itself.

FRONT.

Erected on the 19th of April 1902, by Members of the Telegraph Department, to commemorate the loyal and devoted services of the Delhi Telegraph Office Staff, on the eventful 11th May 1857. On that day two young Signallers.

WILLIAM BRENDISH

AND

J. W. PILKINGTON

remained on duty till ordered to leave, and by telegraphing to Amballa information of what was happening at Delhi, rendered invaluable service to the Punjab Government.

In the words of Sir Robert Montgomery—

"The Electric Telegraph has saved India."

REAR.

The Delhi Telegraph Office Staff on the 11th May 1857 consisted of the following :—

CHARLES TODD, Assistant-in-Charge, killed near Cable House, on left bank river Jumna, on the morning of the above date, while endeavouring to restore telegraphic communication with Meerut,

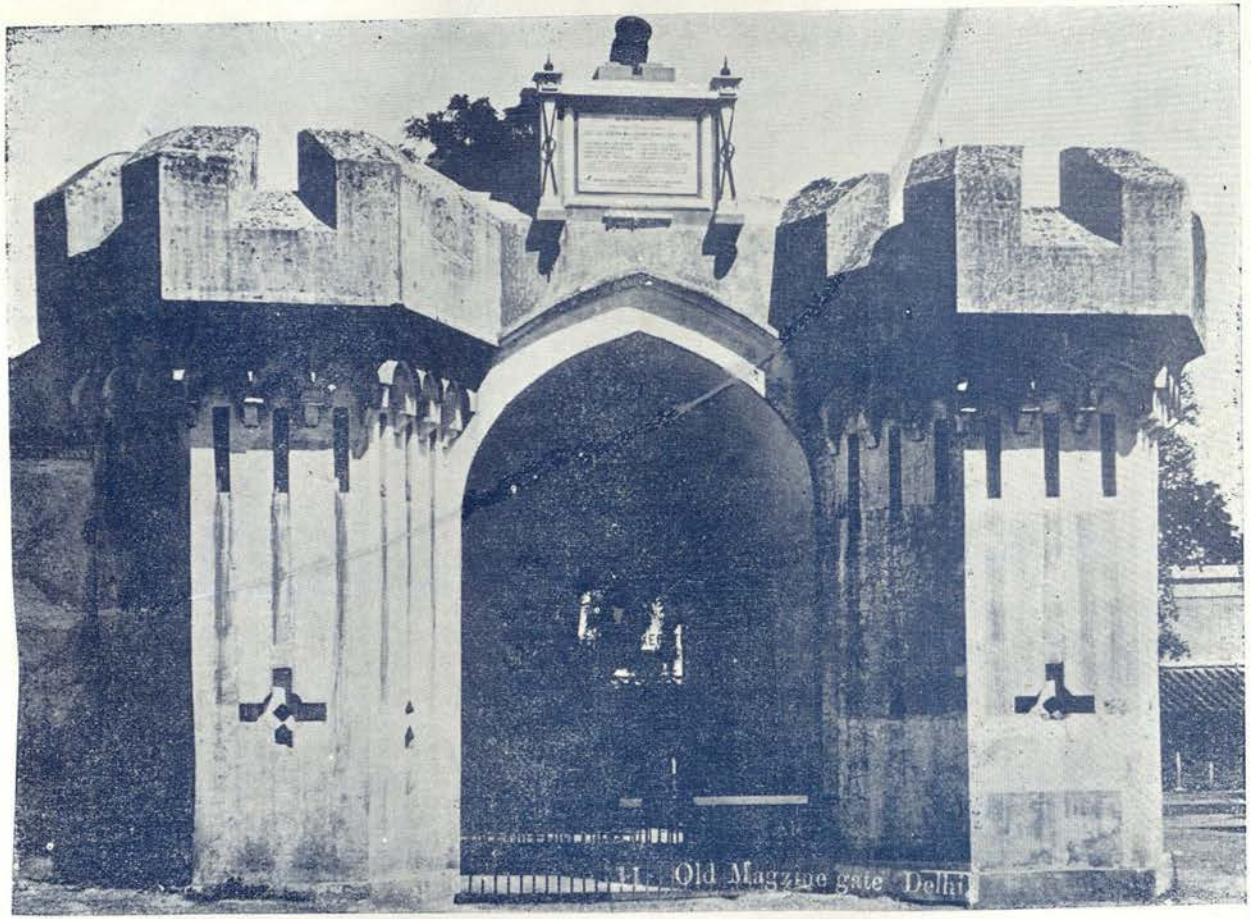
W. BRENDISH, Signaller, retired 1st September 1896.

J. W. PILKINGTON, Signaller, voluntarily returned to Telegraph Office from Flag Staff Tower, and signalled despatch to Commander-in-Chief, containing full report of Mutiny. Taken prisoner after doing so, but escaped. Died, Roorkee, 24th March 1867.

As evidence that humour relieves timidity, it may be worth stating that traditionally, the words *Brendish* used on that memorable day were "The mutineers are in and I am off."

Old Magazine.

A FEW PACES beyond the TELEGRAPH MEMORIAL is the Arsenal or Magazine of premutiny days. The present Post Office was the old Armoury. The main gateway is all that still stands after the explosion which nine brave defenders of the British effected, when they saw that this was the only alternate course,—the other being to surrender to the enemy.


H.L. Old Magzine gate Delhi

The tablet on the gate records the names of these men to whom no one will deny the title of *heroes*.

The text is found on the following page.

On 11th May 1857.

NINE RESOLUTE ENGLISHMEN,

LIEUT.-GEORGE DOBREE WILLOUGHBY, BENGAL ARTILLERY.

IN COMMAND.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM RAYNOR	LIEUTENANT GEORGE. FORREST
CONDUCTOR G. WILLIAM SHAW	CONDUCTOR JOHN BUCKLEY.
CONDUCTOR JOHN SCULLY	SUB-CONDUCTOR WILLIAM CROW.
SERGEANT BRYAN EDWARDS	SERGEANT PETER STEWART.

Defended the Magazine of Delhi for more than four hours against large numbers of the rebels and mutineers, until the walls being scaled, and all hope of succour gone, these men fired the Magazine. Five of the gallant band perished in the explosion, which at the same time destroyed many of the enemy.

THIS TABLET

MARKING THE FORMER ENTRANCE GATE TO THE MAGAZINE IS PLACED HERE BY THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

GOD'S ACRE—the first Christian grave yard in Delhi—is the next place reached. The earliest grave shews the date 1808. Little was thought then that before half-a-century had passed away, the opening of a new Cemetery—that of *Kashmir Gate*, directly opposite the *Nicholson Gardens*— would become necessary.

The Delhi Fort.

THE LAL QILA (red fort) of SHAH JAHAN was begun in 1638 A.D. and completed in 1648 close to the edge of the River *Jumna*. It is 1,600 feet east and west and 3,200 feet north and south.

It cost 50 lakhs of rupees to build, apart from the fact that two hundred and fifty years ago labour was 75 per cent cheaper than it is today, that thousands of work men were paid not in coin at all, and that (most important of all) the *Kotila of Feroz Shah*, not yet a ruin, was placed under tribute for concrete.

Our description of the chief buildings of the Fort follows this, together with a succint historical sketch connected with certain epoch-making events.

The Nakkar Khana.

DRIVING (one must do it slowly) through the vaulted arcade of the Lahore Gate we come to the NAKKAR KHANA,—the Court of Drums or the Gallery of loud sounds. If very punctilious, we would say the "music gallery," but, for the dulcet strains of the vina and the pathetic chords of the *taus*, one requires a different picture. He would rather seek these in the *Seraglio* with the rose water fountain in play, and the intoxicating fragrance of the Jessamine;—a *Sultana* here reclining on Persian rugs, and youthful slaves of Georgia and Circassia fanning her with ostrich plumes; and there in the midst of a dim religious light set on a tripod, wrested, it may be from some Zoroastrian shrine, a thin wave of ethereal smoke is ascending from sprinklings of incense, withal a human nightingale making twlight rich with her melody,—*this* surely is place for vibrations, and it would not be inapt to speak of it as a music gallery, but, the double storied hall in red sandstone, which we see before us, loses little of its whilom greatness by being called just simply the gallery of Drums,—the NAKKAR KHANA.

The Hindus to this day put their Gods to bed and rise early enough themselves to wake the deities up. Perhaps the *principle* of this was observed in this essential appendage of the *Nakkar Khana* at every royal Eastern Court. Let the King close his eyes to the sound of becoming music;—let loud music herald the dawn and cry 'Awake!' to the Potentate.

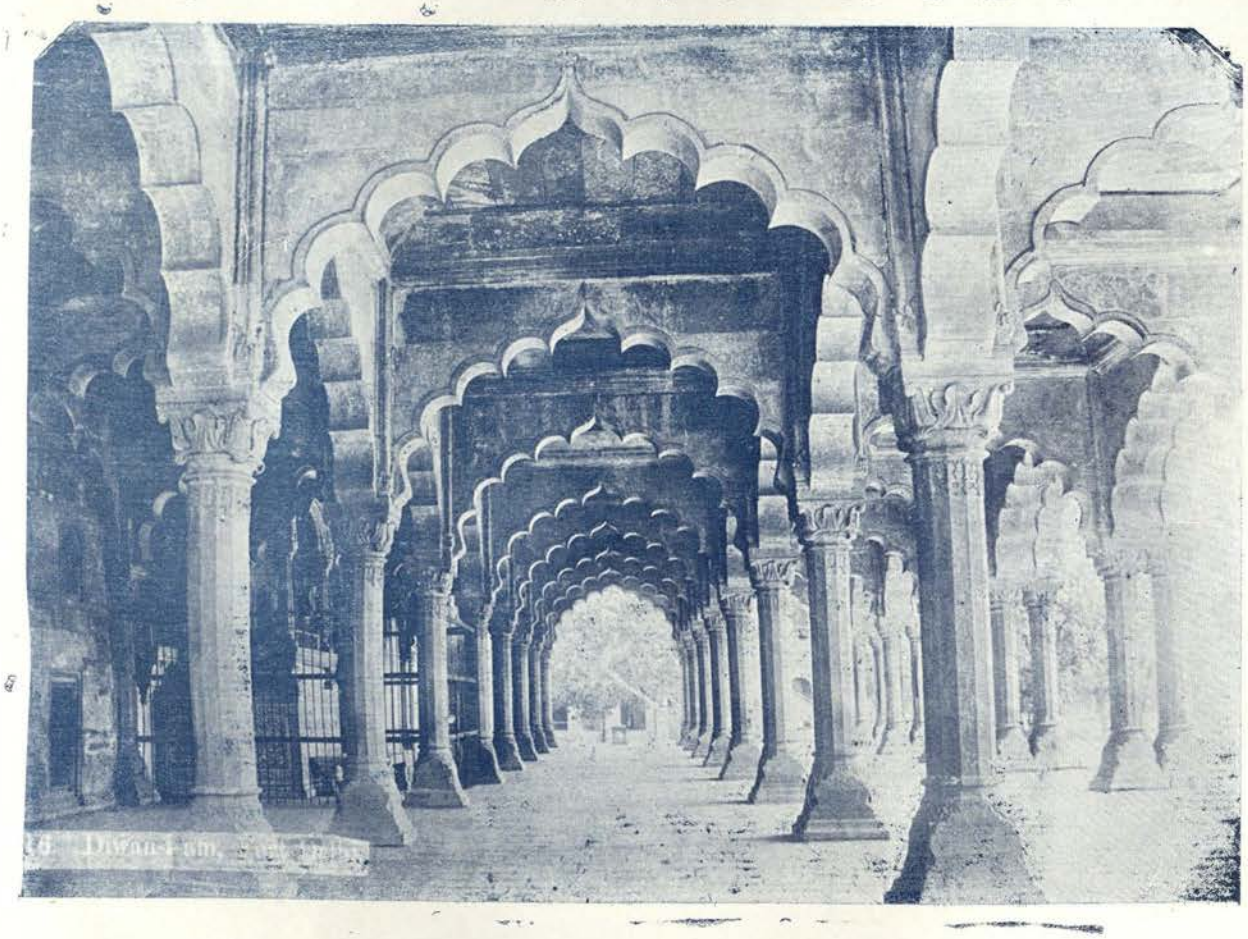
The NAKKAR KHANA has other uses now, and the archæologist, the artist and the man or woman interested in the curious will find much gratification in what can be seen in the Museum into which the place has now been converted.

At one particular 'item' the visitor will undoubtedly linger. Perhaps he will do more than that; perhaps his eyes will moisten and his lips momentarily quiver. It is before the worn and battered *khaki* coat, with a suspicious rent in it, that was as the martial cloak of Brigadier General John Nicholson, when before the Kabul Gate he received that wound on the 14th September 1857 which ended in his death ten days later.

Let us step on from here.

Diwan-i-Am.

BERNIER AND TAVERNIER are names which easily assume realistic proportions when one would attempt to describe the granduer of the Oriental as it was accentuated by the Mughal.



Of set purpose however, beyond making our profoundest obeisance to the revered memory of these great writers and travellers, we do not quote from them here.

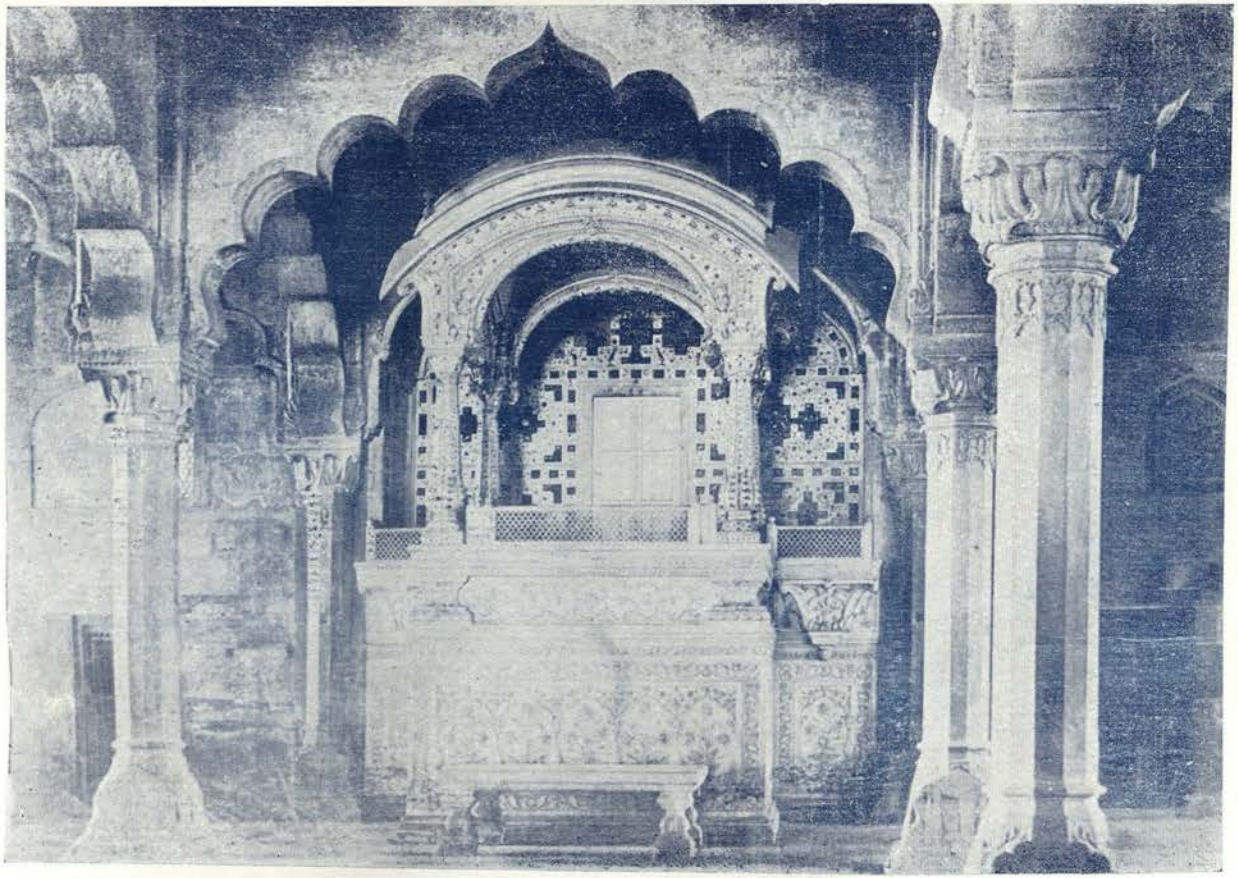
What Delhi *was* is not so much the *raison d'être* of these pages as what Delhi *is*. If the mind harks back to a past glory, it is because the present magnificence of structures still resplendent, render an echo of those days unavoidable.

Here we come to the Hall of Public Audience, or all that remains of a Hall that was once two hundred yards wide and only fifty yards less long.

In the centre of the back wall is the recess in which the famous the *Peacock Throne* used to stand ; below this is the marble platform on which the *Wazir* took his place and from which he would hand up petitions to the King. The picture on the next page illustrates this *dais*, to better view.

So much has been written about the *Peacock Throne* and so much romance and fable has been associated with it, that it may come as fresh information to some at least, that the "Throne" was no more than a four-post bedstead with two peacocks upholding it and a parrot (a design in emeralds with ruby beak and ruby eyes) perched upon the tester.—A throne according to European ideas, was some

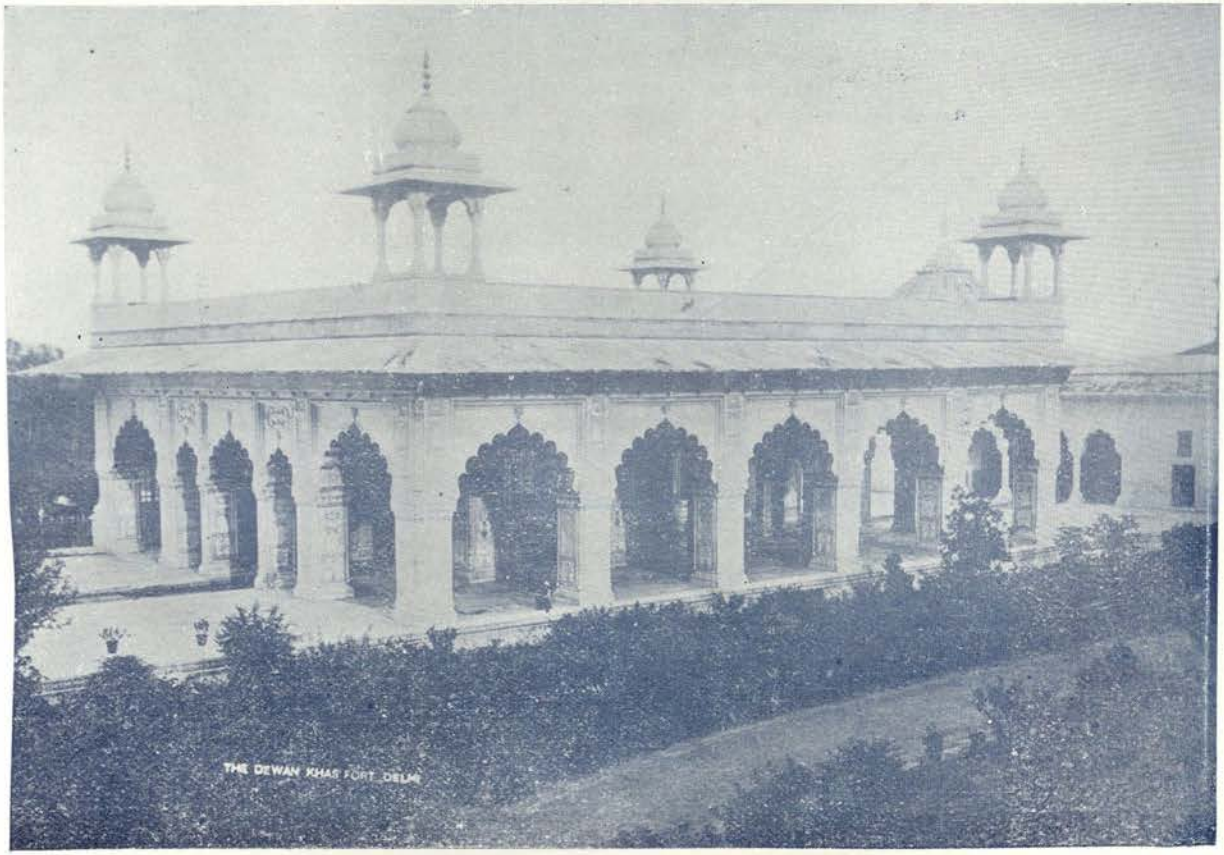
thing practically unknown to the Oriental, even as the word *crown* finds no exact parallel. *Gaddi nashini* (sitting on a Cushion) is the Indian word for enthronement, and accordingly the Peacock *throne* would most appropriately describe the royal Cushion though highly elaborated by external surroundings. The money value of this *Gaddi* was 2,600,000 pounds sterling !



In the sack of Delhi in 1739, by the Persian Nadir Shah, this was carried away as—it well might have been—the costliest prize of his great *loot*.—Lord Curzon in his book on *Persia* tells us, that a remnant of the throne in the shape of one leg and part of the bedstead was to be seen in the lumber room of the palace at Teheran.

The Diwan-i-Khas.

AGAR FARDOS BA-RU-I-ZAMINAST, TO HAMINAST, TO HAMINAST, TO HAMINAST.

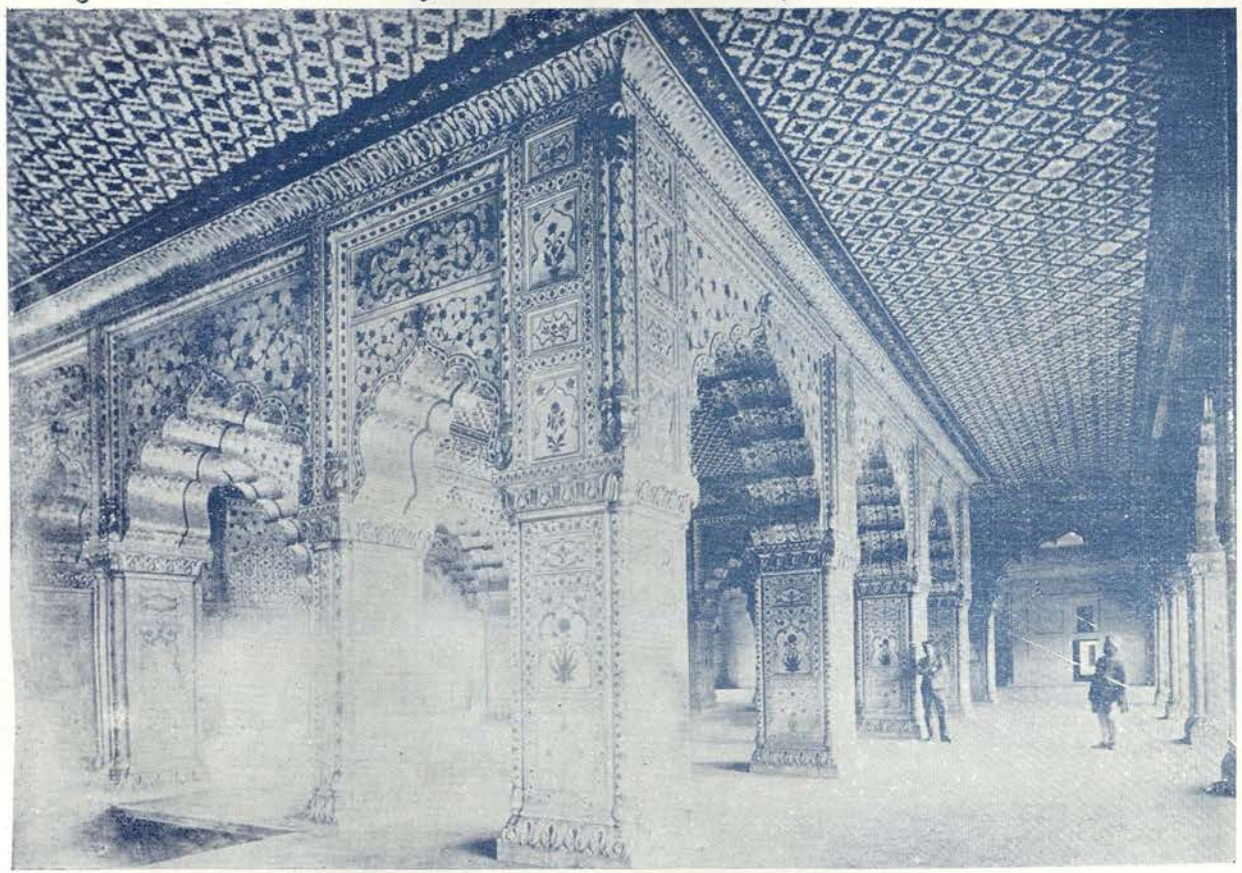


To the Persian reader there is a soft syllabic music in the rythm, limpid, lucid, lisping—which we find adorning the south wall of this Court of special audience, and the couplet had far more reason for its birth when the Poet was overcome by the brilliancy of his surroundings nearly three hundred years ago than the casual sight seer finds in this Hall of Love liness today.

But even to day as we wander through the marble Halls and still discover remnants of agate and porphory, spandrels inlaid with precious stones and an imitation gold-gilt ceiling, delicate marble fret work and chaste latticed glimpsing apertures,—the empty channel where the river once paid daily tribute, the plain marble platform once honored with the imposing gorgeousness of the Peacock Throne,—and if one may dare to raise his glance and to look a little beyond and imagine almond-shaped eyes, fringed by sable lashes, peering through the window which has above it the *Mizan-i-Adal* or scales of Justice,—the Jewels of the *Harem*—a *Gulbadan*, a *Shirin Jan*, a *Mihr-ul-Nissa*, a *Feroze Begum*—spending timid glances over monarchs of Hind bowing in obeisance before *Shah Jahan*, the King of Kings and the Shadow of heaven,—if imagination may be exercised, would the realistic be so far distant or would the task be super-human to conjure up the poetic idea, and with swelling heart declare thrice over, that IF THERE BE A PARADISE UPON EARTH, IT IS THIS, IT IS THIS, IT IS THIS?

To descend to Earth! The Rohillas under *Gulam Qadir* plundered this place on the 3rd of August 1788. *Gulam Qadir* destroyed the throne (that which succeeded the *Takth-i-Taus*) for the sake of the plaiting which still adhered to it, and with the heavy silver ceiling threw it all into a melting pot; then he passed the next three days in digging up the flooring and taking every conceivable measure in pursuit of some supposed hidden treasure.

The 10th August 1788 may be sadly distinguished as *the last day of the legal existence* of the Empire of the Mughals. Ofcourse we are far away removed now from the pomp and prodigality of the days of *Jahangir*;—*Shah Jahan* in all his glory had paid man's last tribute and joined his sleeping wife at the *Taj*; *Aurangzeb*, too weak against his Rajput foes, now lay buried at Ahmadnagar; *Muhammad Shah* the last of the Mughals to sit upon the Peacock Throne, had an old clock-case for his coffin, and a battered *chaddar* from his *zenanah* as his funeral pall; *Alimgir Sani* who at least luxuriated in the unopposed title of Second conqueror of the world, had been murdered by *Ghazi-ud-din* and buried within the sanctifying shade of HUMAYUN'S TOMB. Like brick after brick succumbing to corosion crumbles away from an edifice, so the mighty names of *Taimur* and *Babar* and *Akbar*



were being dragged through the dust, and in this year, 1788, the final blow was to be aimed at the feeble representative of the grand House that once could count Tamarlane as its ancestor. This was *Shah Alam*, and he had to reckon with,—nay account to—the fiend *Gulam Qadir*. What this man had already done we have seen. He next ordered his followers to torture the sons and grandsons of the Emperor who were surrounding their parent.

'Take my sight' said the old man rather than force upon it such scenes as this." *Gulam Qadir* at once leaped from the throne, felled the old man to the ground, threw himself upon the prostrate monarch's breast and struck out one of his eyes with his own dagger

Nau rat ki chandni (moonlight for nine nights) is a common proverb in Delhi. *Gulam Qadir's* triumph was short lived. There are few things more certain in his world than Retribritive Justice. The couplet is an old one but bears repetition;

"Tho the mills of GOD grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceedingly small."

In less than nine months, this Gulam Qadir fell into the hands of the Maharattas, and—to make a long and gruesome story short—he was sent round the bazaar on a jackass with his face to the tail, and with a guard instructed to stop at every shop and beg a *couri* for the Nawab of the Bawani. The wretched man becoming abusive under this contemptible treatment had his tongue torn out. Gradually he was further mutilated, being first blinded and subsequently deprived of his nose, ears, hands and feet, and sent to Delhi. On the road he was hanged on a tree (3rd March 1789) and the mangled trunk was sent to Delhi to be laid before the sightless King, *Shah Alam,* who had been replaced by the Maharattas. It was the most ghastly *nazr* ever presented in that Hall of Special Audience !

How we began this sketch inhaling the fragrance of roses,—how we have reached an ending reddened with human blood ! And yet the picture has not been overdrawn on either side.

In brief chronological summary we would notice what great events have succeeded the year 1719 and become sensitised on the walls of the DIWAN-I-KHAS.

On the 14th of September 1803 (one recalls the exact date 54 years later !) Lord Lake after overthrowing the Maharattas and rescuing the blind King *Shah Alam,* met him here in the DIWAN-I-KHAS and was burdened by him with high-sounding titles which the Reader may use as an exercise in the patience of pronunciation. They are Samsam-ud-daula, Ashgah-ul-Mulk, Khan Duran, Fateh Jang : the rescued royal prisoner meant by these that Lord Lake had been made by him (*sic*) Sword of the State, Hero of the Realm, Chief of the Age and the Victory of War !

In the DIWAN-I-KHAS again in September 1857, the Queen's health was proposed by Colonel Jones of the 60th Rifles, upon the capture of the Palace from the mutineers.

On the 29th September (Sunday) of the same year, the Thanksgiving Service for the capture of Delhi was held in the DIWAN-I-KHAS.

The DIWAN-I-KHAS became the legal chamber for the trial of the ex-King, *Bahadur Shah,* from the end of January to the 9th of March 1858.

In 1876 when his late Majesty, then as Prince of Wales, visited Delhi in January, the ball given by the Army was in the DIWAN-I-KHAS.

In 1903 Lord Curzon (not only as Viceroy of India but as host to Royal guests) together with the beautiful Lady Curzon, welcomed their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and with the flower of Oriental royalty and with the beauty and wealth of England and the world around them, entertained them at the exalted Orders of Indian Investiture, and the Coronation Ball in the DIWAN-I-KHAS.

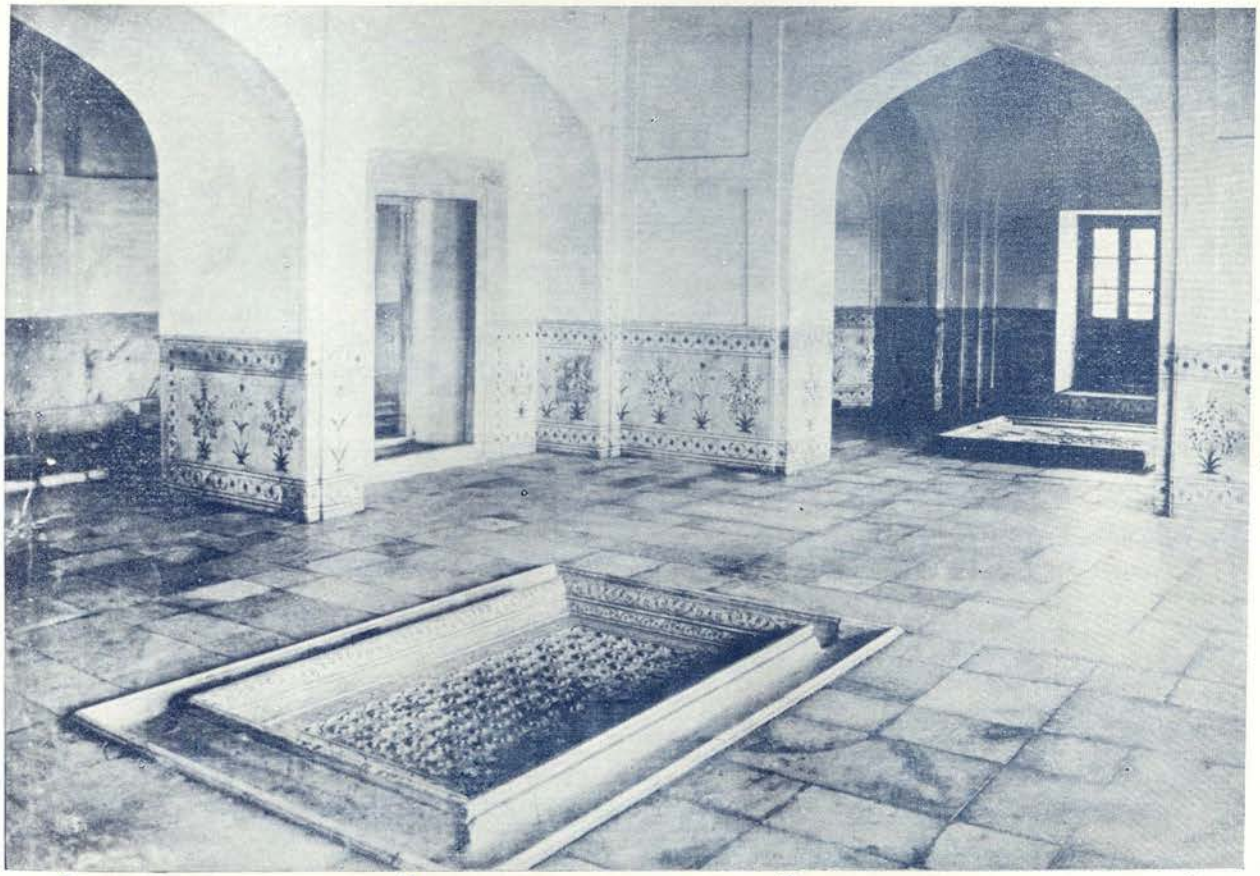
A pen picture of that event—of the dresses, the jewels and the uniforms,—the whole superb, brilliant, dazzling, blinding thrilling, bewildering gorgeousness of the display, the pomp and power and beauty comprehended and concentrated in that whirl of gaiety eight years ago, fails to convey any adequate idea of what it really was, no matter how unrivalled the artist may be who would attempt to draw it.

The words are yet unwritten. The year 1911, the month of December, will add to the brilliant Associations of the DIWAN-I-KHAS, and once more in nearest approach to the told tale of centuries agone, one will be able to echo the Poet's thoughts and say with little of exaggeration,

GAR FIRDAUS BA-RU-I-ZAMINAST, TO HAMINAST, TO HAMINAST, TO HAMINAST.

The Hammam.

THE ROYAL Baths are to the north of the DIWAN-I-KHAS. These are not so easy to describe, and the best of Turkish Baths in India fails to give one an adequate idea of their construction such as one may obtain on a visit to the long disused rooms in the Fort.



The different apartments represent varieties of temperature ;—the innermost shows the large reservoir with spaces for pipes connecting with an oven for the heating of water. We also have a luxiorious marble tub—literally a Bath—where if so minded to, the royal *Baigneuse* could plunge into crystal cold water after a slight vapour inhalation.

The pavement of the water channel around the chambers is so inlaid with black marble as to render an appearance of fish, when water was freely circulating.

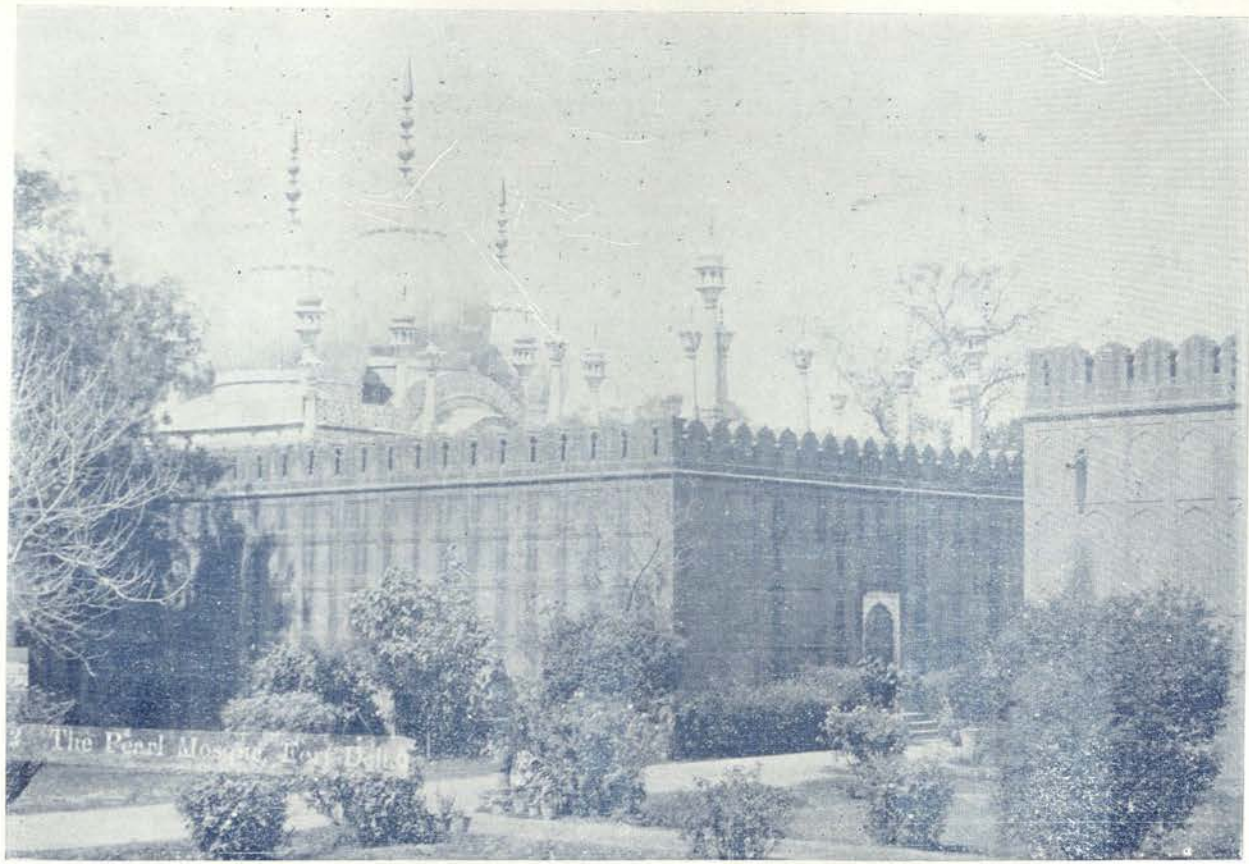
Roman History would tell of famous Baths, but these were for the most part open to the public. Here however in private seclusion, whether in the depth of winter or in the steamy days of an Indian summer, with every surrounding of comfort and luxury, the King, when relaxed from the tiresome duties of State, might repair with the chosen of his *Harem*, and "in sporting fancy free" beguile existence to the very climax of physical refreshment and enjoyment.

Here also might the delicate flowers of the *Seraglio*, unseen and unmolested by objectionable eyes, dangle tapering fingers and pretty feet and realise something of the happiness of life. One would recall Tennyson's: "Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy."

In 1907 when His Majesty the Amir of Afghanistan visited Delhi, an attempt was made with more or less success, to afford him the experience of a bath in the *Hammam* of the Mughal.

Moti-Masjid.

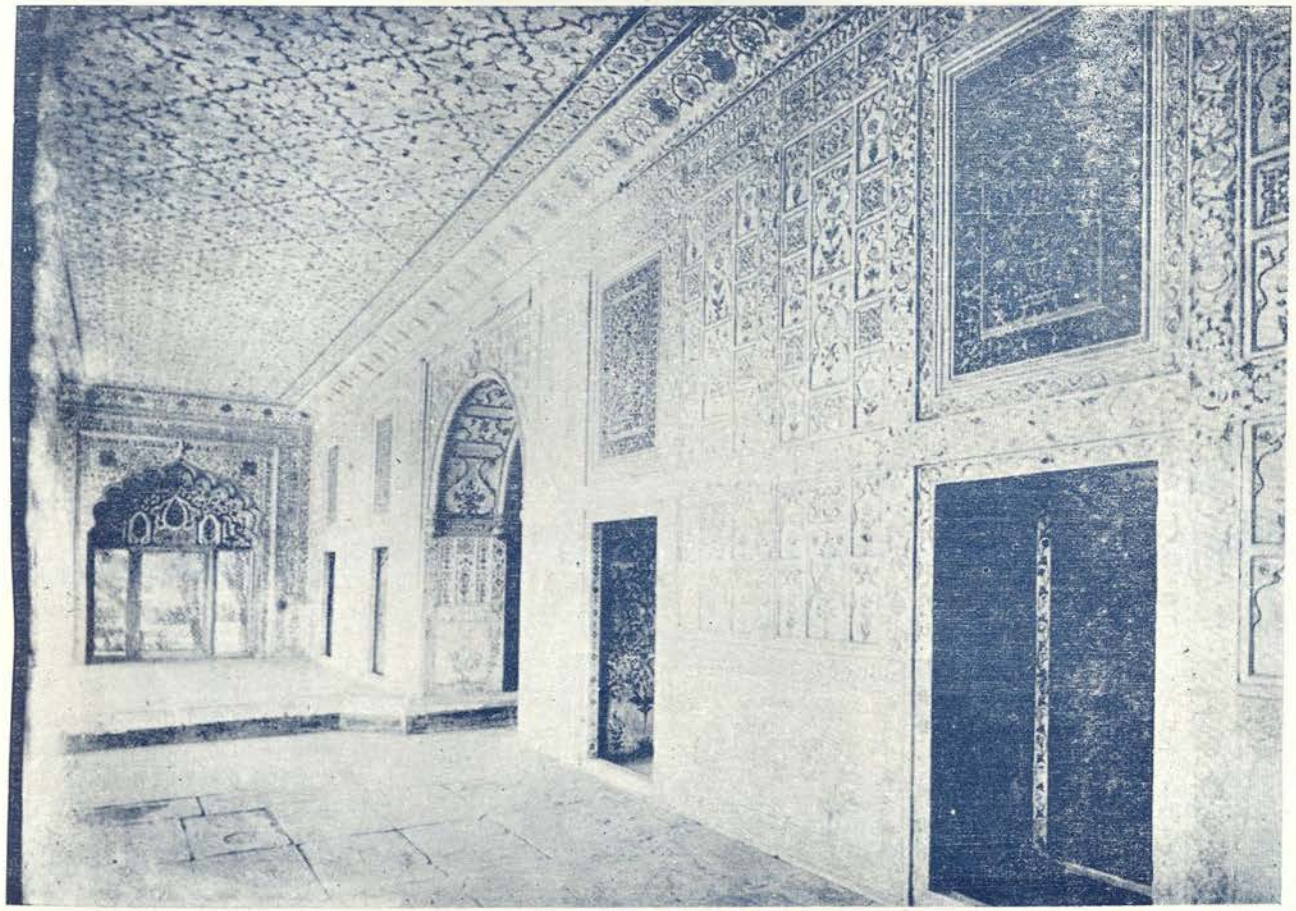
IF 'BEAUTY unadorned is adorned the most,' no disputant will dare to rise against that claim if it be put forth by this jewel set in crystal. "And the city hath twelve gates, and the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl." The MOTI MASJID is one of these. It came out of the New Jerusalem one summer's night when the Government of India was entrusted to the hands of a devoted *Islamite*, by name *Aurangzeb* in the year 1659; and as the pious monarch had already imprisoned his father—*Shah Jahan*—and had slain his brother *Dara Shikoh*, it was a nice thought of his to have captured this thing of beauty and placed it beside the HAMMAM in the Palace. Furthermore as an act of chivalrous gallantry, *Aurangzeb* placed "the Mosque of Pearl" at the disposal of and for the devotional excercises of the ladies of his *Harem*. It may be that here *Lalla Rukh* the apple-cheeked once rolled her beads and called on the name of ALLAH.



Purity of material, simplicity of design, absence of artificial ornamentation,—a place of hushed whispers—an inspiration and an invocation to Prayer;—these will strike the beholder as the marked characteristics of the MOTI MUSJID, and *he* (the financier is usually a *man*) will not stop to enquire whether the Mughal King actually paid one hundred and sixty thousand rupees for the privilege of monopolizing the Pearl.

King's Khawabgah.

WE PASS through it to that latticed chamber we spoke of a moment ago. This is the King's KHAWABGAH—his place of dreams and the MUSSAMMAM BURJ or octagonal tower.



This is lovely beyond compare and was the select abode of the King's *Harem*. Imagination might well run riot here, and fancy paint scenes at once the most romantic and the most highly poetic in which the actors were all of royal lineage.

A fine inscription (in Persian) immediately behind the balcony on the inner wall of the room runs thus:—

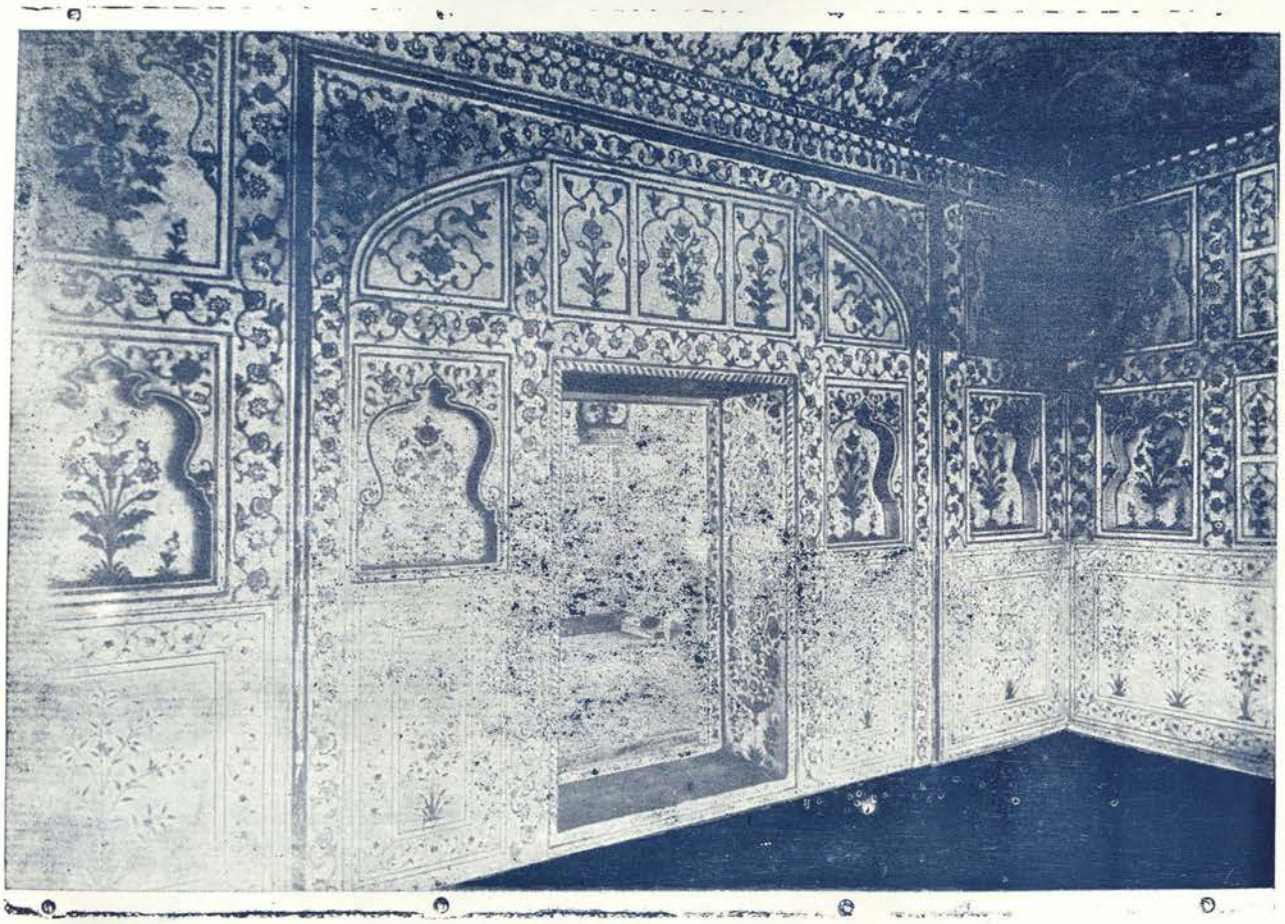
"O thou, whose feet are fettered, and heart closed, beware!

O thou, whose eyes are closed, and feet set fast in mire, awake!

O thou, who goest west, with face turned east, looking back, mind thy goal"

Rang Mahal.

A FURTHER continuation of the ZENNANAH is reached in the RANG MAHAL. It may have been that the lesser stars of the *Seraglio* disported themselves here, and occasionally were honoured by the loftier planets, from the KHAWABGAH joining them.

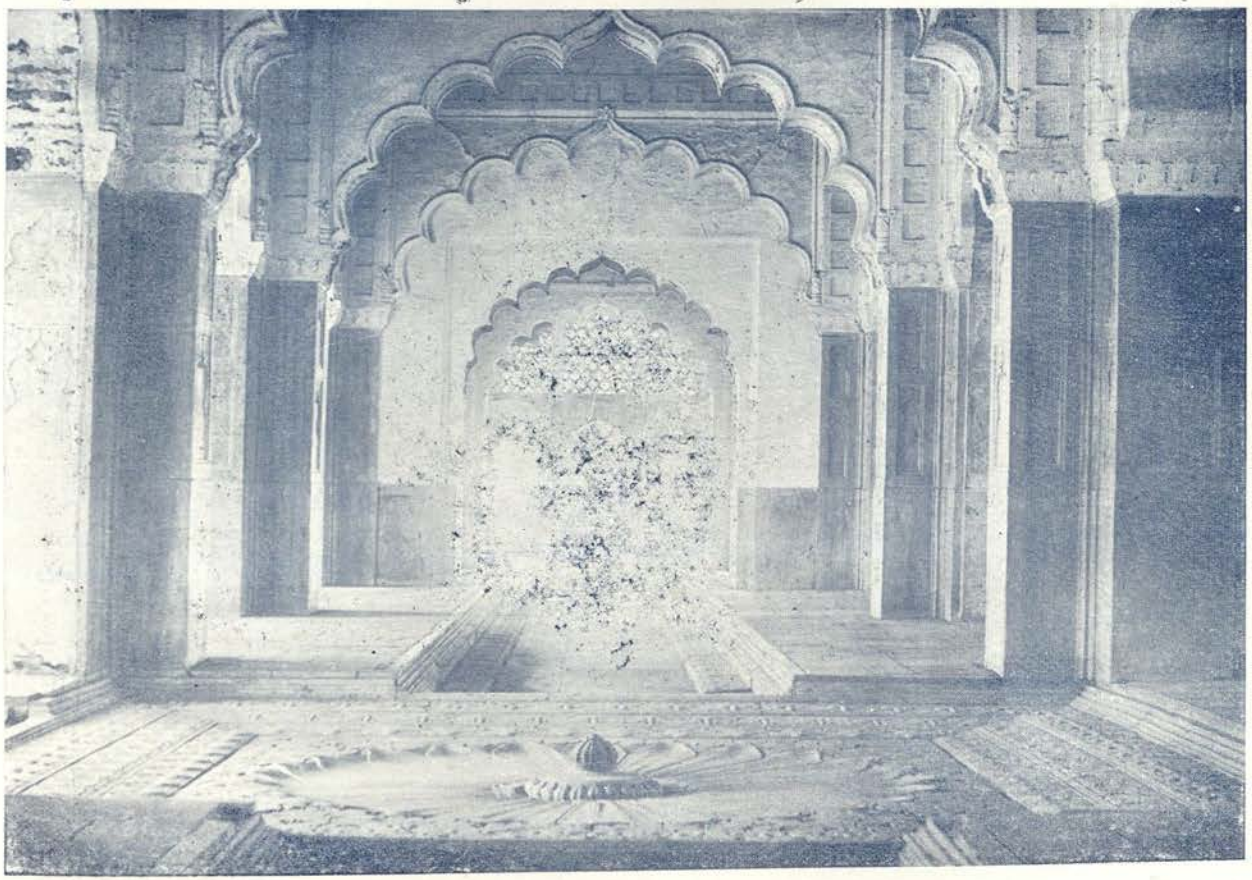


In the centre of the Hall is the representation of a gigantic rose, which during the days of its pristine glory was inlaid with rich mosaics.—Through a fountain pipe rose water was emitted, and as the cataract swirled over the entire flower the scene must have been one of great loveliness.

Here, it would not be *in apropos* to mention a word as to the invention of the 'Otto of Rose.' The heroine in unquestionably the far-famed *Nur Jahan* Queen of *Jahangir*, and the City is DELHI, but the immediate *locale* was probably either PURANA KILA or FIROZABAD. The story runs as follows :—

"There was a lovely Queen in Delhi named Nur Jahan, or "the Light of the World." Her husband was a great Mogul Emperor named Jahangir. She often used to have her bath filled with roses to scent the water. Once the roses were left in the bath for two or three days ;—the Queen happened to look at it, and saw a sort of oil floating on the top of the water. She touched it with her

handkerchief and found it had a lovely scent. She gave it the name of Attar of Jahangir, or the Perfume of Jahangir. Being the finest scent in India, it is now called *Attar*, or *the perfume*, it's corresponding English name is " Otto of Roses."



To this account we would add something very business-like. It takes one hundred thousand rose trees to produce one tola (the weight of one rupee's worth) of *Attar*, and commercially this costs sometimes as much as one hundred rupees. (Seven pounds sterling, roughly speaking).

But we would conclude with a moral gleaned from Dean Hole's charming book on Roses. It is " he who would raise roses must first grow them in his heart."

The Battle of Delhi.

THOUGH OF set purpose this narrative is not encumbered with statistics of the Siege and the Mutiny, we need offer no apology for devoting a few lines to an event hardly less memorable than that of which signs and monuments stud the whole land of Delhi today.

Speaking very briefly, the BATTLE OF DELHI was fought between Lord Lake and the Mahrattas on 11th September 1803. The battlefield lies to the left bank of the JUMNA between 5 and 6 miles from Delhi, and between *Shadara* and the Railway Bridge.

Shah Alam, the then Mughul King of Delhi, had been blinded and imprisoned by Rohilla rebels. He was afterwards rescued by the Mahrattas, but was virtually a prisoner in their hands till Lord Lake overthrew his captives at this battle, rescued him, and once more seated him on his throne, though naturally, granting him a limited measure of authority.

After defeating the Mahratta forces at Aligarh on the 7th September, Lord Lake arrived near Delhi on the 11th, on learning that the enemy had marched out of Delhi under Mons. Bourquin, with 12 battalions, 70 guns, and 5,000 horse to oppose him.

The British force comprised 4,500 fighting men in all, and vanquished the Mahrattas after a 6 hours' engagement. The casualties on the British side were about 120 killed and 300 wounded ; the enemy lost some 3,000 men and all their guns and tumbrils.

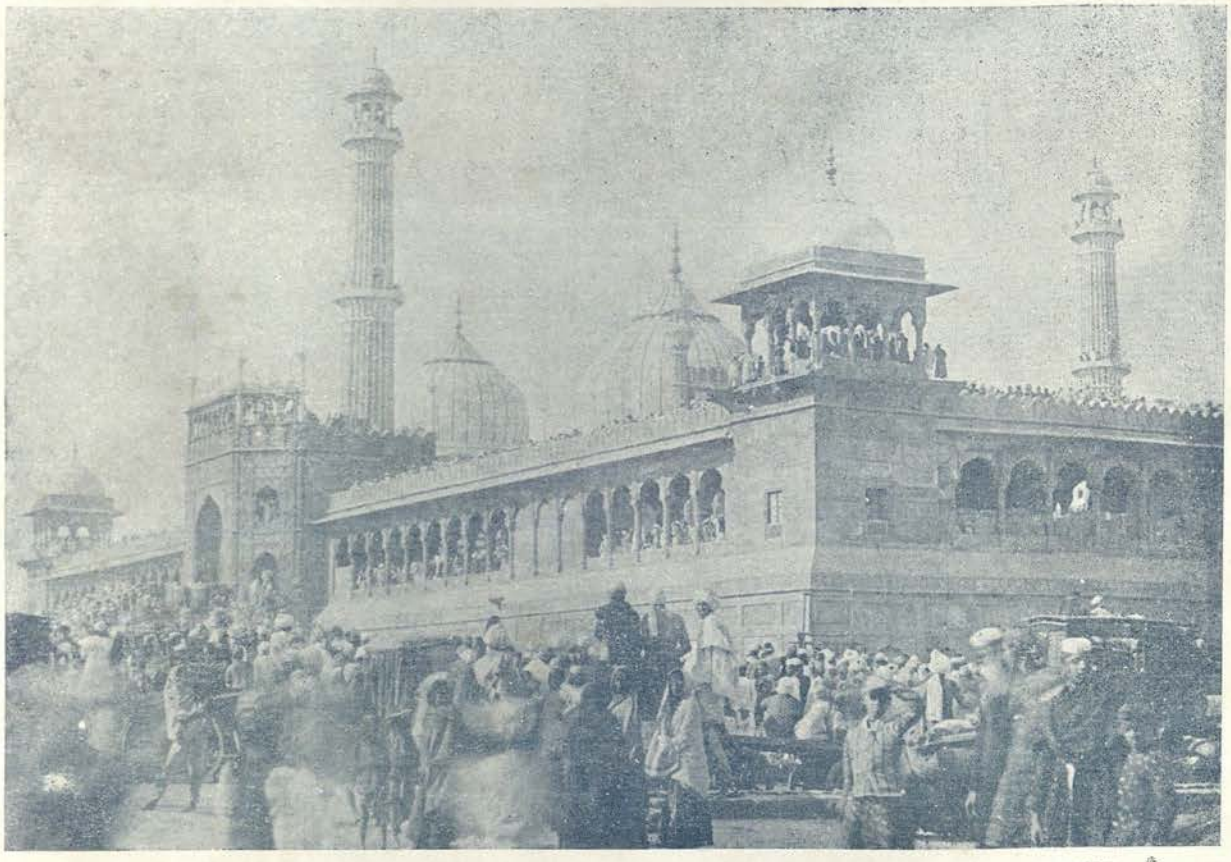
Three days later—14th September—the British army crossed the *Jumna* and entered Delhi.

The site is marked by a small Cross, on which are engraved the following words of the Marquess of Wellesley, the Governor-General of India at the time :

"The Governor-General in Council sincerely laments the loss of Major Middleton, 3rd Regiment, Native Cavalry ; Captain MacGregor, Persian Interpreter ; Lt, Hill, 2nd Battalion, 12th N. I. ; Lieutenant Preston, 2nd Battalion, 13th Native Infantry ; Cornet Sanguire, 27th Dragoons; Quarter Master Richardson, 27th Dragoons, and of the brave soldiers who fell in the exemplary execution of deliberate valour and disciplined spirit at the battle of Delhi. The names of these brave men will be commemorated with the glorious events of the day on which they fell, and will be honored and revered while the fame of signal victory shall endure."

Jama-i-Masjid.

WHATEVER ELSE may be said about *Islam*,—one thing indisputable is that the Muslim is a man of Prayer, and that almost the first thought that forces itself on a muslim in a new City is 'where to worship?' There are magnificent fanes all over India and some of them claim a remote history, closely connected with which is also the domestic and political history of the people. The Masjid of *Sher Shah Suri* in Behra, in the Panjab, may be named as one such, among many.



Returning from the *Fort* and Leaving the Mosque of *Javed Khan* and taking the direct road which would place the new Victoria Jubilee Hospital on the right, one drives to the chief Muslim Cathedral in India—the JAMA-I-MASJID of Delhi.

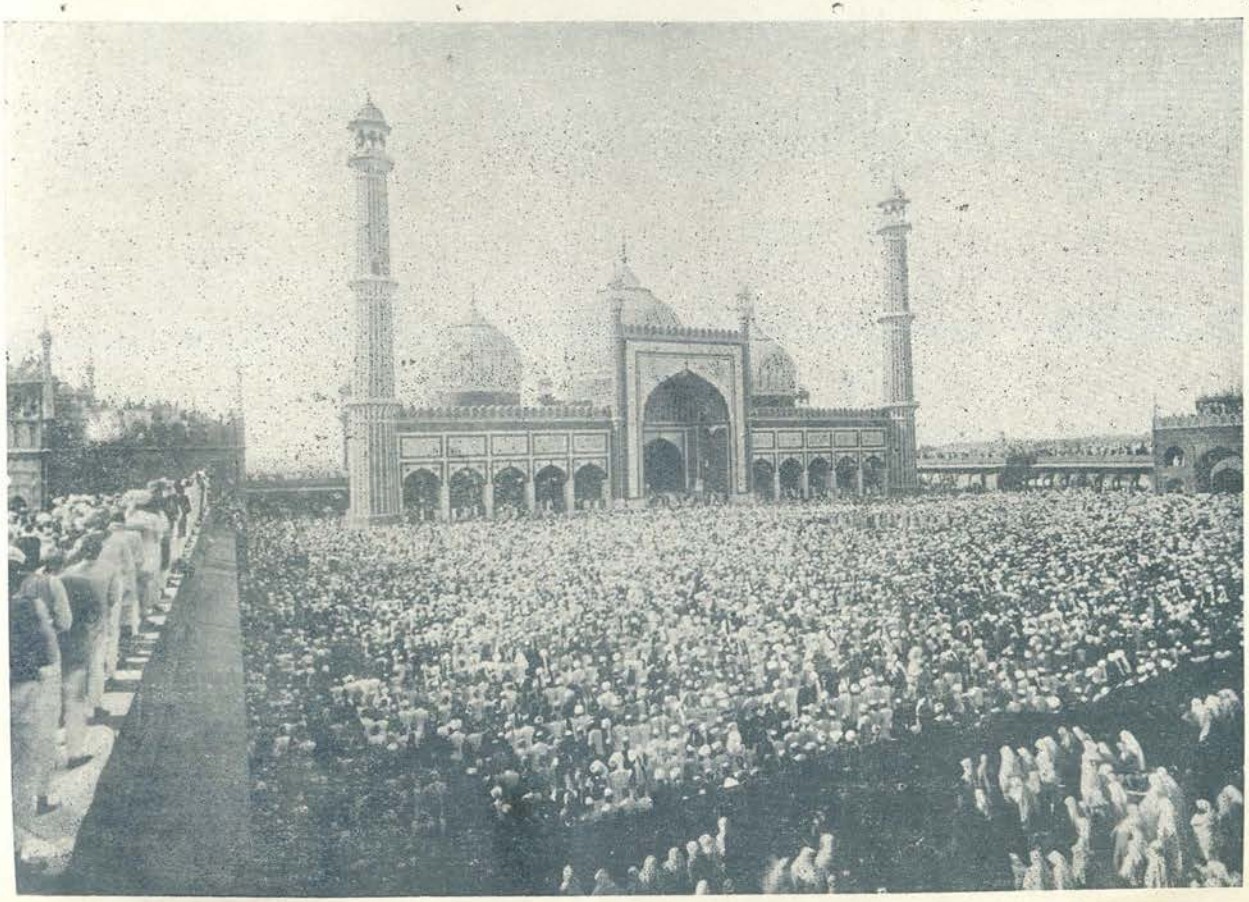
This building, along with the immortal TAJ, stand out conspicuously as specimens of the achievments of the royal Titan architect—*Shah Jahan*. It was commenced in 1648 and is said to have occupied five thousand workmen who worked at it daily for six years. Descending to unavoidable statistics one learns that it cost ten lakhs of rupees,—that its interior courtyard measures 400 feet each way,—that the roofed western portion with the *Kibla* pointing as usual towards *Makkah*, is 260 feet long by 90 feet wide.

In the centre of the Court—just as in all renowned Mosques—is a tank for the necessary ablutions of devotees before prayer.

Jama-i-Msjid—II.

AT EITHER END on the west, rise two red sandstone minarets inlaid with white marble. The view from the top of one of these is very extensive and the best obtainable of the city.

In 1817 the northern minaret was struck by lightning, but was ofcourse subsequently repaired, and much of the Masjid proper was also then attended to by the British Government. A further restoration was effected through munificent gifts, when the Nawab of Rampur donated one lakh of rupees and the Nawab of Bhawalpur a smaller sum. The Masjid is now under management of the Committee appointed by Government, subject to control of the Deputy Commissioner of Delhi.



Europeans are always courteously shown over the place : if the roofed western portion is visited, shoes should be covered with covers provided by the people at the Mosque.

Relics of the Prophet consisting, amongst other sacred belongings, of a hair from his beard, are exhibited in one corner.

The great day of prayer is Friday all the year round, but the greatest day, when some 20 to 25 thousand congregate within and around the mosque, is the last Friday of the *Ramzan* (Fasting) month.

That is a sight to see and to think over—that mighty congregation prostrating itself as one man and rising again like a huge cloud. Imagination would recall the Tabernacle in the wilderness and the children of Israel paying their adoration at the rising of the *Shekinah*.

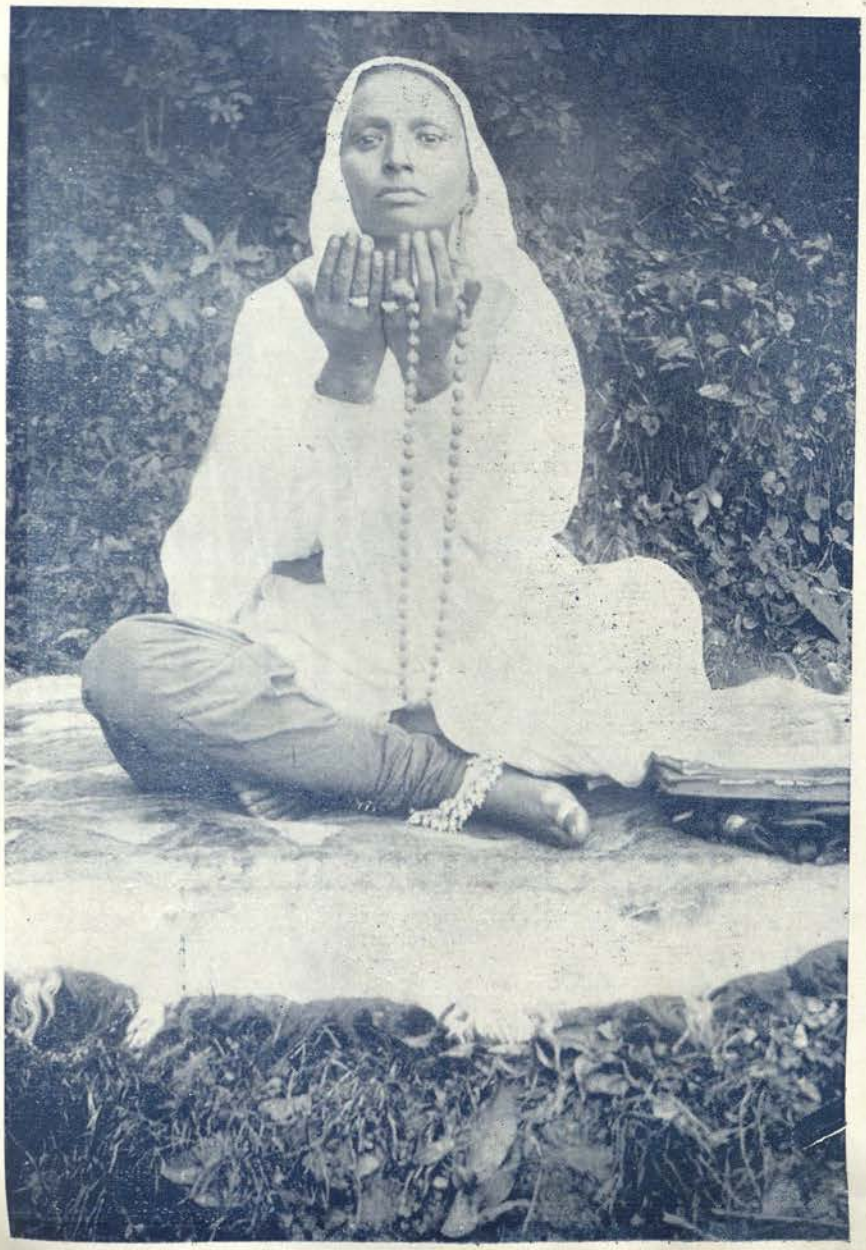
The simplicity of the worship is in perfect accord with the austerity of the sacred architecture. No murmuring as of the rushing

of many waters ; no organ bursting in peals of triumphant music ; no glamour of lights or sheen of vestments ; no ornateness of ritual, no waving of incense, no tinkling of silver bells—nothing but a profound hush, a becoming awe, a natural dumbness of the creature in the atmosphere of the Creator !

A word as to the name *Jama-i-Masjid*, which literally means THE MOSQUE OF THE CONGREGATION *Juma* Masjid, is the wrong name by people who speak of it as a *Friday* place of prayer, evidently misled by the fact that Friday is the Muslim 'Sabbath'. One lady traveller has even ventured to speak of "the Jamna Masjid of Delhi *so called because Delhi is situated on the banks of the River Jamna.*"

Nach Girl at Prayer.

AS A DIGRESION, we present this picture of one of the ladies at the JAMA-I-MASJID.



It is against oriental etiquette that in a male gathering there should be any women. Most mosques have a latticed verandah for devotional women. On the great day of Prayer, kanats are stretched towards the end of the mosque, and behind these Leila and her sisters gather in large numbers. This picture represents one of them.

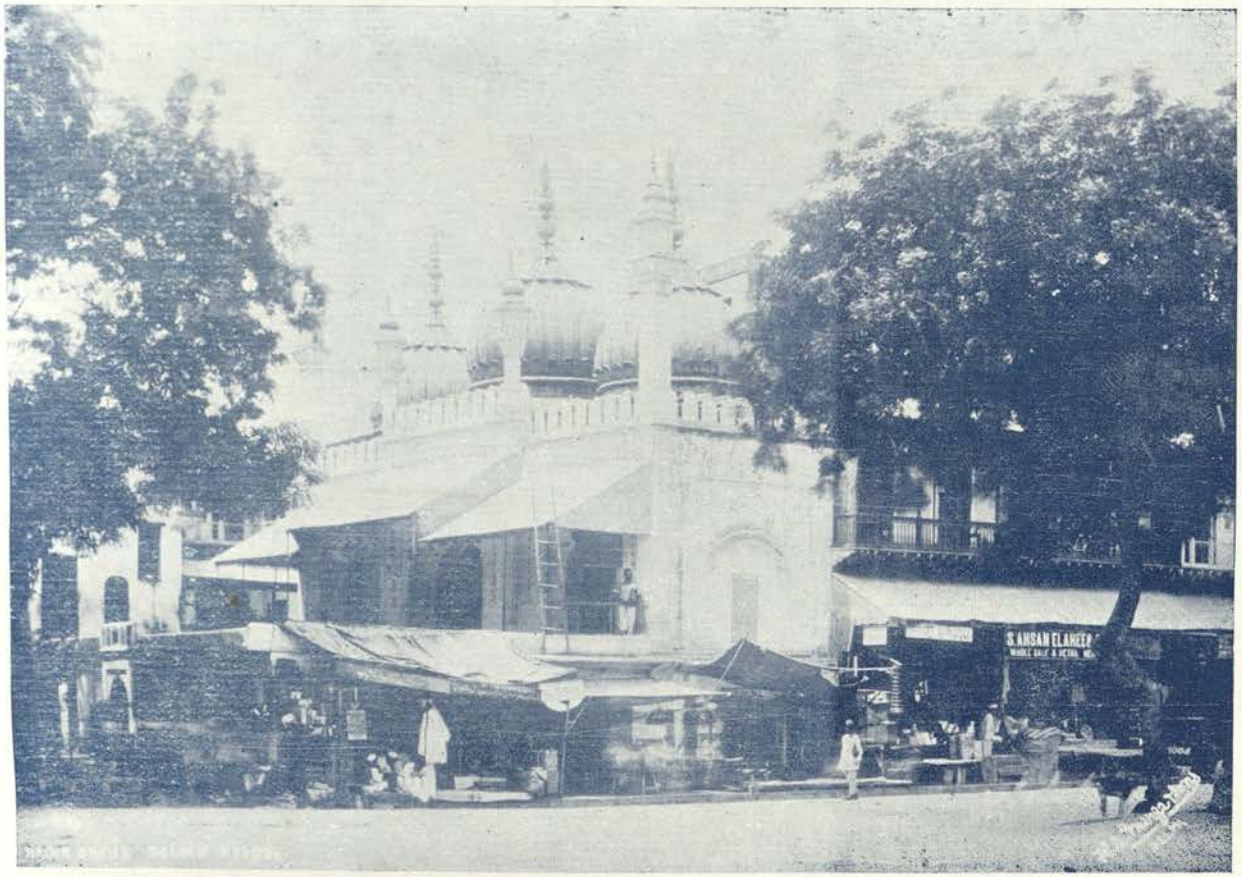
It is true that *Bahisth*, the Paradise of *Islam*, promises voluptuous luxury, but then the women there are celestials of the first order and not the sinning Eves of earth ! "Therein shall receive them (the faithful of the *genus* masculine) beautiful damsels refraining their eyes from beholding any besides their spouses * * * having complexions like rubies and pearls. * * * Therein shall be agreeable and beauteous damsels having fine black eyes and kept in pavilions from public view * * * therein shall they delight themselves, lying on green cushions and beautiful carpets." (The *Quran* chap 55.)

Obviously, all this can have nothing to do with the ladies of the type portrayed in our picture, but Delhi is rich with such, and these flowers of the city are fully represented at the Nimaz of *Juma-ul-wida* at the great mosque.

We noticed two women, or rather two veiled objects seated at some distance from the holy bath, but they evidently regarded their presence there as a work of supererogation and took no part, so far as we could discover, in the services of the day.

The Golden Temple.

YET ANOTHER MOSQUE. After leaving that side of the JAMA-I-MASJID which would take us through the *Dariba*, we come into CHANDNI CHAUK. We pass a street to the left with the significant words KHUNI DARWAZA inscribed on the walls, and we recall that that terrible name was appropriately given to the street because of the massacre which took place there under the orders of the persian scourge, *Nadir Shah*, on the 11th March 1739.



Then approaching a Fountain and the South-West gates of the QUEEN'S (BEGAM) GARDENS, and the Rama Theatre, we come to the *Kotwali* or Police Station, and the subject of this Illustration. The vicinity of the *Kotwali* has a gruesome record, the final chapter of which may be said to have been reached when here the three royal princes, two of them the sons and one a grandson of the mutinous King, were shot, and their bodies exposed, by Captain Hodson on 18th September 1857. The Associations of the SUNHARI MASJID have a much darker and sanguinary notoriety.

The Mosque was built by *Raushan-Daulah* the *bakshi* or treasurer of the Mughal Emperor *Mahomad Shah*. Its gilded domes and spires account for its name as the *golden* temple. Tradition says that the Mosque was the *Bakshi's* attempted propitiation of a merciful Heaven, and a return in the way of a title for the wholesale bribery and corruption *Raushan* was so addicted to.

Mahomad Shah the then King of Delhi had, from the day of his accession to the Mughal throne, proved himself a veritable puppet, and his intolerable weakness culminated in the sack and massacre of the capital of his empire at the hands of *Nadir Shah*, the Persian. The latter entering Delhi on March 9th, had issued strict orders that the citadel should in no sense be disturbed, but a dispute

caused by some grain dealers on the 10th, encouraged the rumours that the Persian had been killed. A riot quickly developed. but on the following morning while proceeding if possible to quell it, the furies were let loose. As *Nadir Shah* was entering the SUNHARI MASJID a bullet from a musket wizzed by him and his good intentions were scattered to the winds, for instead *Nadir* gave orders for a general massacre. He gloated his vision with this scene of carnage from his vantage ground on the MASJID, and from 8 in the morning till 3 in the afternoon the bloody work went on, and might have further continued but for a very humble intercession presented by *Mahomad Shah.* Even then the estimated loss in life amounted to over one hundred thousand.

Nadir Shah's retirement from Delhi cost the Mughal King the confiscation of enormous wealth and of much territory, but the irredeemable loss was that of the ever famous PEACOCK THRONE.

This may advisedly complete a first day's outing until lunch time. Diary notes and a letter or two followed by a siesta may fill up the space before an early afternoon Tea, and then a drive is suggested toward the *Ridge* terminating with the ROSHANARA Gardens.

Flag Staff Tower.

LORD TENNYSON, our poet lapidary, in thought sublime, in language unsurpassed, has immortalised lines which tell us that

"Ever upon the topmost roof
The Banner of England blew"

The scene there was Lucknow, but the occasion was the same which heard the groanings at Delhi also ; and in the light of the sequel, while we note that the FLAG STAFF TOWER was the sad spot where on the fatal 11th of May 1857, the ladies of the Cantonment gathered with their children, vainly hoping for aid to arrive from Meerut, and from which, a little before sunset, they finally started, in pitiful disorganised flight, towards Karnal,—and that here too the enemy made its last stand (8th June) before retiring behind the shelter of the city walls, we would recall that that glorious "banner of England" blew proudly on this "roof" also that we visit today.

Like the Mutiny Memorial, the FLAG STAFF TOWER is conspicuous from almost any part of the Civil station. A fine view from the top may be had of the surrounding country. The road to the west leads right to CIRCUIT HOUSE built by Lord Curzon, during his stay at the *Coronation Durbar* (1903) ; immediately opposite this house was the Duke of Connaught's camp on that occasion. On the north west of the Grand Trunk Road, in the distance, lies the large plain of *Bawari* where the Imperial Assemblage was held in January 1877, to proclaim Queen Victoria as the Empress of India, and the Coronation Durbar on 1st January 1903, with which Lord Curzon's name will alwas be associated. Here again will the *Bawari* plain reach its climax of honour in the year of grace 1911, when before the Emperor and Empress of India, in person, the loyalty and fealty of the Indian people will lay down their crowns before their august visitors.

Hindu Raos House and Ashoka's Lat.

CONTINUING our drive from the FLAG STAFF TOWER in the direction of the MUTINY MONUMENT, we reach a place that has the reputation of being known as HINDU RAO'S HOUSE. It was built about thirty years before the Mutiny by Mr. William Fraser, the Agent to the Governor General at Delhi. Mr. Fraser was shot by cruel intrigue (1834) not far from this house. The *Nawab* of Ferozepore was believed to have been the cause of Mr. Fraser's death ;—the trial proved him guilty and he was hanged outside KASHMIR GATE on 10th October 1835. Mr. Frazer's tomb is in the Church yard of ST. JAMES CHURCH (page 13).

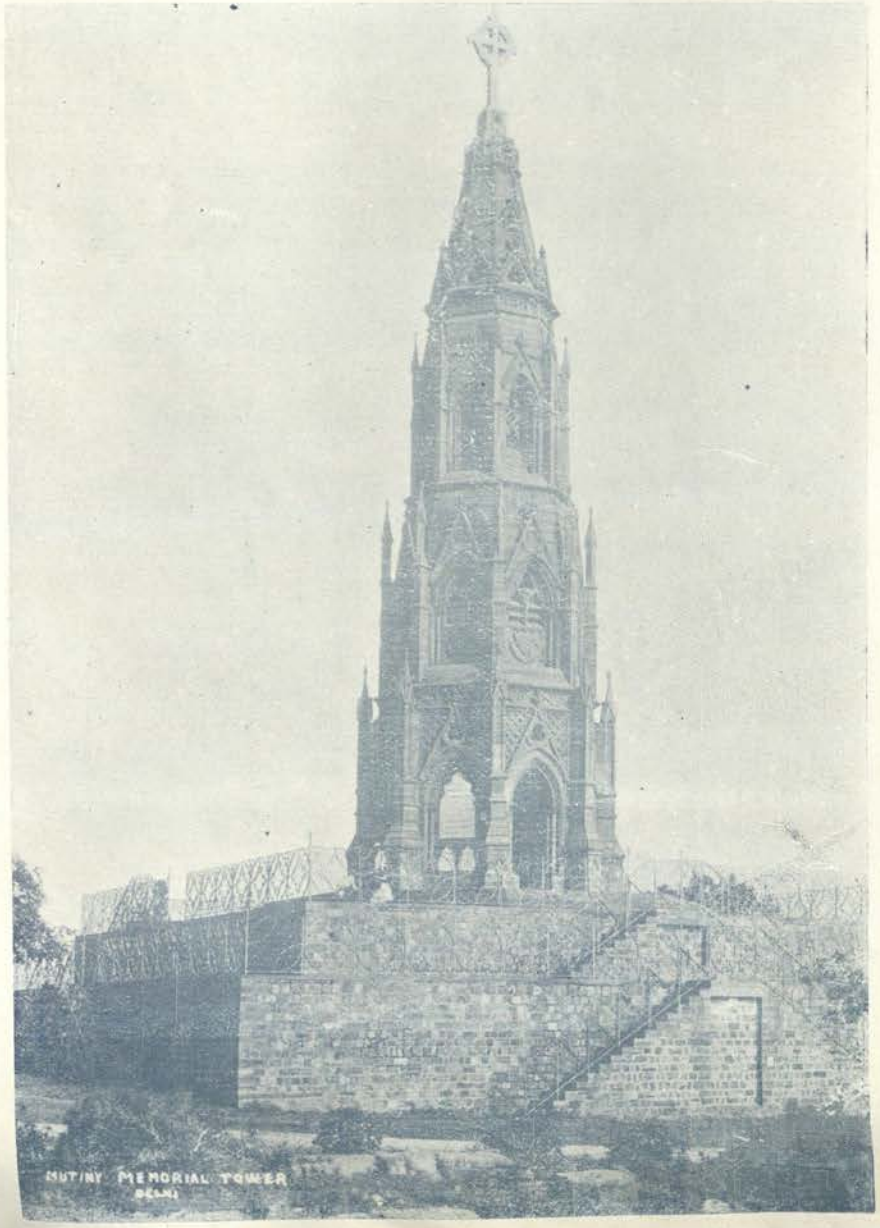
This house was then purchased by Hindu Rao, brother-in-law of the Ruler of Gwalior, and the name has ever since clung to it. It also has a mutiny association, for it formed the head-quarters of the British position, and it was the special mark of the enemy's heaviest firing. The House is now used as a military hospital for convalescents. Between this House and the monument, we come to ASHOKA'S LAT. Like the buildings and the ruins still visible, this stands in ground which was once known as the *Khusk-i-Shikár* of *Firoz Shah*. This was the hunting ground laid out by the *Tuglakh* King in acceding to the solicitation of his people, after the removal by death of his favorite son *Fateh Khán*.. The blow here struck by Nature reduced the King to an indulgence in bereavement which threatened ill to the State, when through the happy thought of his subjects, this divergent avenue—to beguile sorrow and afford relaxation of mind and pursuit—was opened.

The *Lát* or Pillar is a relic of over two thousand years. Originally it stood in the Plains of Meerut where it was erected by the Buddhist King *Ashokáh* (300 B. C.) In dealing with the KOTILAH OF FIROZ SHAH we meet with another such obelisk (page 46). A gun powder explosion broke this pillar into five pieces and it lay for a century and a half without the necessary ingenuity forthcoming to set it up again. It is concrete patchwork even now, but its proper situation is undoubtedly to be preferred as it is now reared, than as a fallen giant crumbling in the sod.

Reflections force themselve as you stand beside this, of the means employed 2,000 years ago to perpetuate earthly pomp and glory but we must pass on to something of more immediate though sadder interest to us of the twentieth century !

Mutiny Memorial.

"AN ELONGATED telescope" is the rather unseemly and laconic description afforded by one writer to this concrete emblem of carnage and bravery.



The site occupied is that held by the extreme right of the British position during that hot wave of unrest and trouble that swept over Delhi in 1857.

The MEMORIAL was erected by the generosity of the survivors of the beseiging army, each contributing one day's pay :—this, supplemented by the Government, amounted to Rs. 21,400.

Engraved on the sides of this MEMORIAL (the summit is surmounted with a white marble cross,—the Christian emblem of victory) are inscriptions in English, *Urdu* and *Nagri*.

The MEMORIAL is in fact a standing evidence of the last day of the enforced stay of the British Army outside the city walls of Delhi.

Roshanara Gardens.

Two miles from KASHMIR GATE and as a termination to a dusty drive, we reach the delightful gardens of ROSHANARA BEGAM. Following our *route* of course we come to these after visiting the MUTINY MONUMENT.

Roshanara (the name means one who enhances the beauty of light) was the daughter of *Shah Jahan* and the devoted adherent of *Aurangzebe* against his partisan sister, *Jahanara Begam*, whose grave is within the precints of the shrine of NIZAM-UD-DIN AULIA. *Roshanara* survived her brother's accession for 13 years. Her grave is in the middle of the pavilion.

On the headstone of *Jahanara's* grave is this inscription, supposed to have been composed by the Princess, "Let green grass only conceal my grave, grass is the best covering of the grave of the meek." There is a receptacle for grass in *Roshanara's* grave also, but the absence of the injunction must account for dry earth generally being found occupying it !

There is a large fishing tank in the garden much resorted to by icthiologists,—and, as is their way, their patience is often severely tested. In Autumn this tank is covered with the lotus.

During a break in the rains a slow drive through the ROSHANARA GARDENS at twlight incites imagination to poetic sentiment. The flitting of the fire flies and the meandering of the glowworm among the bushes, are unquestionably a charming sight. It is here if anywhere that a love-lorn swain may sing 'Alice where art thou ?'

One is forced to surmise that this Garden was *Aurangzebe's* reward to his sister for her disloyalty to their father, and as opposed to *Jahanara*.

Nicholson Gardens.

THESE ARE prettily laid out, but not so extensive as either the QUEEN'S or the ROSHANARA Gardens. Their chief feature is the Statue of John Nicholson.

The European children of the Civil Station generally resort here, and without disparagement to the monument of the great hero, their attraction is (pardonably) more directed to the magnificent *fountain* in the Gardens, as they wonder at the strength of the birds there worked in bronze and the little ones that support basins of water and seem to have no mind to abandon this pursuit !

The erection of this statue to Delhi's greatest name, from a British point of view, came very tardily, but the appropriateness of its position when at last it was raised in 1906,—in view of the city ramparts and the KASHMIR and MORI gates where the great hero Nicholson was so much in evidence, is admirable, and one feels that while all India rings with his name, no better place than this Garden at Delhi could have been chosen to perpetuate John Nicolson's memory.

Nicholson's Grave.

THE GENERAL'S grave is the sad sequel to the event at the KABUL GATE on the 14th September 1857. The *Gate* proper no longer exists, but the *Tablet* will be seen inserted in the bastion, and for convenience sake we depart from the chronological order and first visit the hero's grave.

John Nicholson was mortally wounded on 14th September, 1857 ; and was found by Lieutenant (now Earl) Roberts, lying deserted in a *doolie* outside KASHMIR GATE, and brought into camp by him ; he died on the 23rd idem in camp on the Ridge. His funeral next day was without military honours, and on this day the avenging field force, which he would have commanned, left Delhi. Surely no tribute could have been more gratifying to a departed spirit in *Hades* than an act such as this. The Christian Law of Revenge has its own significant methods of operation and is always perfumed with the odour of Olive branches.

Nicholson's grave is in Kashmir Gate Cemetery, (directly opposite the Gardens bearing his name.) The large stone slab, which was taken from the King's palace, bears this inscription :—

" The grave of Brigadier General John Nicholson, who led the assault of Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory mortally wounded, and died 23rd September, 1857, aged 35

Kabul Gate Bastion.

FROM THE CEMETERY, driving through Mori Gate and passing over the Dufferin Bridge we turn to the right and passing a police station, and at a short distance on the left, reach the gap where the KABUL GATE once stood. Let into the wall the following inscription may be seen

This Tablet

Marks the Spot where

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN NICHOLSON

Was mortally wounded

During the Assault

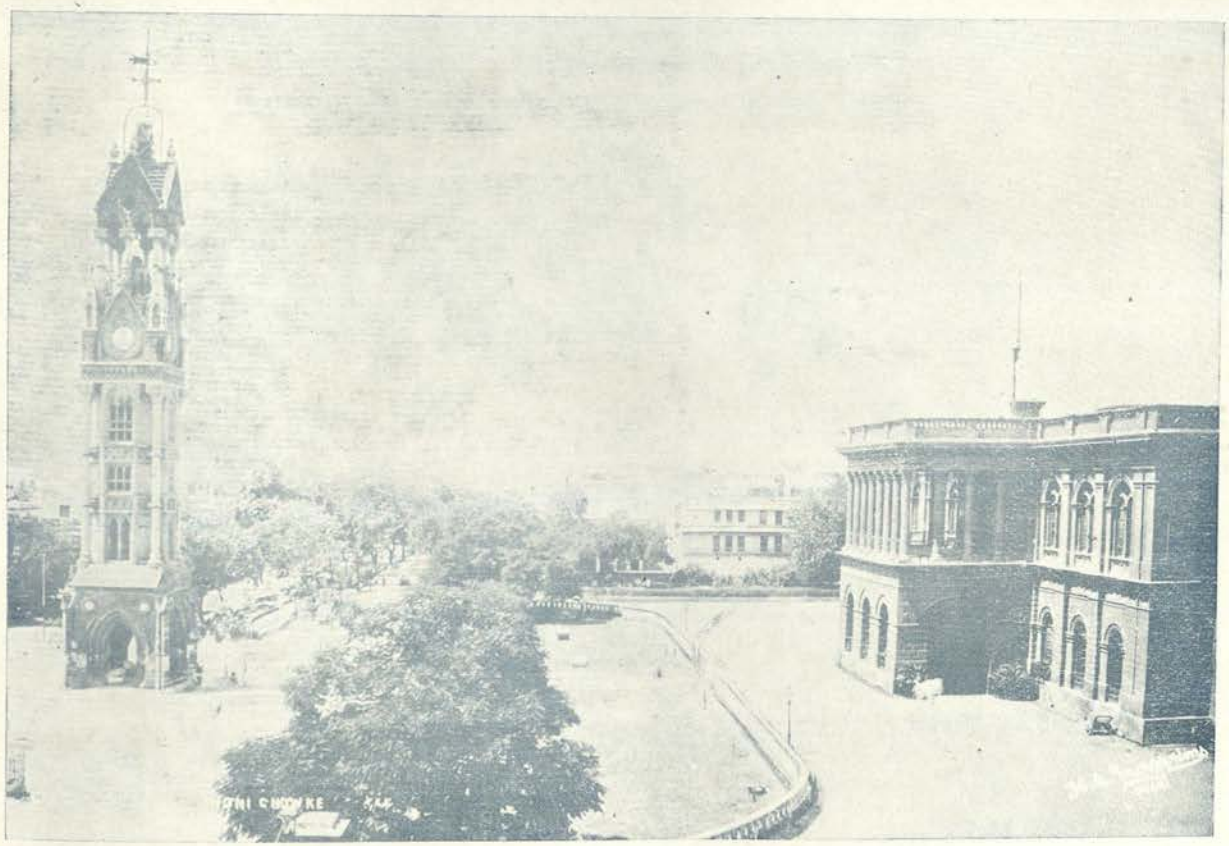
on the 14th September, 1857.

In common with so many others, we are indebted to Mr. H. C. Fanshawe C.S.I., for his book *Delhi, Past and Present*, and from this we beg leave to quote the following (page 171) : " It was a curious coincidence, as noticed by the Senior Chaplain with the Force the Revd. Mr. Rotton, that the Lesson (Church of England Order of Service) for 14th September should have been the third chapter of Nahum : " Woe to the bloody city.....the horseman lifteth up both the bright sword and glittering spear, and there is a multitutde of slain, and a great number of carcases * * * the gates of thy land shall be set wide open unto thine enemies ; the fire shall devour thy bars."

One cannot withhold the remark, regretting that it should be made, that the appearance of this TABLET is as the relic of a ruin The surroundings are filthy. Would it be too much to expect a Policeman to be stationed on guard here. Amongst other duties he may be successful in preventing the gutter urchins of Delhi from flinging mud at the TABLET as we have seen it done !

Queen's Gardens.

RETRACING our steps from this sad and neglected record of a hero's fall, a short drive places us in a garden, pleasant enough still, but what must have been very beautiful in its crowning days when the Begam of *Shah Jahan* (not the Lady of the Taj) with her maidens, spent an occasional summer day under the shade of the lofty trees that—perhaps—still adorn the place, or sported without thought or care, on the sward.



In British hands the place has undergone much change. The Municipal Offices, the Town Hall the public Library and part of a Museum now find room there.

The gradual dwindling menagerie has entirely disappeared and the specially botanical element has passed away to the Princess *Roshanara's* gardens A streak of the Western Jamna Canal runs through the Gardens.

Opposite the Town Hall and on the CHANDNI CHAUK side, in an enclosed railing, there is a *statue* of her late Gracious Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA, and directly in front of that is the NORTHBROOK CLOCK.

Daryaganj Memorial Cross.

IT CAN HARDLY be true that at one time there were more Mosques than worshippers in Delhi, but it certainly is true that there are a good many Mosques still there, and some of them are exceedingly pretty from the architectural critic's point of view. One such is the *Sunhari Masjid* of *Javed Khan* which one meets with on leaving the Delhi Gate of the Fort and as he travels on towards *Daryaganj*. It was built in 1751. *Javed Khan* was the confidential adviser of the *Kudsia Begam*. The latter's name still lives in the *Kudsia Gardens*. An inscription on the Mosque calls it "the Mosque of Bethlehem."

Daryaganj was the original Cantonment of Delhi after the decisive battle won by Lord Lake in 1803. The solitary MEMORIAL CROSS standing in its victorious isolation in a wilderness of sand, below the southern glacis of the Fort, marks the spot sacred to the memory of those, who once interred in this old Daryaganj Cemetery with all the rites of Christian burial, were exhumed and treated with every insult and indignity by the inhuman helots of the Mutiny !

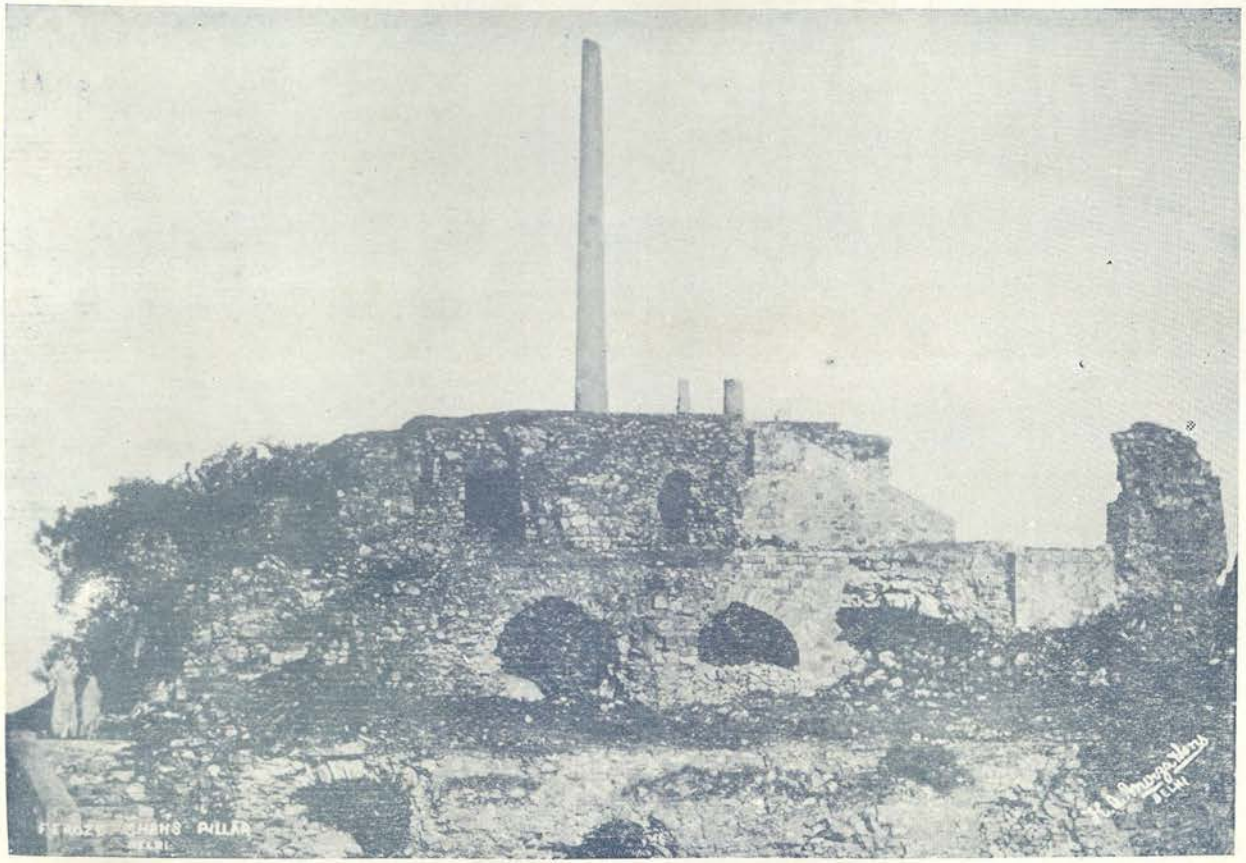
It is impossible to stand in reverent attittude before this memorial, without realizing a thrill of joy as one reads the beautiful words of trumph that are engraved on it :—This Cross marks the site of the Ancient cemetry of Duryagunge, and is dedicated to the memory of those whose remains lie around MDCCCLXI.

"Thy dead men shall live together, with my dead Body shall they rise ; awake and sing ye that dwell in the dust ; for thy dead is as the dew of herbs, and the Earth shall cast out her Dead, Isaiah XXVI. 19."

We move on to what is now the Native Infantry Mess-house only to pass on to the *Zinat-ul-masjid*, the "Beauty among Mosques" which was built in 1710 by a daughter of *Aurangzebe's*. The Princess died in 1720 and a black stone enclosure surrounds her tomb close by. The *Khairati* gate to the south of the *Zinat-ul-masjid* has a painful interest as it marks, in common with the *Raj Ghat* Gate (in the vicinity) the entrance into Delhi of the mutineers from Meerut, of the 3rd Light Cavalry, on the 11th of May 1857.

Kotila of Firozshah.

FIROZABAD the habitation of *Firoz Shah Tuglakh*. After his expedition in Bengal in 1354 A. D. he made up his mind to abandon the seat of his fathers at *Tughlakh abad* and concentrated it on the building of a new capital on the banks of the *Jamna* to which he gave the name of *Firozabad*.



Biography in detail is not the pretended element of these pages and we do not intrude on either the researches or the recountings of Historians, but this much at least we may be permitted to say that *Firoz Shah* was ever at pains to confer benefits on his people, and the earliest beginnings of Irrigation, in the Delhi of that day, may be passed to his credit.

This Delhi of the fourteenth century can now alas be only identified—with but one or two exceptions—by masses of ruins.

To the inhabitants of Delhi the site is better known as the KOTILA *i. e.* THE CITADEL OF FIROZ SHAH. At one time it extended as far as the *Ridge* on one side, and the MAUSOLEUM OF HUMAYUN on the other.

Nowhere perhaps in all the environs one visits, is there such a wilderness of ruins as here. The one thing that survives is the *Pillar of Ashoka*, a solitary signal in the midst of desolation, standing where we now see it, for 550 years, just as it stood in the plain of Topra (in the Umballa District) 16 centuries before.

The Emperor like his predecessors had a fondness for monumental architecture, and specially devoted himself to repairing places at the QUTAB. At the KOTILA itself a Mosque, an Observatory, a Country house (near Ridge) etc etc., may still be outlined, but he gave to few things the care and attention he bestowed on the removal of this Pillar or *Lat*.

The story of its transfer from near *Khizrabad* in the Umbalia District has been told so frequently that it need not be repeated here, but it may be interesting to note that the *Brahmans* of 600 years ago were as diplomatic as their race has proved itself to be ever since; they won royal favor when they interpreted the finely cut inscription on the pillar as meaning "that no one should be able to remove the Obelisk from its place till there should arise in the latter days a Muhammadan King named *Sultan Firoz*." There is also an inscription in Hindi of the *Chauhan Prince Visala Deva*, dating 1164 A. D.

Ashoka the grandson of *Chandar Gupta* or Sandrocuttus, began to reign as King of *Magdha* (Behar) in 264 B. C. and until his death which occurred in 223 B. C. he is believed to have erected 84,000 memorial columns similar to the one here mentioned. The inscriptions, in the *Pali* language deeply engraved on them, are the chief principles of the Buddhist Faith.

From the platform or pedestal on which the *Lat* stands, a widely extensive view is to be had of the surrounding country,—the MAUSOLEUM OF HUMAYUN,—SAFDAR JANG,—the MUTINY MONUMENT, Shadara and the sky-high QUTAB MINAR, eleven miles distant.

When *Shajehanabad*, Delhi as we now have it, was being built, the walls of most of the houses of *Firozabad* supplied the material, but at the back of the Delhi Jail is another picturesque Mosque known as the *Chausat Khambhe* (Sixty four Pillars) which has fortunately escaped the depredations of time and vandalism*.

To return to *Ashoka's Pillar* again,—It is interesting to learn from white-haired sages one constantly meets with in the vicinity of these sites, that these obelisks were orginally nothing more than the pastoral staves of the shepherd people, with which they used to beat off prowling wild beasts! "There were gaints in those days!"

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* This is not to be confounded with the CHAUSAT KHAMBE at the Shrine of NIZAM-UD DIN AULIA'S (page 67).

Kadam Sharif.

THE AFTERNOON of our second day has been reserved for a visit to this shrine. Without burdening the text with details of the route to be here employed, time and geographical description might be saved by merely directing your coachman or your guide (a ubiquitous personage whose knowledge generally is wonderfully small!) to drive you direct to the KADAM SHRIF, literally 'the Gentle Foot,' or KADAM RASUL, "the Apostle's Foot."

One prominent feature which assails the visitor is the veritable necropolis through which he must pass before he reaches this. Addison's famous observation on the frailty of human life—'he was born, he lived, he died'—presses itself with painful force on one here.

We saw in an earlier part of this book (page 38) that it was here that the Emperor *Firoz Shah's* favourite son, *Fateh Khan* received interment. Over the prince's grave is an oblong basin or trough of water, and in this is a slab which traditionally bears the mark of the Prophet *Muhammad's* footprint. As a mark of extreme favour, the cover which usually conceals the basin, was removed for us, but all we could see were some rose petals floating on the water.—We do not doubt that the KADAM SHRIF is there, for it was sent to the bereaved father by the IMAM OF MAKKAH.

Mark Twain in narrating his experiences of the holy veil of *St. Veronica*, silences all disputes by the assurance that he could vouch for its genuineness because he had seen half-a-dozen exactly like it during his pilgrimage! Similarly, the Prophet's foot-print too is not an uncommon, if none the less a revered sight, in other places also.

India is rich in the commodity of the gifts of saints, in concrete.—On the way to *Tará gardh* from Ajmere, a large boulder is unquestionable evidence, from the gigantic hand impression on it, that it was flung from *Madár Hill* and arrested at the spot where it now lies, through the miraculous power of *Bara Pir!* At *Panje Sahib* in *Hasan Abdal*, the spring of perennial water bears the mark of the *Sikh Guru's* hand when he pressed the hill side and changed the course of the water current from the hill above! Such instances may be multiplied *ad lib*. We merely name these as corroborating the Oriental fondness (shall we say weakness?) for sanctifying a locality with such associations,—but though the dust of ages have rolled by, the *Kadam Sharif* of Delhi is, at any rate, a token of a father's bereavement perpetuated in this singular manner,

Even as the race of the dead is keen for burial at *Karbala* (the *Shia* burial ground in Turkey, rendered holy for all time in the eyes of the *Muslim*) so the last wish of many a gasping soul in Delhi is that the vicinity of the 'Prophet's foot' (nothing whatever to do with the Prince, whose body has long mingled with the earth, mind you) may be its last resting place. The clinging associations of human nature reveal their peculiar character even when life is ebbing away!

Shamsh-ud-din the *Nawab of Firozpore,* to whom the assasination of Mr. William Frazer, was traced and for which he was hanged, lies buried close to the shrine. Now that it is nearly a century (1835) that this happened, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

Do not move away from this spot without also visiting the back of the KADAM SHRIF. It repays the very little extra trouble this entails, for besides gaining an altogether pleasant view of the city, one also sees the *Id'gah,* the great uncovered Prayer Yard, still used by Muslims on the two sacred festivals of the *Idu-l-Fitr* and the *Idu-l-Azha.* The information may be helpful to some, that the former terminates the thirty days fast of *Ramzan,* indeed *Idu-l-Fitr* means "the Breaking of the Fast." The latter attempts to correspond with the Jewish Festival of the Atonement plus a confusion with the sacrifice by Abraham of *Ishmael,* not Isaac. The *Idu-l-Azha* is really the central festival of *Islam* and as no Mosque is large enough to contain the worshippers on that day, the *Id-gah* is the appointed place in every city.

Tughlakhabad.

GHIYAS-UD-DIN TUGHLAKH,—in historical memory, stands out prominently as the worthiest figure in the fading twilight of the house of *Khilji*. Trusty and true, many and valuable were the services he had rendered as a soldier while he held the Mughal foe at bay, and it does not surprise us to learn that after the vile and loathsome *Khushru Khan* (he had been a Hindu Parwani, a pariah of the lowest class from Gujerat)—was killed by a populace whose normal lethargy somehow gave place to a burst of indignation, they passed on to the creditable move of presenting the keys of the city to *Ghazi-Beg Tughlakh*.

Firishta would tell us that as *Tughlakh* on mounted horse came in sight of 'the Palace of a thousand minarets' he wept and cried aloud "Oh subjects of a great empire ; I am no more than one of you who unsheathed my sword to deliver you from oppression, and rid the world of a monster. If therefore any member of the royal family remain, let him be brought, that we his servants should prostrate ourselves before his throne. But if none of the race of Kings have escaped the bloody hands of usurpation, let the most worthy be selected, and I swear to abide by the choice."

The "choice" was a foregone conclusion. *Vox populi, vox Dei.* "O Ghazi Malik," was the voice of the multitude as of one man, "for many years thou hast been our buckler . . . . thou hast avenged our benefactors and earned the gratitude of rich and poor. Be our King." And the homage the people offered the new Sultan and the confidence they placed in him were never belied. It was not regarded as the language of hyperbole when of *Tughlakh* the poet *Amir Khusru* wrote :

"Wisdom and prudence in all that he did were revealed ;
The faculties' hoods seemed under his crown concealed"

But enough of purely biographical history.—Passing on to whatever still remains of tangibility of that day, the sight seer will gaze with eager and curious interest at the CITADEL OF TUGHLAKHABAD built on a rocky eminence some four miles to the east of the QUTAB. It marks the third Metropolis (some would contend it is the *fourth*) raised between the years 1,321 and 1,323. Though now in "the abomination of desolation," it is impossible not to be impressed with the massivness of the stones, the high parapets, the tripled towers and the lofty gates towards which the hand of ruin has yet been comparatively merciful.

Then rising above the walls of the Fortress and in better preservation—grim and ironical in itself—one sees the Tomb of *Tughlakh Shah.*

Its preservation—a living memorial of the dead—standing grim and massive in surrounding of ruin—is in itself an irony, and contrasts wonderfully with the luxuriant tombs that are generally centred in beautiful gardens. Until the fulfilment of the malediction of the Saint *Nizam-ud-din Aulia*, whose feuds with the warrior King are responsible for several miraculous events, there used to be a very deep tank to the west of the fortress, and this must have added considerably to the picturesqueness of the TOMB OF TUGHLAKH SHAH as it stood reflected in the water. One accords unhesitatingly with Mr. Fergusson's observation that we here have "a picture of a warrior's tomb unrivalled anywhere."

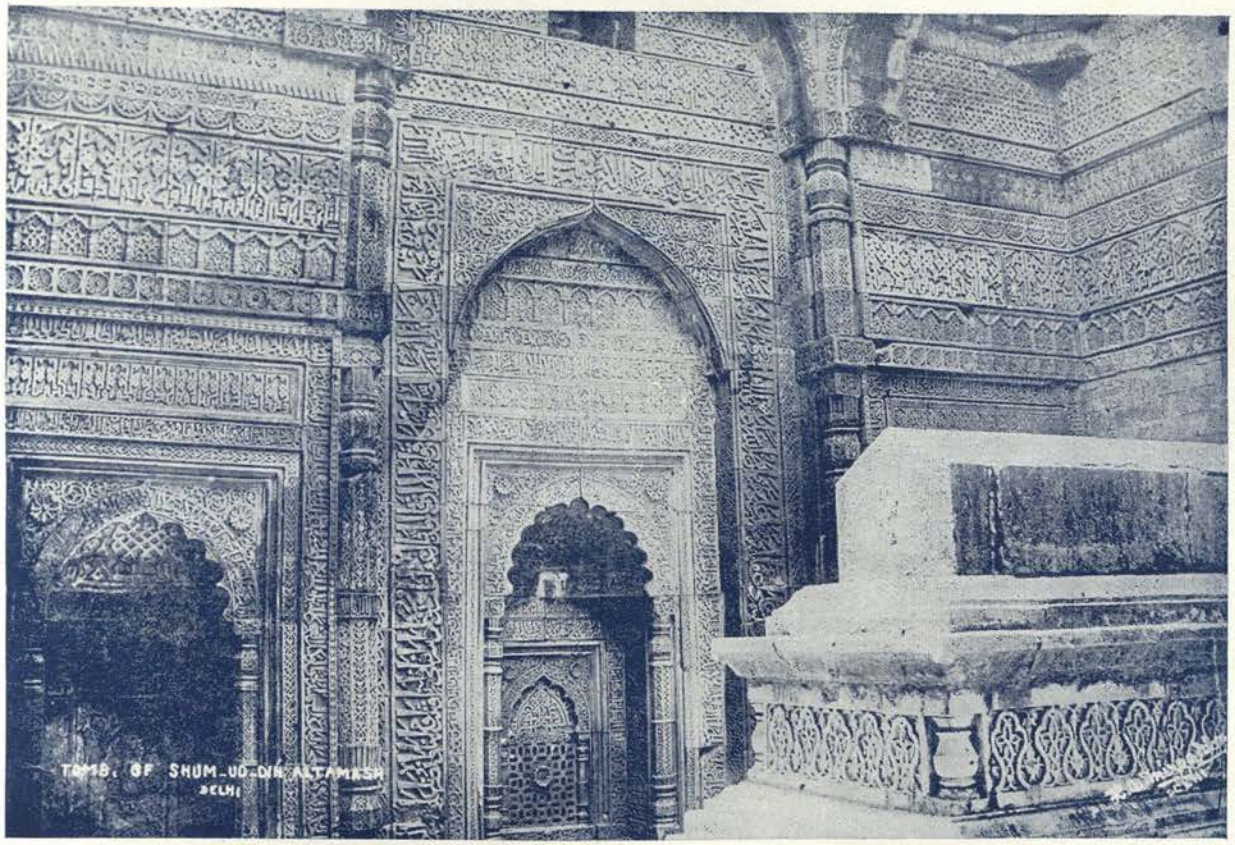
There are three graves within the Mausoleum ;—Tughlakh Shah's, his wife's and his son's, Mahomed Tughlakh. In the arcade to the left, one meets a small grave said to belong to the King's favourite dog! If true, this is a remarkable tribute of affection on the part of the Tartar chief to an animal held unclean in orthodox Muslim eyes!

We may dismiss as not serious the conjecture that *Mahomed Tughlakh* built this tomb over his father.

The Qutab Vicinity.

I.—(TOMB OF ALTAMASH.

SUPERLATIVES find much display when the PAST CAPITAL OF THE ORIENT is being described, and if ever superlatives were deserved, the tomb of *Shamsh-ud-din Altamash* deserves them.



It is unquestionably one of the most beautifully ornamented buildings of any age. The carvings are exquisite and in remarkable preservation, and the thickness of the exterior walls of the mausoleum, which are seven and a half feet in thickness, cannot fail to cause renewed admiration of the skilful architect of seven hundred years ago!

Altamash, in youth had the fame of his beauty so noised abroad that *Kutub-ud-din Eibak* did not think it too much to pay fifty thousand pieces of silver to purchase him as his slave. Years afterwards, he gave him his daughter as his bride, and as time went on *Altamash* added *Shams-ud-din* (sword of the faith) to his name, and eventually ascended the throne as the third King of the Slave Dynasty.

He was, we night say, of the regulation type. History does not say that at any one time *Altamash* slaughtered more than three hundred 'infidel' Hindus, and in this he did not earn that title to Islamic bliss that some mighty men who had gone before him had done. But it must be counted, to his eternal credit in the annals of *Islam* that he demolished the Hindu Temple of *Maha Kali* at Ujjain which by repute had occupied three centuries in the building, and the idols which adorned it were brought to Delhi and there calcined at the door of the great Mosque, the ruins of which are found at the foot of that column of victory which *Altamash's* master had begun and which his slave and successor completed. Barring the perpetuity of the QUTAB MINAR the collonade of Altamash with its magnificent arches, though in ruins, are worth more than a hasty glance. Lord Mayo, Viceroy of India, 1869-72, ordered the restoration of the central arch and this has since borne his name as *the Mayo Arch.* It is about forty feet high and is well seen in the picture on page 55.

Altamash died in 1235. His tomb is the oldest in India of which there is any record. There is a point in which the Sultan is absolutely unique, perhaps a point in which the world offers no rival, He was the father of seven children and no less than six of them ascended the throne in due succession after him!

The Qutab Vicinity.

II.—THE QUWAT-UL-ISLAM MOSQUE.

KUTAB-UD-DIN—the slave of royalty and the royal slave, and the Founder of Muhammadan Delhi, first comes into the light as the *protege* of Sultan *Muhammad bin Sam Shahabudin*, historically known as *Muhammad Ghori* from the country—that land of mountains mountain-girt—in ancient Afghanistan—from which he came.

Muhammad of Ghor in his invasion of India met with a severe reverse in his encounter with the Rajputs when *Pritvhi Raj* utterly defeated him on the plains of *Thaneshar* in 1191. But he "lived to fight another day" for in less than eighteen months on the same battle field, Muhammadanism with its war cry of "*din ! din !*' quenched for ever the equivalent war cry of victory as shouted by Brahmanism. "The followers of the Prophet wiped out their own and their God's disgrace in torrents of blood, filled their pockets by the way, and returned when the pink clouds of the low-lying groves of *dakh* trees began to blossom about the battle field where the sun of the Hindus had set for ever."

Muhammad thereafter retired to meet his death at the hands of the *Ghakkars* in 1206, but he left the rule of India to his viceroy *Kutab-ud-din*. On the death of his master, *Kutab* succeeded to the throne and founded the Slave Dynasty. His first advance was in 1193 where he crushed the Rajah of Benares, and that city, the Palestine of Hinduism, was incarnadined by the scimitar of *Islam*,—the idols in a thousand temples were calcined, the temples thereafter were purified by prayer and purgation and consecrated to the worship of the One God.

In token of this decisive victory and of the wiping-out of Hinduism (as *Kutab-ud-din* vainly thought) the first slave sovereign began the building of his Mosque—the KUWAT-UL-ISLAM or Power of Islam.

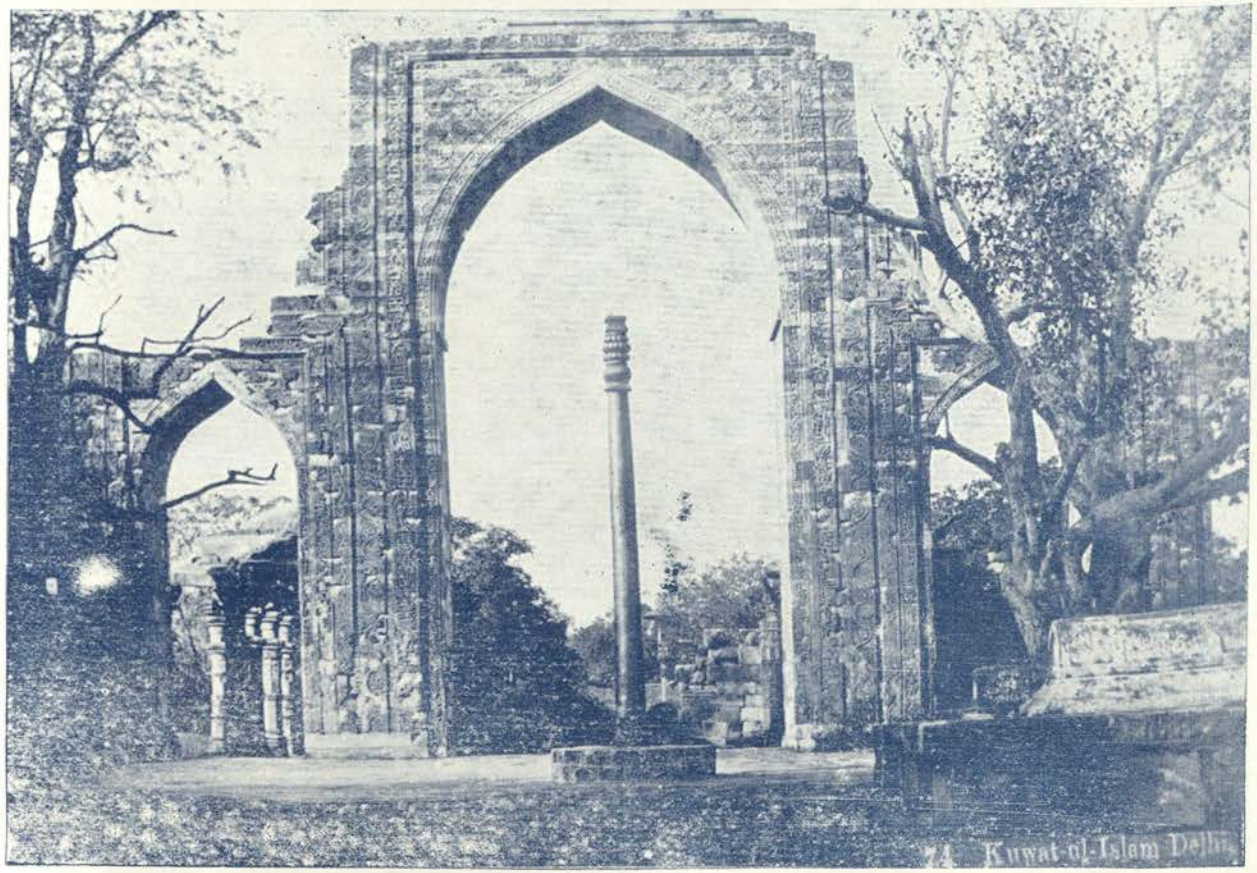
This is more a manipulation than an original building, for the royal architect wisely availed himself of considerable existing material of *Jain* and Hindu times. The visitor will view with unmixed interest the quaintness of the Mosque and have food for reflection as he stands before the carved screen above the second window which portrays various representations of the birth of the god *Krishna*; he will then see that at the end of the half-open door at the west end is another sculpture of a cow and a calf, an incident in the life of *Krishna*, which has excused students of comparative religion for finding in it a striking resemblance to the medieval pictures of the sacred manger scene of Bethlehem.

The stones over which we tread are the most practical enforcement of *Islam* of the idea that what once was sacred to the Hindus was only fit to be trodden under foot of the followers of the " true faith " !

The Qutab Vicinity.

III.—THE IRON PILLAR.

CONJECTURE has been free and abundant in assigning dates and attempting accounts of the origin of this rare and peculiar relic. Whatever haze may enshroud certainty, it is indisputable that the IRON PILLAR is one of the most interesting memorials in India of Hindu supremacy; and safety accompanies the statement that the latest date reaches the year six of the Christian calendar. It was *Anang Pal*, a *Rajput* chief of the *Tuar* clan, who built *this* Delhi which may be the third in the order of chronology, for INDRA PRASTHA certainly counts first, and the statement demands refutation that it was a *Raja Dhilu* who built old (the second?) Delhi—*Dhili*—prior to the Macedonian invasion of India.—We are speaking of the Iron Age of the Orient—when any achievment deemed worthy of record found engravement thus, and the IRON PILLAR is one of the surviving 'finds' which preserves a record of nine centuries ago, for it tells us that "*Anang Pal* built Delhi in A. D. 1052." The Pillar is dedicated to the god *Vishnu* by *Chandra Gupta the* Buddist King, as another couplet inscribed on it tells us, and *Anang Pal* must have removed it, probably from Muttra, to the Delhi he was then establishing.



It is at least pleasing to note *en passant* that the famous sow with its litter of thirty pigs and the stories attributing a world-famed city to *Æneas* and *Romulus* do not monoplise the fancy of the world. Here is THE PAST CAPITAL OF THE ORIENT claiming divine omens and miraculous interventions.

The height of the PILLAR is only 23 feet 8 inches and it is dwarfed by the gaint QUTAB hard by. It is a solid shaft of metal 16 inches in diameter. The base is sunk to no greater depth than 14 or 16 inches.*

Legend would thus enlighten us in regard to this mounment. *Anang Pal* was once assured by a holy Brahman that the Pillar was so deeply imbedded in the earth that it reached the head of *Vasuki* the great serpent King who supported the whole world, and that therefore the immovability of the pillar was a guarantee of the everlasting endurance, both of the Kingdom and the dynasty of its founder.

The monarch we fear was tinged with scepticism and ordered the Pillar to be dug up, and—wonderful to relate—the Brahmans showed the base of it so reddened that there was no room for doubting that the head of the serpent king had been injured to bleeding point! *Anang Pal* in great fear, at once ordered the Pillar to be restored, but an eternal blow had been struck at the stability of the Kingdom through this want of faith.—It was henceforth DELHI,—DHILI—loosened.

The only reason for discounting this interesting story is that the inscription on the Pillar entirely opposes it and that the name DILLI counts ages before the Tuar dynasty.!

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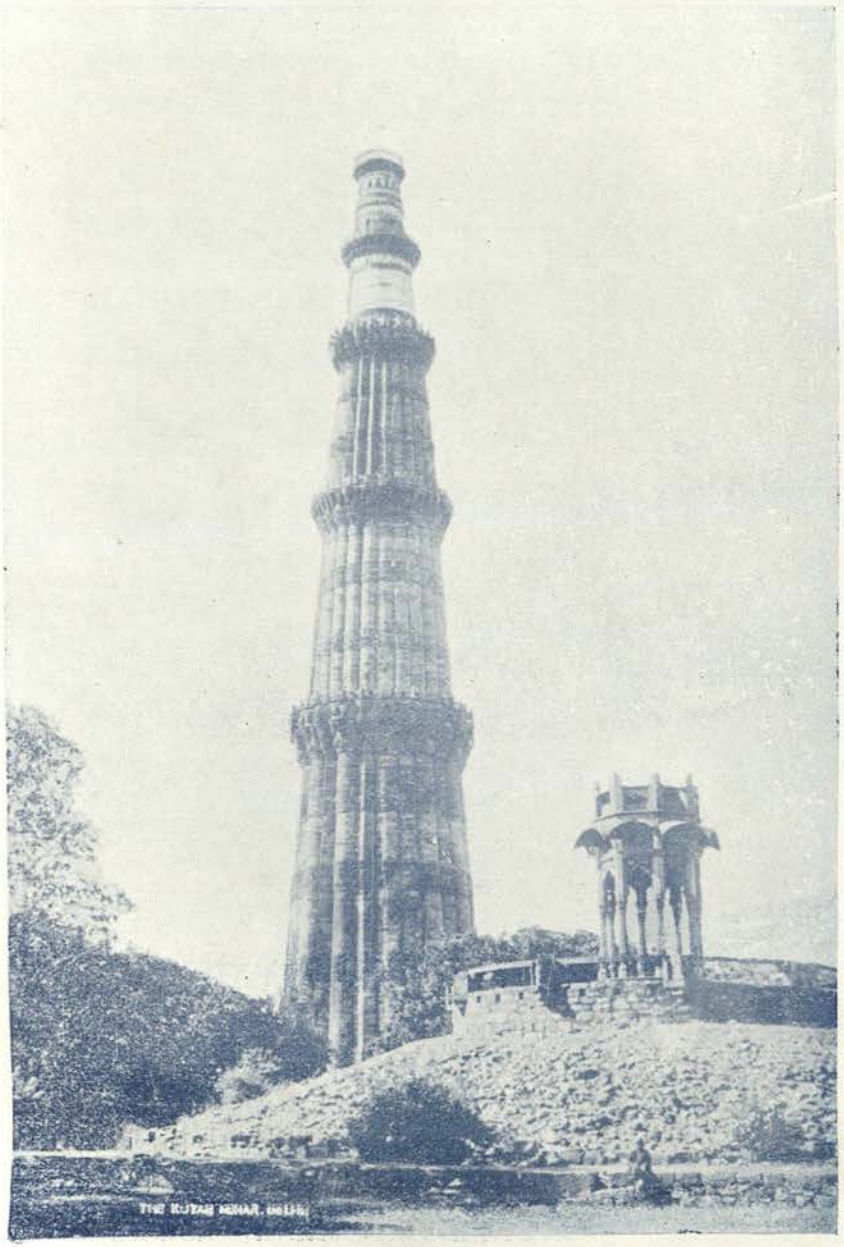
* N. B.—It has been wrongly contended that the foundation extends to 3 feet (HEARN.—*Seven Cities of Delhi.*)

The Qutab Vicinity.

IV.—THE QUTAB MINAR.



BUT IT IS not the *Pillar* which is the goal of the sight seer. Long before you approach it, the eye is riveted on that tall shaft of red-sandstone which rises 238 feet high and which stands out preminently as the greatest memento of KUTAB-UD-DIN. There are towers of immense height in the world. The bell-towers begun by the Lombard architects of the north of Italy in the seventh century, eventually developing in the famous Campanili of Italy will readily rise to the minds of our readers. That of Cremona, 396 feet high, and of the *Giotto* at Florence 275 feet high, are attractions to all travellers on the Continent ; and that wonder of Paris, the *Eiffel Tower*—the highest artificial structure in the world, 984 feet high, demands to be taken into any account of tall dimensions, but the QUTAB MINAR of Delhi wil not be unfavourably affected by these comparisons. It certainly stands out unrivalled as the tallest pillar in the world, and its comparative isolation gives it a conspicuousness which compels admiration.

Begun in 1193—the same year as the Mosque close by—it was not completed till *Sultan Altamash*, the slave and successor of *Kutab* and his son-in-law (1211-1236) enjoyed the great honour of placing the finishing touches to the Pole Minaret.* The Pillar consists of 5 balconies. The first balcony terminates in a gallery at a height of 95 feet ; to reach the top of the MINAR 379 steps have to be travelled and the man undertaking this excelsior journey is fully rewarded by the glorious and far stretching scenery that rewards his gaze.

Engraved in the Kufi character are carved inscriptions on all the storeys, these include the names and praises of the original builder *Kutab ud-din* ; of his master, *Muhammad Ghori* ; the 99 names of ALLAH ; mention of the restoration in 1368 by *Firoz Shah*, and so on.

* The name may signifiy besides, the Minaret of Kutab (the builder) and the Pole of Religion (Islam). Erected as a column of victory, it is most probable that it intended to commemorate the conquest of Hindustan and the association of the name of the victor, *i. e.* KUTAB-UD-DIN.

As we have said we believe that the MINAR was erected originally with no other design than that it should commemmorate *Kutab-ud-din's* great victory over Hinduism at Benares. Fancy, as usual, has endeavoured to foster other intentions :—not the least fanciful among them being that THE QUTAB was the *Muazzin* Tower for the QUWAT-UL-ISLAM MASIJD. This romance may be dismissed by the tremendous demand on the credulity of one who would believe in the lung-power of the *muslim* who could give his call to prayer rom a height of 238 feet, to be adequately appreciated by the surrounding populace !

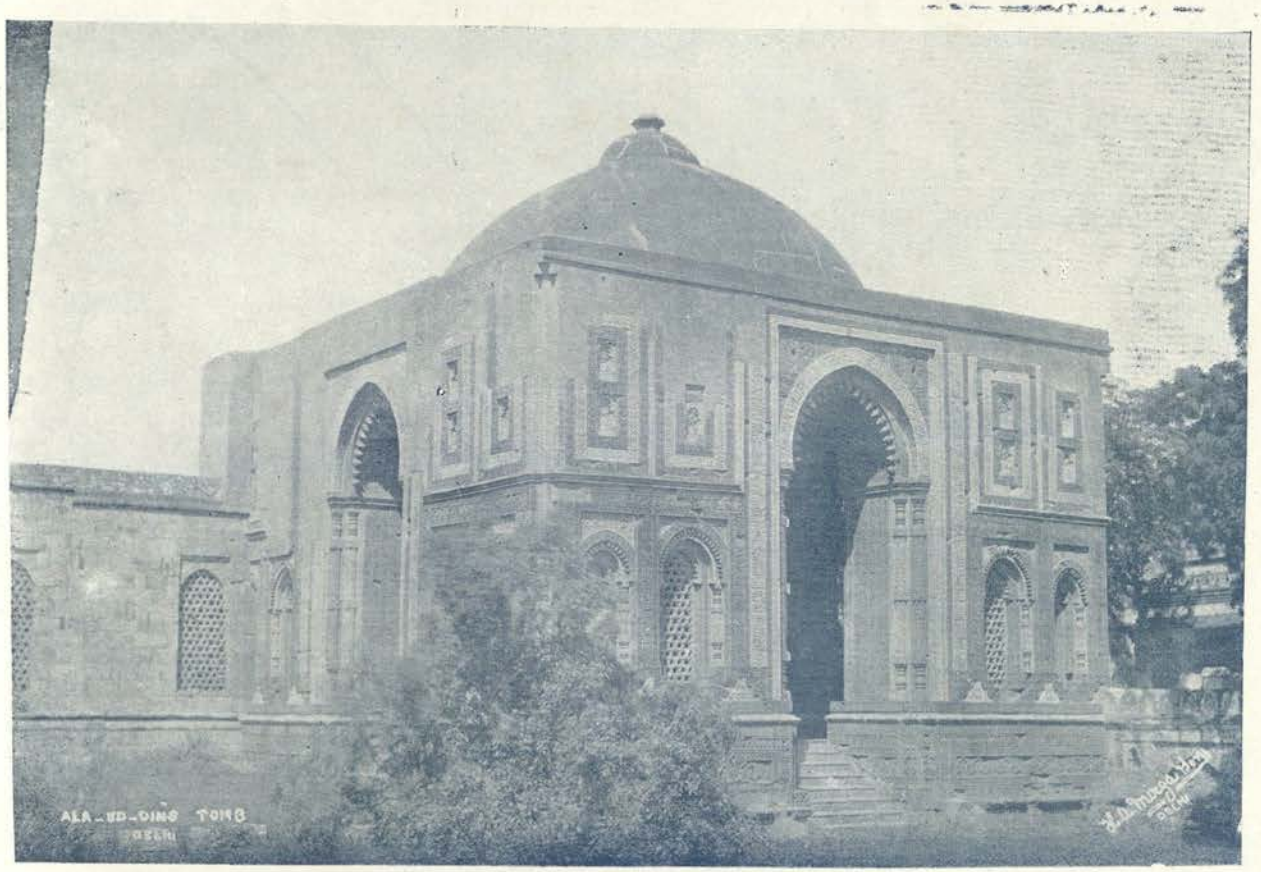
The other romantic suggestion is decidedly pretty. It shatters the idea of any *muslim* hand in the erection of the QUTAB and tells us that it was the loving tribute of a Hindu Raja to the piety of his daughter. The Princess—like all good Hindus—would not touch her daily morning meal until she had first gone to the river—*Jumna mai* (then about 6 miles away,—it is nearly 12 now) and there performed her ablutions, and moisetened with the sacred water her lucky necklace of nine significant precious stones. This matutinal pilgrimage began to tell on the young lady's health, and as a remedy, her father the Raja, built the QUTAB MINAR and persuaded his devoted daughter to content her soul by climbing the Tower daily and thus gladden her sight and her reflections by looking at the holy stream.!

One word more about the height of the QUTAB. It is 80 feet. higher than the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square, and if it could be stood on the floor of *St. Paul's* in London, a few feet of it would project into the lantern of the Dome !

The Qutab Vicinity.

V.—ALAI DARWAZA.

THAT THIS GATEWAY, practically in the shadow of the QUTAB is "one of the most beautiful specimens of external polychromatic decoration, not merely in India but in the whole world" is not exaggerated testimony, is corroborated by Genl : Cunningham's remark that "it is the most beautiful specimen of Pathan architecture" that he had seen.



As presumably this Book will be a constant companion to the Delhi sightseer, the writer does not feel himself called upon to dilate at any length, on the ALAI DARWAZA. Admiration for it will increase into admiration of it as one stands and gazes at the superb workmanship and the evidences of strength which mark it on every side. Indeed not inaptly has the comparison been drawn between this and the *Alhambra* in Granada, with favour inclining towards the ALAI DARWAZA notwithstanding that it is more than a century older.

Then reflections come almost unbidden and one seeks an analogy between this King of the second dynasty of the *House of Khilji* (1290-1320) and the force he exhibited in the permanency he gave to most of his buildings and notably to this magnificent gateway. In the QUTAB vicinity one meets with the stupendous base of the unfinished *Alai Minar ;* this was to have out-Qutabed the work of *Kutab-ud-Din* by double its loftiness. The stroke of death which summoned the royal builder to another world must have made the workmen remove their hands from further building of the *Alai Minar.* The QUTAB as it stands, undisputed monarch where it does, makes one congratulate himself that, whatever the cause, the *Alai Minar* was never much proceeded with.

There are points in the biography of the Pathan King, where one would not need to look far to find a resemblance in the mighty *Rameses II* of Egyptian fame. Some glimpses of this we gather a little further on.

The Qutab Vicinity.

VI.—TOMB OF ALA-UD-DIN.

NO REIGN in Oriental History is more full of picturesque incidents, of unscrupulous deeds, of daring enterprises and of romantic episode, that that of *Ala-ud-Din*, and that is saying much. He reached the throne with the unenviable notoriety of a parricide; his plunder of the Buddhist temples at *Bhilsa*, his conquests over the *Marhattas* at *Deogurh* ("the shelter of the gods"—surely a misnomer!) from which he retired with wealth in precious stones and gold and silver which could only be calculated in tonnage; his sack of the Rajput stronghold of *Chitor* and the romance woven round the name of the peerless *Padmani*—the princess whose name even to-day counts synonymous with all that is beautiful in womanhood; the slaughter of thirty thousand settlers belonging to the suburb of *Mughalpur* in Delhi; his blinding and decapitating his own nephews;—these are so many pegs on which the historian might well hang his canvas and paint a picture lurid with sanguinary hues.

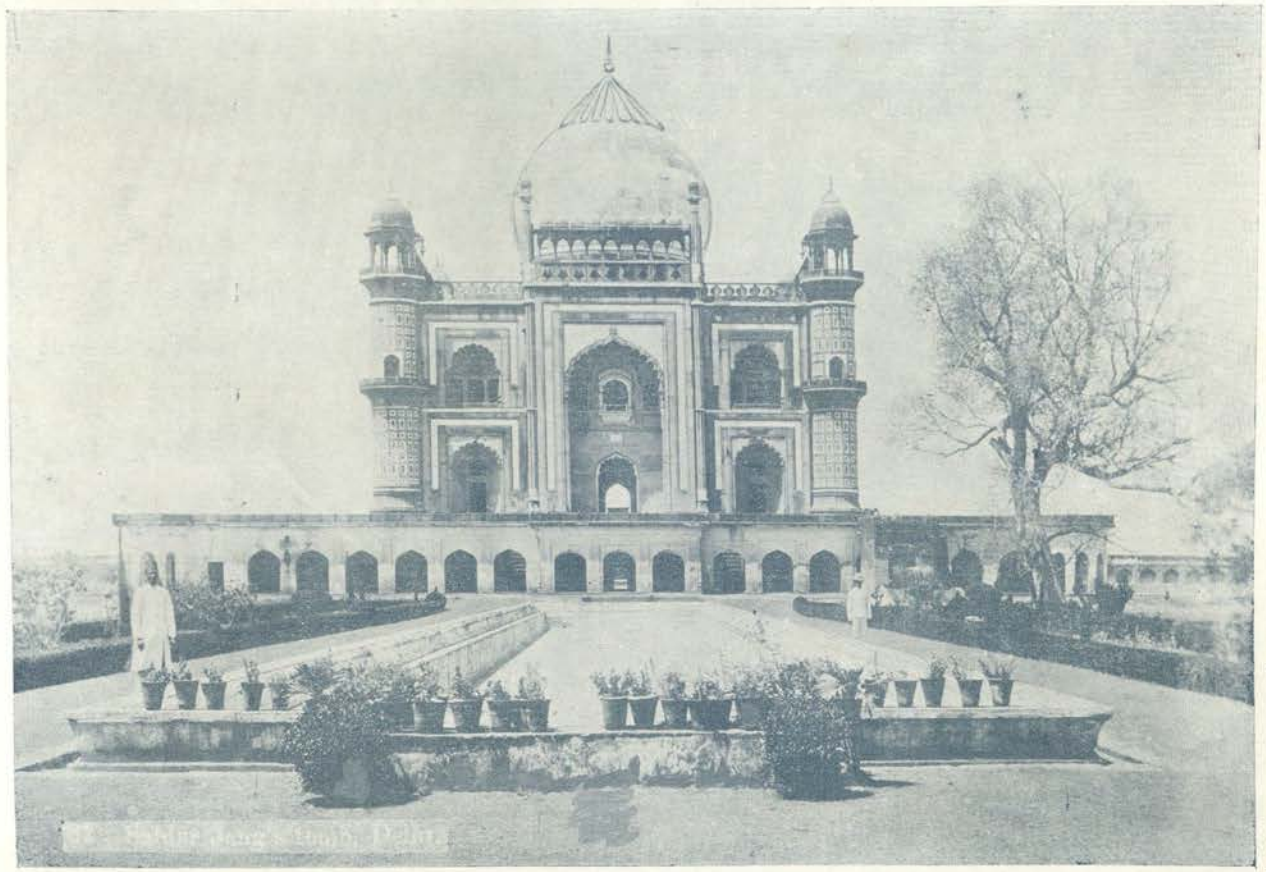
We ventured a comparison a moment ago between *Ala-ud-Din* and *Rameses II*, but even the Egyptian monarch appears in a favourable contrast. In over-weening conceit, in unquenchable pride, in insatiable aggrandizement they are perhaps both equal, but for cruelty of an altogether infernal type we find no name bringing us closer to the *Pathan* King than the blood-thirsty Nero.

Ala-ud-Din's tomb would seem to be a just retribution for the remains of such a tiger-King. His bones have rotted away long long ago, and this tomb above those powdered bones is also crumbling away gradually into so much dust.

But yet, History, that does not attempt to minimise the dark side of *Ala-ud-Din's* character, is constrained to admit—and that is a great deal more than can be said of Nero—that his pomp and wealth and power have never been equalled by any prince who sat before him on the throne of Hindustan—and it may be questioned whether, comparatively speaking, any prince has ever come *after* him of equal power. For twenty years he ruled India with unprecedented vigour and broadened the borders of his Kingdom. He was a King both great and remarkable and in every way a strong—if a cruel man; and one is forced to ask whether all the reform that India underwent between the years 1290 and 1321 could have been possible had the occupant of the throne been a Sultan with a character more humane but at the same time immensely weaker than that of *Ala-ud-Din—Sikandar Sani* (the second Alexander)?

Mausoleum of Safdar Jang.

RETURNING from that cluster of sad memories, and dwelling in mind over those epochs of History in which those who are memorialized at the QUTAB MINAR and its vicinity, one's reflections need not be disturbed till the horses—or the Motor Car—be halted at the stately MAUSOLEUM OF SAFDAR JANG, —half way between the QUTAB and present *Delhi*. The ashes of Nawab *Mansur Ali Khan* commonly called *Safdar Jang*— lie buried here. He was the nephew and the successor of the Nawab of Oudh (1738-53).



The final ruin of the *Mughals* may be traced to this man, for he called the warrior tribes of the *Jats* to help him against *Ghazi-ud-Din Khan*—the leading noble of the Delhi Court, and the latter in his turn opened the gates of Delhi and successfully quelled the ambitions of *Safdar Jang*.

The title the Nawab took to himself might be regarded as ironical, for while it means "Disperser of the ranks of battle," it is unfortunate that there has been evidence that more than once, they were his own and not his enemy's ranks that he dispersed by ignominious flight!

The sarcophagus in the Mausoleum is richly decorated. The whole design reminds one of the ever famous TAJ MAHAL. From the platform one obtains a very fine view of the surrounding country. To the south lies the battlefield where *Timur*, the Mughal Invader, crushed the army of Sultan *Mahmud Shah* in 1398.

To those delighting in "a quiet hour," no better spot could be named in all Delhi than this high built platform of red sandstone. There is a hush and a solemnity as one gazes around, which is quite pathetic and, in a sense, even awe-inspiring.

The MAUSOLEUM OF SAFDAR JANG may be regarded as among the last great Muhammadan architectural efforts in India.

The hour is late and further stoppage before reaching home is perhaps undesirable, but to the right as you drive home and are within about two miles of the Ajmere Gate, is the discarded observatory of Maharaja *Jai Singh* of Jaipur, whose reputation as a Rajput chieftan with a weakness for Astronomy, was asked to construct this Observatory here by the then reigning Sultan *Mahomed Shah* in 1724. "*Semrat yantar*" the classical name, has degenerated into the popular "*Jantar Mantar*" as it is now called, probably in derison, for it is believed that in respect to what it was intended for, it has been an utter failure.

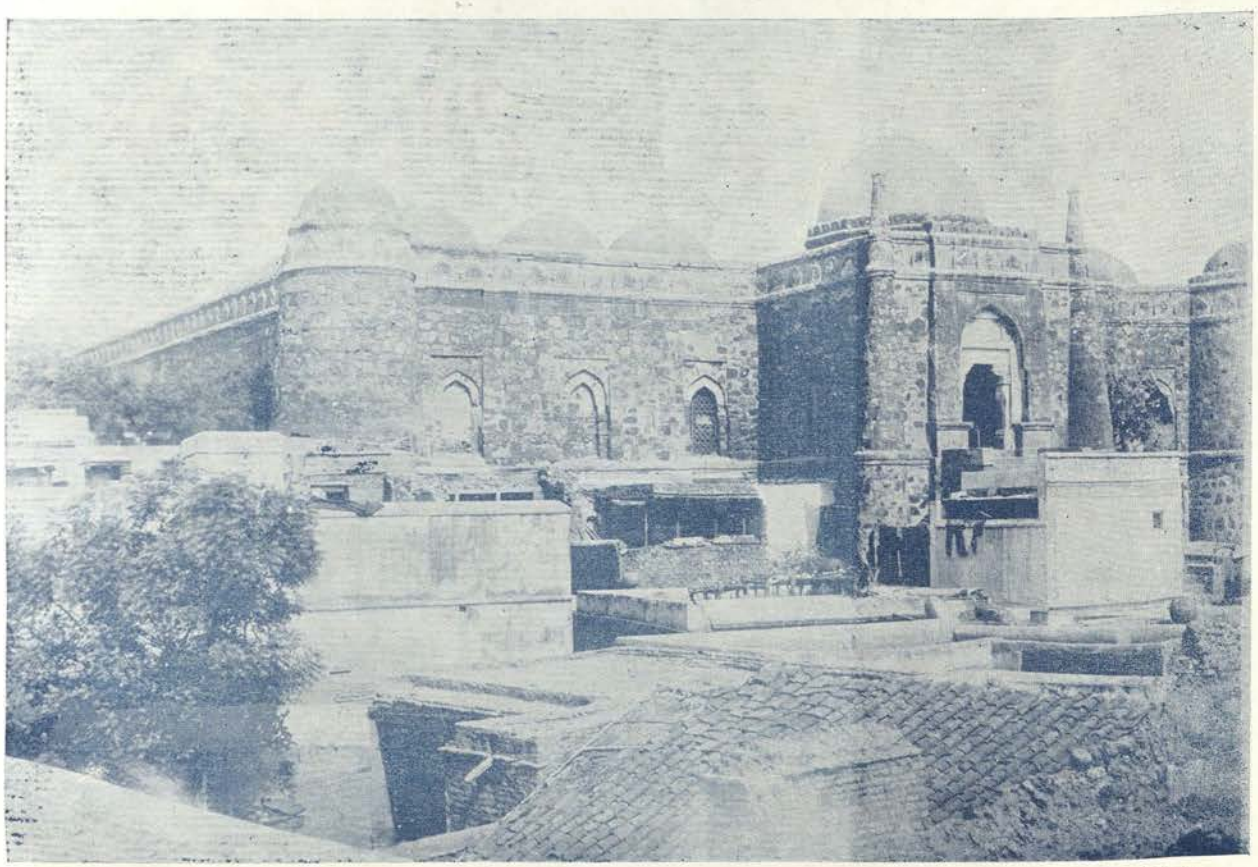
The mention of the Jaipur Raja's royal patron reminds us that the *begam* of *Mahomed Shah* was the lady *Kudsia Begam* whose portrait we are able to here produce.

She was the mother of Sultan *Ahmad Shah*, a lad still in his teens who left the reins of Government in the hands of *Safdar Jang* of whom we have just read, and noticed that the collapse of the Mughals began to count from this time.

Queen *Kudsia's* memory is however perpetuated in the very fine gardens which bear her name and are met with as one leaves Maiden's Hotel and drives towards KASHMIR GATE. These *Gardens* played no insignificant part in the troubled days of 1857, as the visitor will notice during his walk though the well-laid lawn and flower beds.

Kalan Masjid.

THIS QUAINT HOUSE OF Prayer of the days of *Firoz Shah Tughlakh* when that part of Delhi where the *Masjid* is situtated formed part of his capital, may well represent some old Saxon or Norman Castle, particularly if it is viewed from a point where the domes are not visible, but only the high battlemented walls which surround the whole.



The entrance to it is by a high flight of steps, and on either side of this, like solid sentinels, is a tall minar with a broad base and a tapering summit, unlike most minars one comes across.

The Mosque consists of a series of domes and arches. The domes are in three rows of five each, the centre dome being slightly larger than the rest.

The other three sides of the interior of the Court-yard are occupied with the cloisters;—here are also small domes and sloping eaves supported on roughly finished brackets. Simplicity, austerity and granduer make a peculiar combination and impress the visitor with a sense of the warrior's mind of what a Hall of Prayer might be, and certainly was four hundred years ago.

"*Kalan*" meas large in Persian, but as linguists are less common in this age of advancing knowledge than they were in the long-ago, the people of present Delhi have corrupted the name into *Kala* which means *black*, and consider this particularly appropriate, for, begrimmed with soot and dirt, the whole edifice is truly sombre in its appearance as one sees it to-day.

Tomb of Sultan Raziya.

LORD CURZON has somewhere spoken of beauty and the female sex lending consecration to a time of trouble and disturbance. One would like to associate that idea with the India of 1236-40 A. D. There was surely enough of poetry and romance encircling the palace of a Turkish *Seraglio*, but on the other hand,—sad thought—there were not lacking those dark patches to intertwine with the purple and gold, and that *miasma* of sanguinary effluvia to intercept the fragrance of the otto of roses which characterised an Eastern monarch's home.

Sultan *Altamash*— as we have seen—was a father whose inheritance to the throne was succeeded by no less than six of his children. The sons were typical children of luxury whose heads were far weaker than their hearts, and whose passions accordingly knew no restraint,—hence when *Rukh-nu-din* (the Prop of the State) "beguiled dull care" in the society of dancing girls, and lavished on them treasures he had acquired without an effort, the State meanwhile quickly decaying into absolute rottenness in the unscrupulous hands of his mother,—a Turkish slave who was ruling as Regent,—*Raziya Begam* the daughter of *Altamash* (he used to say she was the worth to him of many sons)—donned the coloured garb of a suppliant and addressed the people from the turret of the palace, exhorting them to "Awake and Rise and deal Justly."—Like the patriot Hungarians in the historical annals of modern Europe, who drew their swords for *Rex* Maria Theresa, the populace here unanimously proclaimed the fair speaker—the King's daughter— with the masculine title of *Sultan Raziya*.

It was a thing unheard of in Oriental history—a woman on the throne ! The Salic Law was falsely sought for shelter when in the beginning of the fourteenth century it was appealed to as prohibiting the succession to the throne of the daughters of Louis X and Philip V, but as far as India was concerned the absence of *any* kind of Law was enough to make it impossible for a woman to rule a Kingdom ! Yet nevertheless this thing happened. !

Ferishta chivalrously says "*Raziya Begam* (My Lady Content) was possessed of every good quality which usually adorns the ablest princes, and those who scrutinise her actions most severely, will find in her no fault but that she was a woman."

But great *Ferishta*—thou *angel* of eloquence—is this not fault enough ? Have we not read the solomn verdict of the Prophet, as we have it recorded in the holy *Traditions*, that when information reached him that the people of Persia had made the daughter of *Khusro* their Queen, he said 'the tribe that institutes a woman its ruler, will not find redemption' ? And so, though my Lady Content were ever so industrious in public business, learned in the *Quran*, first and energetic in every crisis, and doing her best in times too stormy for a woman, or indeed for any but the strongest man,—she was not able to maintain her position for more than three years !

Notwithstanding her masculine attire, one learns that she actually so far favoured one of her Abbysinian Slaves as to permit him to lift her on her horse by raising her up under her arms ! This man she had made master of her horse, and, there were not those wanting, who said that she had also made him master of her *heart* ! This was against the proprieties, and the Turkish Governor of Lahore felt it incumbent to preach her a lesson in morality. His interference was resented by *Raziya*, a battle followed but resulted in the death of the Abbysinian Slave, and thereupon the victor, as proving the genuineness of his spirit, compelled *Raziya* to marry him and then espoused her cause, but the populace felt that even so much was not enough to erase the stain of her familiarity with the Abbysinian, and so both she and her husband were overtaken in their flight and murdered.

The grave of *Al Malika Raziya*, the first and last Oriental Empress of India, is the larger of the two in a small insolated enclosure in a lane at the end of the *Sita Ram Bazaar*, quite close to the KALAN MASJID. It is a poor relic of a great Queen, but what more could one expect? The chronicler of her time has this characteristic note:—"She was endowed with all the qualities befitting a King, but she was not born of the right sex, and so in the estimation of men, all these virtues were worthless. May God have mercy on her."

Poor Lady Content,—"Amen,"—most fervently would we say to the last clause of this quotation though we utter it seven hundred years later.

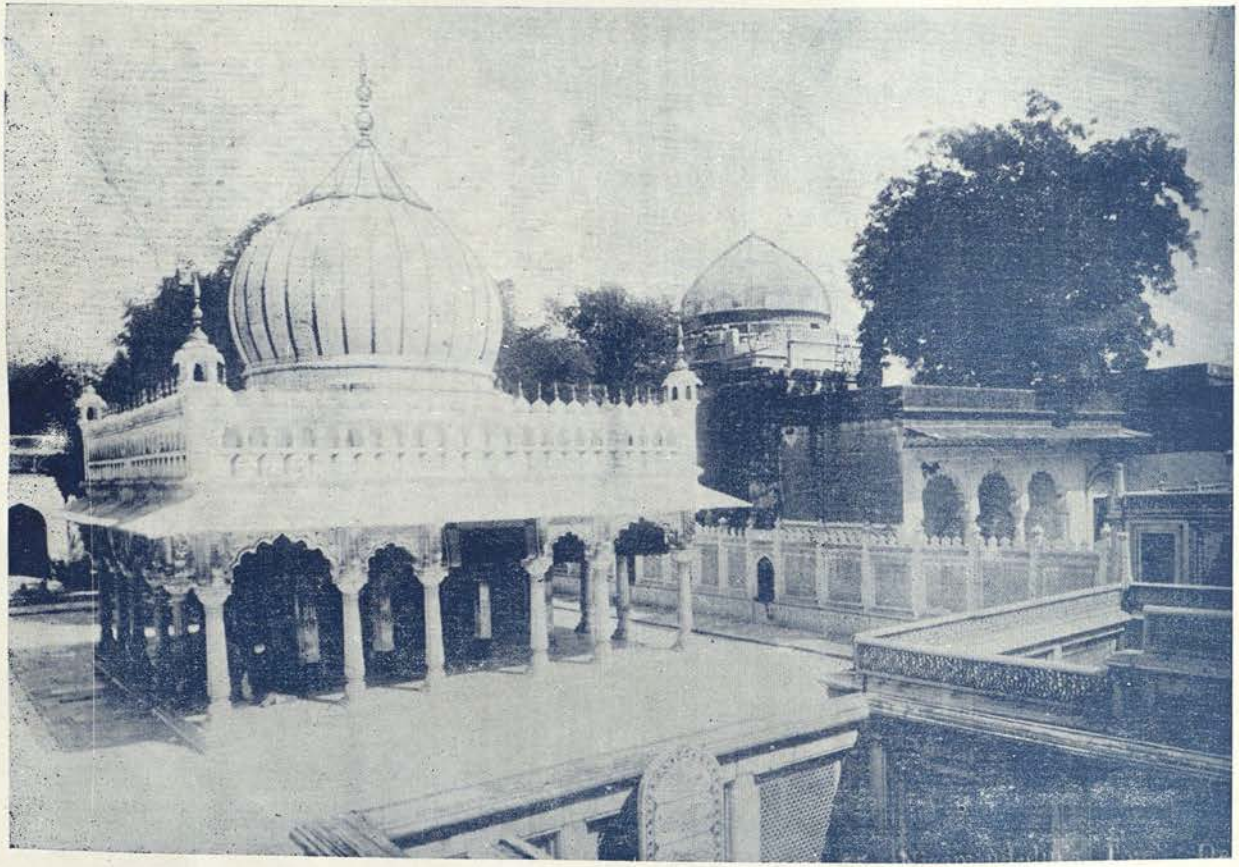
The natives living in the vicinity have their own tale to tell about these two graves. They are the tombs of *Raji* and *Saji*, two saintly women who were guilty of a grave indiscretion, and when a virtuous mob were about to stone them to death, they perjured themselves by invoking Heaven to avenge their innocence and were immediately swallowed up by the earth! Whereupon that same virtuous mob, remembering the past goodness of these women, erected these tombs over them!

Shrine of Nizam-ud-din Auliya.

CHAUSAT KHAMBE.

"Lightly tread, 'tis holy ground !" But while the entire space is sacred, before we reaeh the holiest of holies let us look at the reservoir of green water into which, for the miraculous power of a four-anna silver piece you will be afforded an exhibition of high Jumping which you can hardly fail to admire ! The Tank or *Baoli* is known as the " *Chshma dil Kusha* " or "the Heart alluring spring".

Pass on from here and after a somewhat tortuous passage or series of passages, we approach the *Dargah* or shrine of *Khwaja Nizam-ud-din Aulia*. The Saint's apostolic descent is indisputable, and if it is a fact as some have rudely adduced that the *Khwaja* was also the founder of the famous dacoities known as the Thugs or Assassins, certain it is that the baser man has been swallowed up in the veneration paid to the Saint's remains ! He lived to the venerable age of 92 and his life was crowded with many vicissitudes ; a large share of his existence was spent in quarrelling with his sovereign *Tughlakh Shah* of whom we have spoken above. *Nizam-ud-din*, through his acknowledged piety had amassed enough wealth to set the Emperor at defiance. Unlike Thomas a Becket who, after all, was a great favourite with Henry II, *Nizam-ud-din* in *Tughlakh's* eyes was a veritable 'disturber of the peace'. The legend runs that the King had once perforce taken away the saint's workmen who were busy with the tank at *Tughlakhabad*, to build his new city and fortress there,—that of course was during daylight ;—but the Saint had means enough to go on with his work at night by oil-light ; whereupon, indignant at this frustration, the King issued a royal mandate forbidding the sale of oil to him. Then the saint put forth his powers, and the workmen found themselves miraculously helped by light being flashed on their work from the waters of the tank ! And a sa counter blow to this



superiority, *Tughlakh Shah* cursed the waters. Not only have they remained bitter unto this day, but a curse in retaliation from the Saint resulted in the desolation of the City—hence does "the abomination of desolation" reign over *Tughlakhabad* !

But now let us view the Shrine—there is a poetry about the lovely pierced marble screen within a wide verandah that surrounds the tomb. Round the grave itself—which is always covered with rich *Kom-Kob* is a low marble railing, and above this is a canopy of wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Those who have visited the great *Akbar's* deserted city of *Fatehpur Sikri will* recall the mother-of-pearl there employed at the Tomb of *Sheik Salim Chisti.* That is perhaps more beautiful than the inlaying here but the elegance and costliness of both places is remarkable.

West of the Shrine is a mosque said to have been built by the *Sultan Firoz Shah* nearly six hundred years ago. Its principal decoration (for let us remember that in *Islam*, the purity of the worshippers within a *Masjid* obviates the need of any other human adornment) is a golden ball suspended from the dome of the central chamber. It is well out of reach and has defied various attempts to be dislodged by sacriligious hands !

As we wander through the sacred precints, other tombs of sad and famous interest reward our inspection. Close to the Mosque of which we have spoken is a marble enclosure, and in the front row one meets with the tomb of of the lady *Jahanara Begam* (the Beautifier of the world). She will be remembered as the faithful daughter of *Shah Jahan*, and the companion of his captivity when his rebellious son *Aurangzebe* held him as state prisoner at Agra. *Jahanara's* rival sister, *Roshanra Begum*, was rewarded for her treachery against her father by her brother's gift of the Garden in present Delhi, as we have already seen.

The Princess *Jahanara* survived her father by sixteen years and her sister by ten. She might have had a Mausoleum for herself, but selected humility in recollection doubtless of her exile and trouble in the shape of the simple grave which is now seen. It is no more than a marble block with a hollow in the centre for earth and grass, and on the headstone are inscribed, in persian, verses which by translation mean "The fittest covering for the grave of the humble is grass,—let nothing else therefore be my pall—The *faqir*, the passing one, *Jahanara Begam*, disciple of the saintly family of *Chisti*, daughter of *Shahjahan*, may God illumine his intentions." A reverent public has faithfully respected this pious request. The name of *Chisti* will readily recall the patron saint of the house of *Akbar* and carry one's mind to that poetic tomb at *Fatehpur Sikri.* The Emperor's respect for him was best shown in his naming his eldest son—better known as *Jahangir*, *Salim* after the Saint.

Over-zealous Christian Missionaries have gone the length of reading the word " Chisti " as *Christ* and thus claiming for *Jahanara* a discipleship she herself would not have owned!

Other *Mughal* princelings of mediocre importance lie buried in this enclosure,

The next enclosure marks the grave of the unhappy King *Muhammad Shah* (died 1748) who is best remembered in the sad connexion that he was the last Mughal King who occupied the Peacock Throne previous to its removal by that Persian Scourge *Nadir Shah*, who burst upon India like a monsoon storm; and in one fatal day in the Spring of 1739, from dawn till near sunset, summoned the angel of death and monopolized him to mark the streets of Delhi red with the blood of the people who had quite evidently mistaken their man. Of the massacre we have made some mention in describing the *Golden Temple* (page 35).

The marble doorways leading to this tomb of *Muhammad Shah's* are carved in relief, and if the workmanship would not submit to very close artistic scrutiny, still one cannot fail to admire it.

Close beside this tomb again, lies the Mughal princess who was married to the son of *Nadir Shah*. She died in child birth. Her infant child is buried here also.

In the third enclosure, is the tomb of *Mirza Jahangir*, son of *Akbar II* who was banished to Allahabad for firing a pistol at Mr. Seton the British Resident. He died in 1821 at Allahabad, but so as to be near the posthumous influence of the Saint, his body was conveyed here, as in the case of so many others whose ashes surround the SHRINE OF NIZAM-UD-DIN AULIA.

Yet another gateway and we come to a well-shaded quadrangle—the trees there rivalling the shrine itself as to age—where is the platform made sacred by its associations with the Saint who sat here amidst the veneration—one had almost said the adoration—of his disciples. *Chabutra Yarani* (the seat of the Companions) is the appropriate Persian name given to this Platform. In this spot also is the tomb of the Homer of his day, *Amir Khusrau* the Poet. The renown he was held in is sufficiently evidenced by the popularity which called him *Tuti-i-shagarmakal.*—the Sugar tongued Parrot. *Khusrau* was to the *Chisti* Saint what David was to Jonathan in friendship, and how deeply this was cemented, proved itself in his grieving over the loss of *Nizam-ud-din* and dying very shortly after him. !

To the East of the *Dargah* proper (the Shrine) is the tomb of—well, so many and so elongated are his names and titles, that when we only say *Azam Khan*, the foster-father and Prime Minister of *Akbar the Great*, we are perhaps using the best designation. He was murdered by *Adam Khan*, the son of *Maham Anagah* who also officiated as royal foster-mother, and doubtless this was the rooted cause of the envy which culminated in *Azam Khan's* assasination. " Blood for blood,"—then as now. *Akbar* after felling the murderer with a single blow had him flung from the palace terrace into the Court below. The corpses of both the murderer and the murdered man were sent to Delhi. *Azam Khan's* for interment here, and the others at the QUTAB.

The fact of burial at *Nizam-ud-din's* must have influenced his son *Mirza Aziz Kokaltash* to regard the locality as one on which he had some lien, and hence he raised the CHAUSATH KHAMBE or Hall of Sixty four Pillars, which is really the family " vault " of the *Azam Khan family*. The grave of the builder of this Mausoleum is near the entrance. It is all of a single block of marble. Marble is the only material employed throughout the Mausoleum and of course lends to it the charm of purity and costly simplicity.

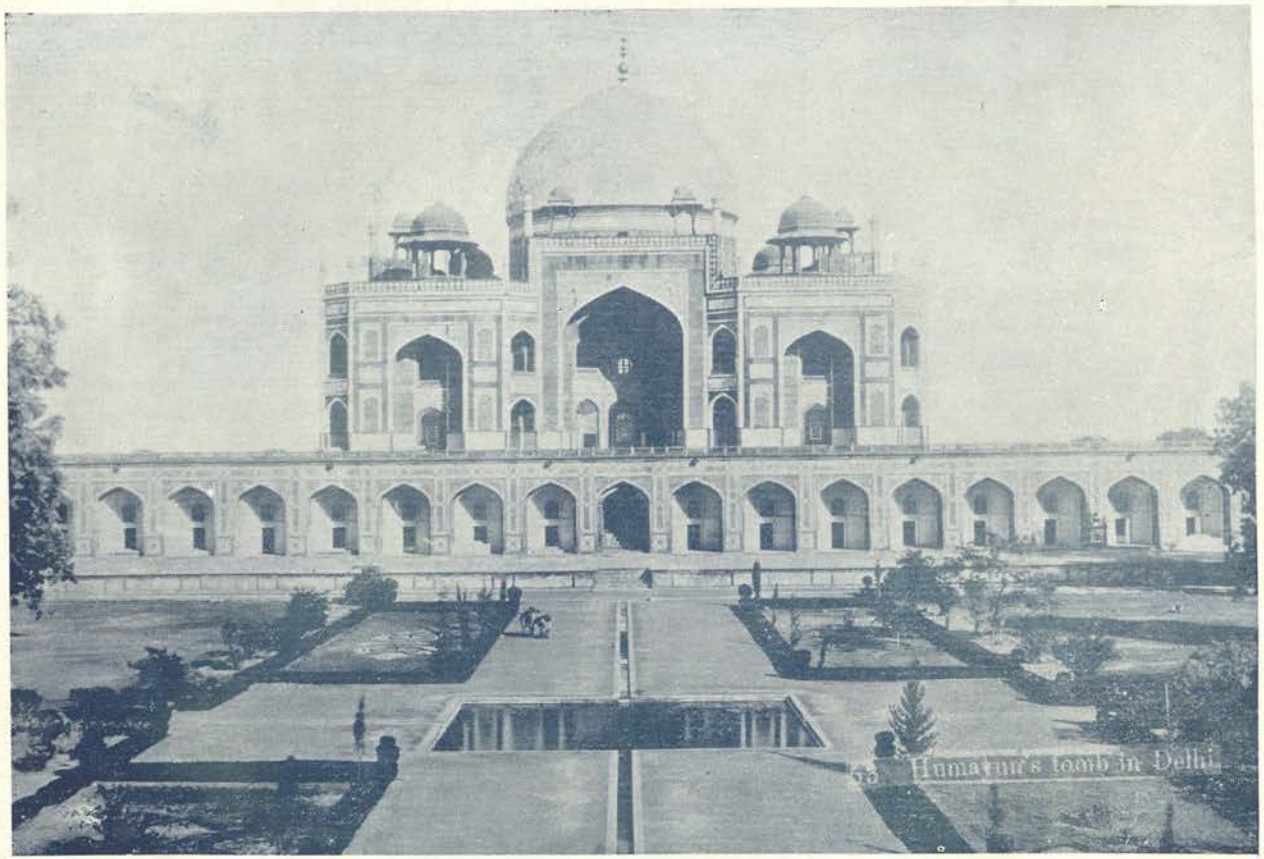
The writer recalls an amusing experience, if not a very pleasant one, as associated with his last visit to this place. Finding the CHAUSATH KHAMBE fearfully neglected as to cleanliness,—dust, dry leaves and other objectionable matter, scattered in quantity over the tombs,—he had the temerity to reprimand the old lady who was apparently one of the care takers of the place (the hereditary guardians of the entire DARGAH are relatives of the Saint), and ask her how she reconciled uncleanness with the godliness for which the place was reputed. She observed a wonderful silence which was only explained when we were leaving the tombs:—then she said " look here Sir, for the patience with which I have borne your scolding, will you not before you go, give me a *bakshish* "? The argument was invincible and we felt her claim to a two-anna piece indisputable !

And now in retracing our footsteps we would look just one more tomb as we are leaving the enclosure, and this is near a double-storied Mosque as we appreach the exit. *Bai Kokal Deat, as a prima donna* of *Shah Jahan's* who combined the vocal fascination of the nightingale with the attractive movements of the peacock,—and who often enough beguiled the voluptuary monarch and, we may be sure, was richly rewarded by him. for was she not the chief singer and danseuse of the Court, sleeps beneath the very beautifully carved tomb-stone one here sees.

From point of interest and a multiplicty of association—piety, royalty, gaiety, the warrior spirit and the royal *debauchee*—the Court yard of of *Nizam-ud-din* is far and away the claimant to what counts very high amongst the many Sights of Delhi. That is how it has impressed the present writer, and perhaps there will be others who will do him the honour of agreeing with him.

Mausoleum of Hum-a-yun.

If the writing of History—in itself so noble and great an achievment, and, the necessary qualifications for which are beyond the aspirations of this book—were not foreign to the *raison dêtre* of this undertaking, the material is to hand in plenty when the subject is *Masfud-din Muhommad Humayun Badashah Hazrat Jahanbani* to give him his full title, the son of *Babar* and the father of the no less great *Akbar*. He was the second great Mughal Emperor, and succeeded *Babar* in 1530. He was "more than all the world" to his father, who saw no hyperbole in speaking of him as one whose "presence opened our hearts like rosebuds and made our eyes shine like torches. His conversation had an ineffable charm, and he realized absolutely the ideal of perfect manhood." Afer such eulogium from a fond father one shrinks from being obliged to assent to the verdict of posterity that it was just the *lack* of this quality of "perfect manhood" which cost Humayun all his trouble. That he was gallant, courteous, loveable, witty and accomplished—a Lancelot so far, is gladly admitted, but like Lancelot who withal was weak where he should have been strongest, *Humayun* was as water where the need and the display of a different ingredient would have done him good. Indeed, sustained effort was a practically unknown quantity to him. After a triumph of the exhibition of great energy—for he was certainly not lacking in bravery—his *seraglio* would completely claim him, and though his enemies might be thundering at his gates, like those who "for women's wiles had lost the skies," he too would be lost in his paradise of Turki and Persian *Paris* and by the aid of repeated doses of opium dream away his precious hours !


Humayun's tomb in Delhi.

Humayun's brother and rival *Kamran* was allowed, far too easily, to rule over Kabul and the Western Panjab. Revolts is Behar, headed by the Afghan *Sher-Khan*, who twice defeated the Emperor ; another revolt by his other brother *Hindal Mirza* :—a pitched battle

at Kanauj where *Sher Khan* was for the third time victorious—knockings-about such as these, covering a period of ten years, sent our Emperor at last as a wandering fugitive in Scinde, and now when fortune was at lowest ebb, that happened which after all, in reflective glory, gives the best claim to his being remembered ;—he became the father of *Akbar, the Great,*—the *greatest* King India has ever known

The romance is worth recalling—though we can afford to do so only very briefly. The mother of *Hindal—Humayun's* half-brother, had invited all the ladies of the Court to an entertainment. Evidently the *Pardah* system was not very strictly observed at the town of *Patar* where this gathering took place, for *Humayun* saw and forthwith fell in love with the belle of the assembly, a beautiful damsel not yet quite sweet seventeen, and swore he would make her his wife. There is a suspicion that the girl—whose name was *Hamida Begam*, was the chosen one of *Hindal* also, but somehow *Humayun* won her and she proved a paragon wife to him, following him through all his wanderings, even through the great Scinde Desert. A story is told that once when fleeing from enemies, her palfrey fell in death, and with true medieval chivalry, her husband placed her on his own steed and walked beside her bridle-rein all through the long weary night. Did the stars "tremble in their anguish" as they did for *Minihaha* and *Hiawatha,* or did they shine the brighter in their sympathy, as they looked with twinkling eyes at this devoted couple? Any how, the REWARD came—however quaint the manner of its coming and however rude the environment that beset it. At the Fort of *Umarkot* in the sands of the Desert, was born *Akbar*, the delight of his sixteen year old girl-mother, and destined to become the brightest star in the constellation of Mughal Kings.

Humayun could not wait for this event,—he had to press on in his flight. The mother and the child joined him a month later. And still later the child had to be entrusted to other hands, while the fugitive King and Queen fled on to Persia, hoping that *Shah Tahmasp* might take pity on them and lighten the burden of their exile,—it was not to be. It was but scant welcome the Persian monarch gave him though, he helped him to the regaining of Kandahar from Kamran in 1547. But after a twelve years exile from his Capital, when his powerful antagonist *Sher Shah* had gone to rest with his fathers, and his mantle had fallen on the weak shoulders of his nephew *Sikandar Suri*, the Mughal King came to his own again and remounted his throne at Delhi. *Cui Bono ?* He had scarcely looked around him, so to speak, for even half a year, when he had a fall while descending the Steps of his Library, and four days after, he was laid to rest, It is Mr. Stanley Lane Poole who pertinently says that "if there was a possibility of falling, *Humayun* was not the man to miss it. He tumbled through life and he tumbled out of it," of this latter phase we speak a little more fully in our review of the PURANA KILA. Let us speak now of the *Mausoleum* to which all that we have said above may be regarded as an Introduction. It is not quite a 15 minutes drive, at the oatside, from the Shrine of the *Chisti Aulia.* So splendid is the building (mount the roof of it, which is not an irksome ascent, and we would easily guarantee that you would be charmed with all that your eye could take in ; even if grave yards fascinate you !) that Architects are almost unanimous in opinion that the famous TAJ is only a revised edition in marble of the tomb of the great Mughal Emperor. The bulbous dome of HUMAYUN'S TOMB is said to be the first of that particular form ever constructed in India.

The Tomb has a kind of double platform, the lower only about four feet high, and above this is a smaller platform containing mortuary chambers, each containing many tombs. The principal monument is in the centre of the upper platform. A large domed hall with a single plain tomb of white marble is the replica of the real grave beneath, which no one hardly ever sees now. The entrance to the latter would be from the south, but this is very rarely used, the western entrance is mostly employed. This grave chamber, one need hardly say, is very fine and lofty. *Hamida Begam*, of whom we have heard earlier in this account and later known as *Hajji Begam* (a title claimed

by all who have undergone the sacred pilgrimage to *Makkah*) lies buried in the north-east corner of the Mausoleum, survived her truly remarkable husband long enough to commence this "place of the illustrious dead" ; then she joined him in the "world of shades" and their son the Emperor *Akbar* completed the building. The entire outlay has been estimated at fifteen *lakhs* of rupees. The corner rooms hold several other nameless graves, and the Guide has to be believed when he tells you that one of these holds the remains of the unfortunate *Dara Shikoh*, the eldest son of *Sultan Shah Jahan*, decapitated by his brother *Aurangzebe* when the latter wrested the throne from his father and imprisoned him at Agra.

Interesting as all this is, the visitor to-day will perhaps lend the most attentive ear to the story told him as he stops in front of the middle hall and notices the trellised doorway screen patched up with string and wire. Here Hodson of Mutiny fame captured the fugitive King *Bahadur Shah* as he was fleeing with the rebels but subsequently changed his mind thinking the Mausoleum sufficiently sacrosanct to afford him protection. He must also have thought that suspecting eyes would never trace him to this spot. With him also were his two sons and a grandson, *Mirza Mughal*, *Mirza Khizar Sultan* and *Mirza Abubakr*, great names which however availed the owners nothing. They were all captured, the King was allowed to return in peace to his Palace *i. e.* the Fort, the young men were shot by Hodson and their bodies exposed for twenty four hours in front of the Police *Kotwali* in the *Chandni Chauk* (22nd September, 1857.)

We have not alluded to the garden setting of the *Mausoleum* and the several very interesting buildings and tombs within the shadow of the chief edifice. If time permits these should all be visited. Legend and anecdote and tradition linger around each one of them, and it may be taken for granted that Oriental lore would be considerably improved by the education this would mean to the party who, we would venture to advise, should be justifiably inquisitive at every nook and corner of most places in Delhi.

Indraprastha.

(PURANA QILA.)

RETURNING FROM HUMAYUN'S TOMB and making for the Delhi Gate of the City, a drive of about 20 minutes will bring one to the PURANA QILA or OLD FORT, the Site of ancient INDRAPAT or INDRAPRASTHA —perhaps the oldest identifiable spot in all India, as having been originally colonised by the first Aryan settlers in the 15th century, B. C., and over which raged the long war between the *Pandus* and the *Kauravas* and celebrated in the great Hindu Epic of the *Mahabharata*.

That is going back far enough but we are advised to travel into a yet more ancient region of time. The Poet would tell us that here, in INDRAPAT, romance reached its climax in the days of yore. The place and its wealth was like unto

" Twenty seas if all their sands were pearl,
Their waters crystal and their rocks pure gold "

Here, man obtained his nearest earthly realization of the beatific, and needed indeed a mind strongly attuned to the celestial in order to withstand the experiences of voluptuousness which were his in plenty at the court of *Raja Indra*. Here; " 'Twas always May "—the splendour of the place was unequalled in the universe ; the gardens were stocked with trees that afforded grateful shade, yielded luscious fruit and were adorned with flowers beautiful in view and intoxicating in their fragrance. Lovely maidens, the divine nymphs, the *Apsaras*, with that touch of earth about them which inspired the poet Moore to write of " the loves of the angels," perambulated sylph-

like among the inhabitants of this Elysium, and musicians played and warbled and sustained in perpetual joy and ecstasy, the happy dwellers of *Indrapat.* What wonder that the *Mahabharata* should assure us that the City lay eight hundred miles in circumference and was forty miles high,—that its pillars were diamonds, its palaces thrones and it furniture pure gold !

And then—and then came a shrinking and a circumscribing, until all—or nearly all that was left,—for infidel hands had sacreligiously been laid on the holy atmosphere of the place—was the *Indrapat* as we behold it to-day.

Still there is more of a faded glory to hark back up on. We may at least see the passing away of the Golden Age.

Like Helen of classical Troy, *Draupadi* the gem of the Orient, for the sake her unrivalled beauty, is won after hot rivalry in open combat, while hosts of princes and the discomfited house of *Kaurava*, with downcast faces, have to yield her as wife to the five brothers who represent the house of *Pandu.* This is followed by that sad retrogression in which the game of dice works marvels and substantiates its antiquity as an arbiter in domestic destinies. *Draupadi,* the fair and fascinating, is lost on the Cast, she is forfeit to her original husbands and is won by the rival clan of the *Kauravas.* Here also in INDRAPAT which our footsteps are treading to-day, did, in turn, the *Pandus* and the *Kauravas* dwell !

Let us descend to measureable time and acknowledge within the possibilities of computation that the Second Mughal Emperor *Humayun* built his capital here and named it *Din Panah* (the Refuge of Faith). Then he underwent those experiences of which we have had a brief account in dealing with his *Mausoleum.* The kingdom, as we have seen, was wrested from *Humayun* by *Sher Shah Suri* in 1542 A. D., and during this episode the Fort went by the name of *Sher Garh. Humayun* reclaimed his Kingdom in 1555 and the Fort is therefore known as belonging to both *Sher Shah* and the Mughal King.

It is of course an enclosure of ruins now but the enclosing walls, here and there, decidely possess a weird kind of interest and depict masonry and colour of an age long dead.

To the visitor foreign to India we would commend his enquiring, when within the walls, for the Potter with his wheel. (No difficulty is possible to the enquirer in this respect, for a gratuitous crowd of half-clad urchins and beggars will inconveniently press around him, and the dull glint of a single pice will facilitate a readiness of communication as to any and everything to be seen at *Purana Qila.*) Ten minutes spent in company with the Potter will reveal wonders to the spectator,—and then for the further small investment of a nickle anna he may bring away with him what the man at the wheel has prepared for him then and there !

From the Potter's let us move on to the best thing to be seen in INDRAPRASHTA to-day. This is the MOSQUE OF SHER SHAH of which we have a picture.

Mosque Old Fort, Delhi.

If one has keen vision for varieties of domes, he will doubtless be struck by the visible improvements in *Pathan* domes of later as compared with earlier times. The former were flat and low which were more effectual when seen from within, but rather detracted from the dignity of buildings when viewed from without. In this Mosque of *Sher Shah's*, Hindu bracket pendentives have changed a square into an octagon, and this again is given sixteen sides in order to support a dome. The central dome alone is visible—the other two have disappeared. The Lotus flower— purely a Hindu symbol—is employed in multiplied varities in the building, and the open blossom in the centre of the large dome and the buds forming a chain round the edge of some of the doorways, present a very pleasing, almost a unique, effect. The Middle doorway is another point of attraction, for the visitor will be gratified at the blending of colour and the geometric patterns in mosaic which characterise this.

A three storied red sandstone building not far from the Mosque, is called the *Sher Mandal*,—it is the fact of a monarch's death that has made this place celebrated. *Humayun* used the *Sher Mandal* as a library, and it was from here when descending the steps, which are certainly inconveniently steep, that his foot slipped, and the accident, three days later, closed *Humayun's* life.

Famous Festivals.

I.—SAIR-I-GUL FAROSHAN.

Is not the Persian name pretty? India would lose nine-tenths of its variegated charms and kaleidioscopic beauty were it shorn of its Fairs. Human nature, the same every where in those essentials which make for the spirit of sociability and intercourse between peoples, may surely be expected to have occupied many a quarter and played many a part on the great theatrical stage of Hindustan,—indeed the love of the dramatic claims no mean place in the earliest dawn of Oriental Life. We would emphasise that we are speaking of the *spirit* of things, not of details. The great epic of the *Ramayan* is annually enacted, though it is beyond human computation as to when it was that *really Ramchandra* the faithful son; *Sita*, the example in everything that would count for fidelity and goodness, to all wives for all time ; *Lachmana*, the devoted brother, unmurmuringly accepted their banishment into the wilderness. The Drama of *Sakhantula* is quickly gaining as strong a hold in the minds of western scholars as it has for centuries been enshrined in the heart of the East. Well thus little by way of preface.

As peculiar to *Delhi*, are the two Festivals we have undertaken to write about here, and first we deal with *Sair-i-Gul Faroshan*, popularly know as *Phul walon ki sair* and *Pankhe walon ka tehwar*, the Pageant of the Flower people or the Fair of the Fans.

This takes place at the village of *Mihrauli* within five minutes reach from the *Qutab Minar*. There is no religious foundation for the Fair, but what would Indian hilarity be worth if a religious association were not granted to it ? If sanctity does not belong to it originally, the difficulties are not insurmountable by which this can be invented, accordingly, the Tomb of *Khwaja Qutbudin* (nothing to do with the *Minar*) and the Temple of the Hindu Goddess *Jog Maya ji* have been laid under tribute, and as these Shrines are conveniently situated in the locality of the Fair, why should they not be utilized to advantage ? A Wednesday and the Thursday following, in the month of August, when the rains have well set in and afford a break, are the selected days. The days of the week rather more than the dates, influence the selection, for as we have said, no religious value necessitates a fixed date. Big *pankhas* very gorgeously decorated and artistically designed, are carried in procession and offered at the Shrine of the goddess on Wednesday and at the saint's on the next day. Tourists will have noticed that Thursday is a day sacred to all Muslim shrines ; on that day tombs are covered with costly cloths, *chirags* are lit before them, and offerings are made. This is all most contrary to the teaching of the *Quran*, but seasons change with the times, and this change of revering the dead, in one form or another, is found in almost every nation.

This Fair, though people gather from out stations, is strictly speaking a monopoly of the inhabitants of Delhi,—the easant class is very poor in evidence. The city of Delhi itself is nearly deserted, but the uneven plain of *Mahrauli* is as a human sea with men, women and children gaily bedecked, who might well represent the undulating of ocean waves. A special characteristic is the marked cleanliness of the people, the preference of colour (of the men at least) being white, and the true spirit of *bon homie* prevails, as one sees, in the absence of distinction between the people. The *dhobi* and the *bhisti* may rub shoulders with the banker and the Honourable Member of His Honour the Lieutenant Governor's Council ! The only passport is clean clothing. The *Dhobis* for their own part effect a fairly lucrative trade during the Fair days, for they hire out clothing which has been given to them to wash, and in the same manner shoes of gold brocade and a dandy gold-lace cap may be obtained for two or three days at a small consideration. There are no mean appearances noticeable at the *Sair-i-Gul Faroshan*.

Enjoyment has many avenues,—kite flying, bathing, swinging under the water-fall and so forth. *Leila* and her company are of course present with all their fascinating instrumentalities, and the 'giddy young fool' is not wanting who plays the 'Naya Nawab' by hiring a large room for a week, pays two or three hundred rupees for it, groups a gay throng around him composed of other Lotharios, and beguiles the hours in manners which are certainly as old as the days of the god INDRA: *Nach* girls, in alluring apparel and dazzling jewelry, wearing the smiles of the *Houris* and gyrating in the sylph-like movements of the *nagma* to the strains of the *tabla* and *sarangi*, withal warbling forth the ecstatic music of the *gazal*, and intoxicating their audience by glances and gesticulations which so much compose the capital of their art—these, find no meagre place in the fun of the Fair,—they are, to use a somewhat poor and trite witticism, *the Fair of the Fun*. But Hindu ladies apart from the Leila faction are also there in large numbers enjoying the *tamasha*, and by their presence literally gracing it and placing a premium on the *Sair-i-Gul Faroshan*. This is not the place to venture on a disquisition on Indian Female Beauty, but no unbiassed mind can deny that there *IS* such beauty, and beauty which need not fear rivalry with any other nation at the present day! Extremes and exceptions apart, taking the average type of things, and excluding ideas of education, mannerisms and environment, we feel safe in saying, without the fear of honest contradiction, that in regard to either male or female, in India as a whole and the Panjab in particular (this includes Kashmir, the lovely valley of *Kulu* and the beautiful health-producing hills of the Himalayas) might reasonably attract the Artists of the world, if their *raison détré* were the depicting of the "human form divine" and the handsome face as of a higher type than comes normally within their experience.

The return home is not the least interesting part, for one may then realize the literalism of the *tikka gari* as a "pill box," and a packing of twelve human beings within a compass sometimes forming a tight corner for even four, as so many "pills"! The road for miles is one long string of conveyances, and the people within and on top, on coach boxes and on either side of the carriages and even on one another, are decidedly more animated than the weary and jaded creatures that have to drag them along and who out of politeness (or irony) are dignified with the name of "horses"!

At sunset the *Pankhas* fulfil their destiny by being presented at the shrines, melody echoes and resounds, some of the dancing girls perform for a few minutes in the way of a "free will offering", and the City of Delhi begins to refill with its careless and happy people, who in a variety of ways give their own finishing touches to the dying embers of the glow lit but 36 hours ago by the *Phul walon ki sair*.

Delhi Festivals.

II.—THE SANJHIS.

WHAT IS A *SANJHI*? We shall look for the answer lower down. For the present, the writer takes the liberty of reproducing an Article he had written for *The Morning Post of Delhi* six years ago when the memory of the *Sanjhi* he had visited the evening previous was fresh in his mind. The facts of the commemoration are virtually the same to-day.

The Chinese have it as an article of Faith, that their departed require physical nourishment in the abode of spirits, and so if not oftener at least annually, on the Chinese 'All Souls Day' which comes in the seventh month of their year, the dead are fed, and rather sumptuously too, through the medium of the living. It is no less an article of Faith with the Hindus—and for a whole month (about September) one may notice, if he cared to, a decided improvement in the physique of the *Brahmans*—the Levites of the Hindu Religion. They appear more benign, more unctuous, more obliging—the *material* causes are the *halwa*, the *ghi* and the mutlifarious sweet stuffs which to enumerate would demand an exhausted vocabulary; and the *spiritual* cause of course is, that by accepting these dainties in virtue of the intermediary position he occupies between the land of sense and the land of spirits, the Brahman is doing good mutually to both parties, and if *that* will not confer cheerfulness of countenance what on earth will! This yearly *In memoriam* banqueting is known by the name of *Sharad* so called from the autumnal moon which directs the religious observance, and the *Sharads* themselves are common enough all over India, but the *Sanjhis* are, like the *Sair-i-Gul Faroshan*, a Fair peculiar to Delhi. Our reason for mentioning the *Sharads* in this connection, is because they almost immediately precede the Fair we are writing about. A little break divides the two. The *Sharad* ended, the *Dussehra* (the enacting of that famous Hindu Epic as portrayed in the *Ramayana*) is about to begin, and as a very beautiful preamble to that romance of exile and love and fidelity, the *Sanjhis* occupy the stage and draw all Hindu hearts towards them for a few days,

The question at the Head of this chapter still remains unanswered. What is a *SANJHI?*

We certainly made violent efforts to find out. We were not less inquisitive than most mortals and did our level best to obtain an answer, but simply no one—not even the high priest of the shrine we visited, could enlighten us. Indeed he was however highly practical,—" this is what we DO " he explained, and that was ample rebuke to us in our explorations for theories. Next, a learned *Pandit*, eagerly communicative, explained with unquestionable ingenuity, that *Sanjhi* meant *Shares,* wherefore a number of people combined and subscribed to provide decorations and entertainments during this Festival ! We say there was at least ingenuity in this answer,—if not a reason, it was certainly an explanation. Perhaps—and we submit the interpretation with natural hesitancy—the Pictures produced by means of perforations and coloured powders on large sheets of glass, on which very fine sand has just been sprinkled, constitute the *SANJHIS.* These Pictures are intended to portray various scenes in the life of *Krishna* and his fascinating mistress *Radha*, in those idyllic pastoral days, when the city of Mutthra near Agra was the privileged abode of the indigo-coloured god, and the *Gopis* (milk maids) of *Bindraban* found the flute of *Kanhaya* (*Krishna* under another name) as irresistible as was the music of Orpheus to the denizens of the desert in classical days, or as the strains of the Pied Piper of Hamelin were to his surroundings. The *Gopis* were by no means wanting in their evidences of appreciation to " the darling among the gods " ?

It was to the Temple of *Bawaji* in the vicinity of *Chipiwara*—midway between the well known *Dariba* and *Chauri Bazar* of Delhi that we wended our steps. Ingress was difficult, for the approach to the place meant a long lane of about a hundred yards no more than six feet in width,—and the crowd was such that no man could number. !

We were first ushered into a small room about fifteen feet square adjoining the Temple. This was resplendent with pictures and brilliant with lights. The Reader may imagine the temperature of this room when he learns that the entrance was the only *open* side to it,—or hardly open, for the doorway was literally and painfully blocked with human beings, and within, the illumination was contributed to by no loss than nine powerful central draught lamps, each of a 120 Candle power ! However, after a five minutes gaze of admiration and just in time to save ourselves from fainting in the heat, we proceeded to the *Shrine* itself. The crowd was howling with an impatience for admittance but we were evidently in high favour and the guest of the evening, for we alone were allowed to enter. The Temple measured 25 by 12 feet, and eight chandeliers, each furnished with twenty five candles, lent radiancy to the *sanctum.* We counted sixty pictures on the walls, and these fittingly delineated mostly scenes from the lives of Hindu Divinities, but the devotees of this Temple were unquestionably eclectic, for a promiscuous and somewhat humourous grouping of subjects was noticeable in the picture gallery. Here was a picture in colours of our King and Queen sandwiched between one of *Hanuman*, the Monkey Commander-in-chief who afforded such valuable assistance to the forlorn *Rama* in his quest for his beautiful consort *Sita*, when she was purloined by the demon god and transported by him to Ceylon ; and one of *Krishna* regaling himself in the *ballet* with the gazelle-eyed milk maids of Mutthra. His grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury was crowning His Majesty Edward VII and was supported on the right by *Kanhaya* with his flute ; and on his left was *Lakshmi* the goddess, rising aphrodite-like out of the waters. Again, Shakespear's "Seven Ages" stood beside a representation of the " Descent of the Ganges", from the mouth of the Cow; and the picture next to this was a photograph of the Patiala Eleven. This vision of variety suggested to our mind the question: What is Religion worth, if it be not universal ? If we were in search for something positively catholic, the Temple of *Bawaji* supplied it to us in abundance on the evening of the *Sanjhis.*

A pretty effect was obtained by placing two large mirrors opposite to each other, and as they were looked at from one to the other a charming optical delusion resulted, showing galleries and rows of lights and pictures and flowers as if extending to the length of half a mile on either side of one.

The idols in the Temple were those of the goddess *Kali; Hanuman* whom we have already mentioned and in virtue of whom the monkeys of Delhi, like those of *Jakoo* in Simla, are sacred and dare not be destroyed ; *Maha Lakshmi*, the goddess of beauty and prosperity ; and two others. The chief attractions of the *Shrine* however were two sacred images of *Shirji*, one of these the *Mahant* (the chief priest) informed us was over 600 years old. These two images were so smothered in Jessamine that one could not see them, and great pains had been successfully spent in encircling the Jessamine-covered gods with designs of rose petals and rose leaves. This is a nocturnal undertaking throughout the time the *Sanjhis* last. Round the circles again, little fountains sent up their gentle s ilvery spray, and occasionally we were refreshed by the holy water sprinkling our hands or faces, as we gazed with unfeigned admiration on the chasteness of the entire conception. The *Sanjhis* in the city of Delhi are truly a work of art. Whatever other associations might have characterised the festivals held in honour of *Flora* in ancient Rome, we would venture the remark that in the matter of design and symmetry and floral pictures the *SANJHIS* could hardly have been surpassed.

Daring to enquire how far the Temple Exchequer would be reduced by this Entertainment, we learnt that all men gave of their substance, vey few in money, most in kind, and the labour was a free will offering, so the burden on the finances of the Temple was hardly perceptible. Differ as the Europeans might in methods, beliefs and idiosyncracies and the tastes of their duskier brethren, the *spirit* these latter show at such times of cooperative help and benevolence, might well put the children of a more favourable soil to the blush.

Leaving the Temple and coming on to the verandah, the crowd here was so great that it was safe to conclude something of abnormal interest was on the *tapis*. Even so. Of *greater* interest we thought than anything that lay enshrined within the precints of the sacred edifice ! *Mahsiti* the *danseuse*—as widely noted in Delhi and its District as was *Lalun* of Lahore whom Kipling painted in his "Black and White"—*Mahsiti* was about to provide delectation for the eager and hungry mob. But what was a dancing girl doing within the Temple Courts ? There is a very innocence in that question betraying at once that the enquirer is a foreigner in India. How history repeats itself again and again ; how the customs and habits of one nation are either preceded or followed by another ; and so we find in the Religious History of Rome and Greece and Carthage and Babylon large bodies of "*herodulæ*" who were—in plain language—the courtezans of the Deity to whose Temple they were attached. Similarly India has its *deva dasis* or dancing girls, who are dedicated to the Temple Service and who, theoretically at least, are wedded to the idols whom they serve in song and dance. The apology for what appears objectionable is, that in the celestial Court of *Indra*, there is the beautiful band of *Apsaras*—of whom *Rhamba* is chief ; damsels of ravishing and inconceivable beauty ; hence the propriety of an established system, though of an earthly order, of *nach* girls for the Hindu Shrines in our midst.

To return however. *Mahsiti* did not belong to the *Chiriwara* Temple. She was specially engaged and her wages, like everything else provided there, was the result of a conjoint subscription.

We were asked if we would stay for the "Ball",—and in our thirst for the curious, we said "Yes".

In the presence of all beholders—some five hundred or more—herself seated like a divinity, *Mahsiti* began to attire herself in her dancing robes. These were of course gaudy and glittering but there was no tinsel about them. Those who seemed to know, informed us that the price of her skirt and bodice was nothing below Rs. 400 ! We saw her when dressed, providing herself with "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," and in about twenty minutes she stood up amid a hush which was significant in its silence. And then the *tabla* beat, and the cymbals clashed, and the lyre twanged, and the mob were in ecstasies. Our Illustration shows "the opening of the Ball." Next pretty *Mahsiti* made her graceful progress from one end of the long verandah to the other—the progress of a mechanical doll, only that there was flexibility in every limb and all those bewitching, insinuating, serpentine movements—if the paradox be granted we would say graceful contortions,—which endued her movements with a vitality which of course are denied to a doll. Nor would the figure be inappropriate, that she illustrated before us the strut of the peacock and the gliding of the snake.

And then the *bul bul warbled.* Our ignorance prevented us from closely following the words, but the action, the form, the glances, the modulation—in all of which *Mahsiti* was an undoubtedly accomplished past mistress—conveyed to us a far better sense of the subject of her love-song, than any ballad sung in an unknown tongue has yet done. The applause and appreciation of the audience which was always "moving on" to another *Sanjhi* elsewhere, was demonstrative in the extreme—loud, hearty, continuous,—and truly it seemed to us that the *Object* which elicited all this fully deserved it.

There is scope for moral reflections but that is beside the purpose of this work. Systems have to be eradicated before Details can be attacked, and the systems of Hindu worship—even if eradicated in spirit—will continue to live on for centuries to come, in the letter and the practice. The *SANJHIS* will—happy hope—continue to be celebrated, and the *Apsaras* will continue to be personated by a *Mahsiti* or *Nawab Putli* or *Fatimah* or *Gulabi* year by year.

As this description of a popular Festival attempts to offer information, though in brief compass, of much that is typical of Hindu Temple worship throughout India, its length will it is hoped, be pardoned.

The Hindus and their chief buildings of modern days which are to be seen in Delhi have not been dealt with in this book. *The Past Capital of the Orient* is necessarily more devoted to the Imperial days of the Mughal Sovereigns, but wherever these dynasties evidenced their pomp and glory, raised on the basis of Archæology that traced back to centuries of Hindu magnificence, endeavour has been made to appropriately include that grand Hindu period and the ruins of the time, in this SURVEY.

Darjeeling.

View of Mount Everest (Height 29002 feet. The Centre Peak is Mighty Everest), distance 117 miles from Tiger Hill. [THE HIMALAYAN ART STUDIO.

DARJEELING.

No tongue can tell nor words express
The wondrous beauty of the view,
The mighty range from East to West,
Where Silence speaks 'twixt God and You.

Everest aloft does hold
Her head among attendant peaks,
As if in council calm and bold
In Earth's high Hall where Heaven meets.

From blushing pink to spotless white
Her mood will vary through the day,
The Sun will shine with golden light
And change her face from grave to gay.

She loud proclaims 'mid silence grand
Th' wonderful Gifts of God,
The snows that melt to feed the land
Of India's plain with fruitful sod.

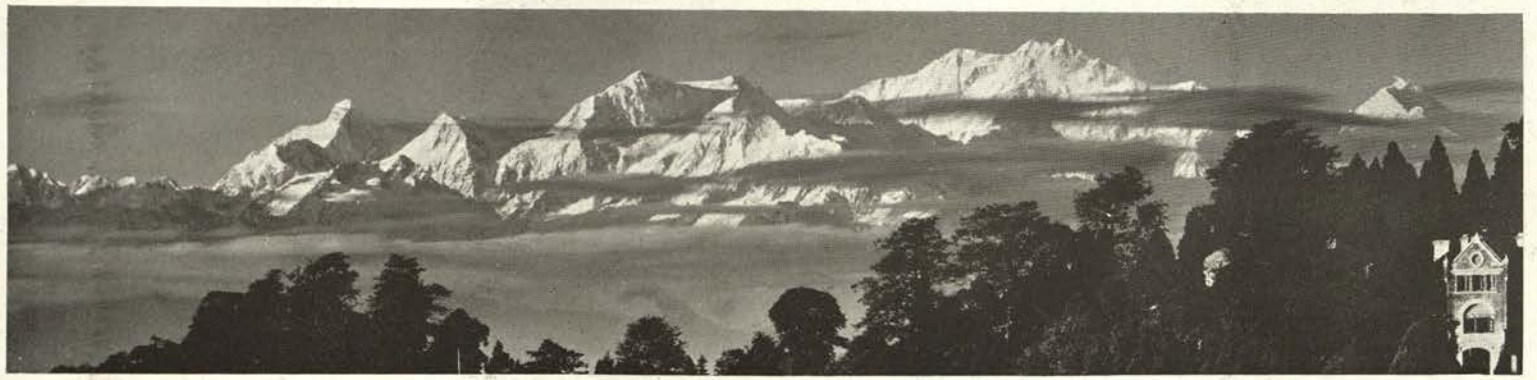
The Everlasting gift is free
To Crowned King, to Begger Man,
The waters rush from hills to sea,
Then take and drink, Who will !! Who can !!

AUGUST 1st. 1916

LAST RAYS OF LIGHT ON KINCHENJUNGA.

From a Painting by J. Burlington Smith.

VIEWS OF DARJEELING



WITH

TYPICAL NATIVE PORTRAITS AND GROUPS

By J. BURLINGTON SMITH, Photographer.

INCLUDING THE FOLLOWING SUBJECTS:

The last rays of light on Kinchenjunga.
Diagram of Snow Peaks from Darjeeling.
General View of Darjeeling.
The Snow Range from Lower Birch Hill.
The Snow Range and Darjeeling from above St. Paul's School.
Snow Range and Cloud effect.
Telephoto of Mt. Everest from Sandakphu.
Morning on Jannu.
Telephoto of Mt. Everest from Tiger Hill.

Sunset on Kinchenjunga.
The Kinchenjunga Range from Sandakphu.
A Sea of Cloud.
Sunset on Kabru and Kinchenjunga.
Double Page Panorama of the Snows in Winter.
A View of Lebong.
Choonbutty Loop and the Plains.
A View of the Plains from Kurseong.
A Single Loop, D.H.Ry.
Dawn from Tiger Hill.

Sunset with Strata Cloud.
Snows and Foliage.
Tibetan Mendicants and Group of Lepchas.
A Bhutia Woman and a Tibetan Lady.
A Darjeeling Cooly and Cooly carrying Tea.
A Tibetan and a Group of Sikhimese.
Dalai Lama of Lhasa.
Nepalese Woman and Child.
Market Scene and Bazar Scene.
Stereoscopic View.

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TB. 9 3

DIAGRAM OF THE SNOW PEAKS FROM DARJEELING.

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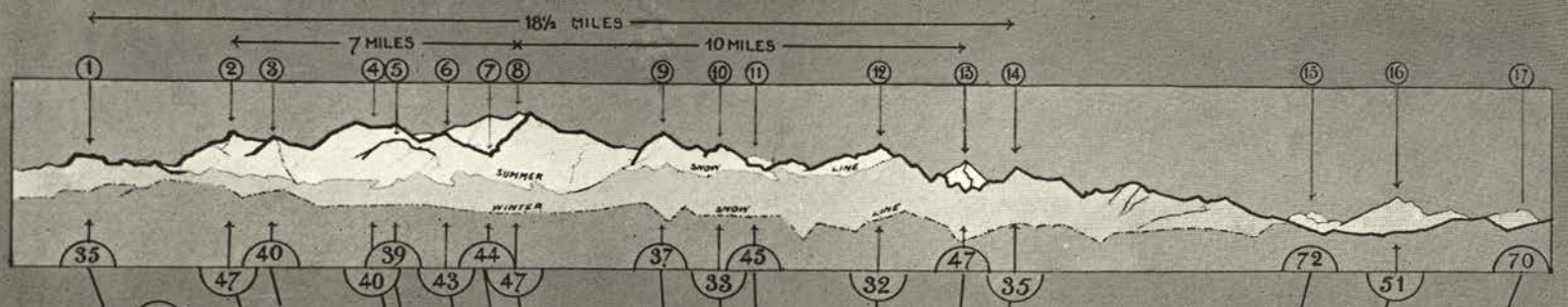
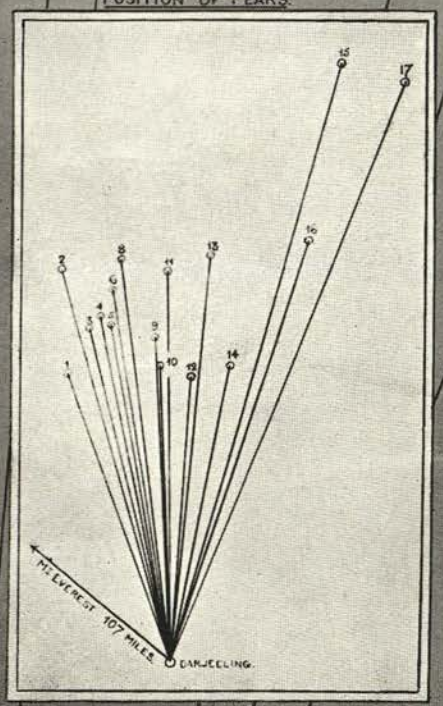
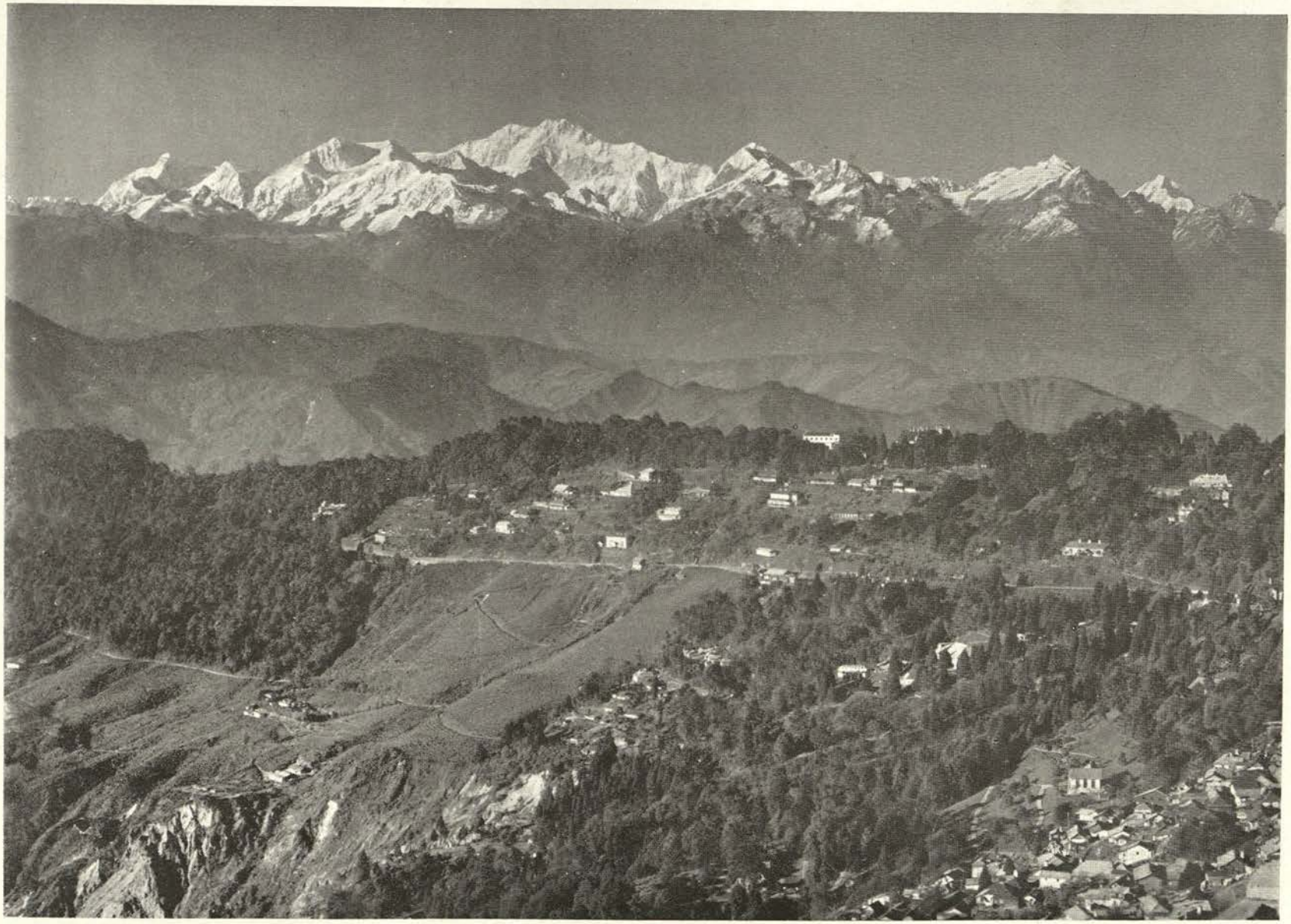


DISTANCE FROM DARJEELING IN MILES.

	HEIGHTS.
1 KANG P^k	16,300 FEET.
2 JANNU	25,300 ,,
3 LITTLE KABRU	21,970 ,,
4 KABRU	24,015 ,,
5 DOME P^k	
6 TALUNG P^k	
7 TALUNG SADDLE	22,150 ,,
8 KINCHENJUNGA	28,156 ,,
9 PANDIM	22,020 ,,
10 JUBONU	19,450 ,,
11 SIMVOO	22,300 ,,
12 NARSING	19,150 ,,
13 SINIOLCHUM OR D^2	22,570 ,,
14 PAKICHU	
15 CHOMIOMO	22,385 ,,
16 LAMA ANDEM	19,210 ,,
17 KANCHENJHAU	22,509 ,,

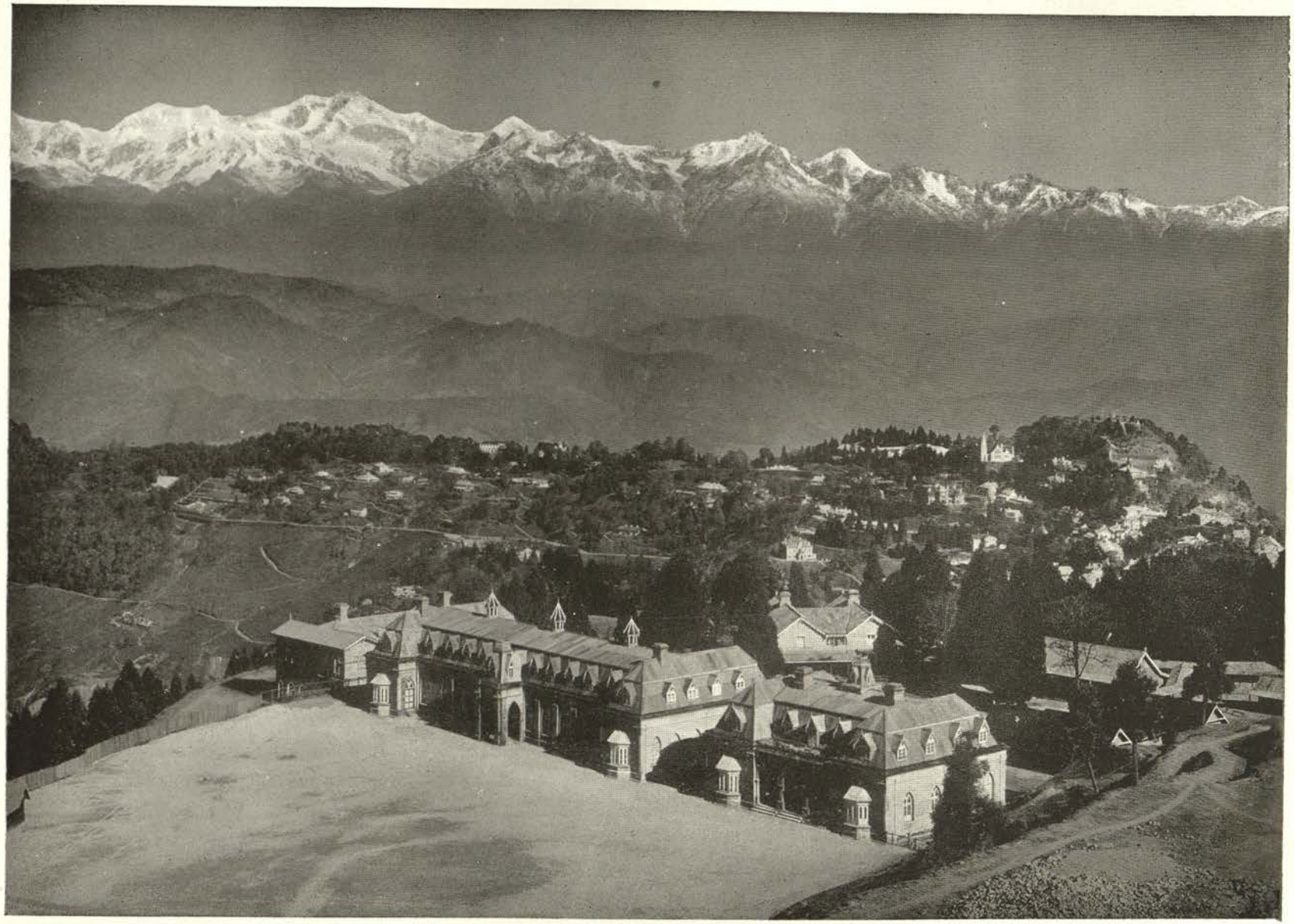
POSITION OF PEAKS.





General View of Darjeeling.

The Snow Range from lower Birch Hill.



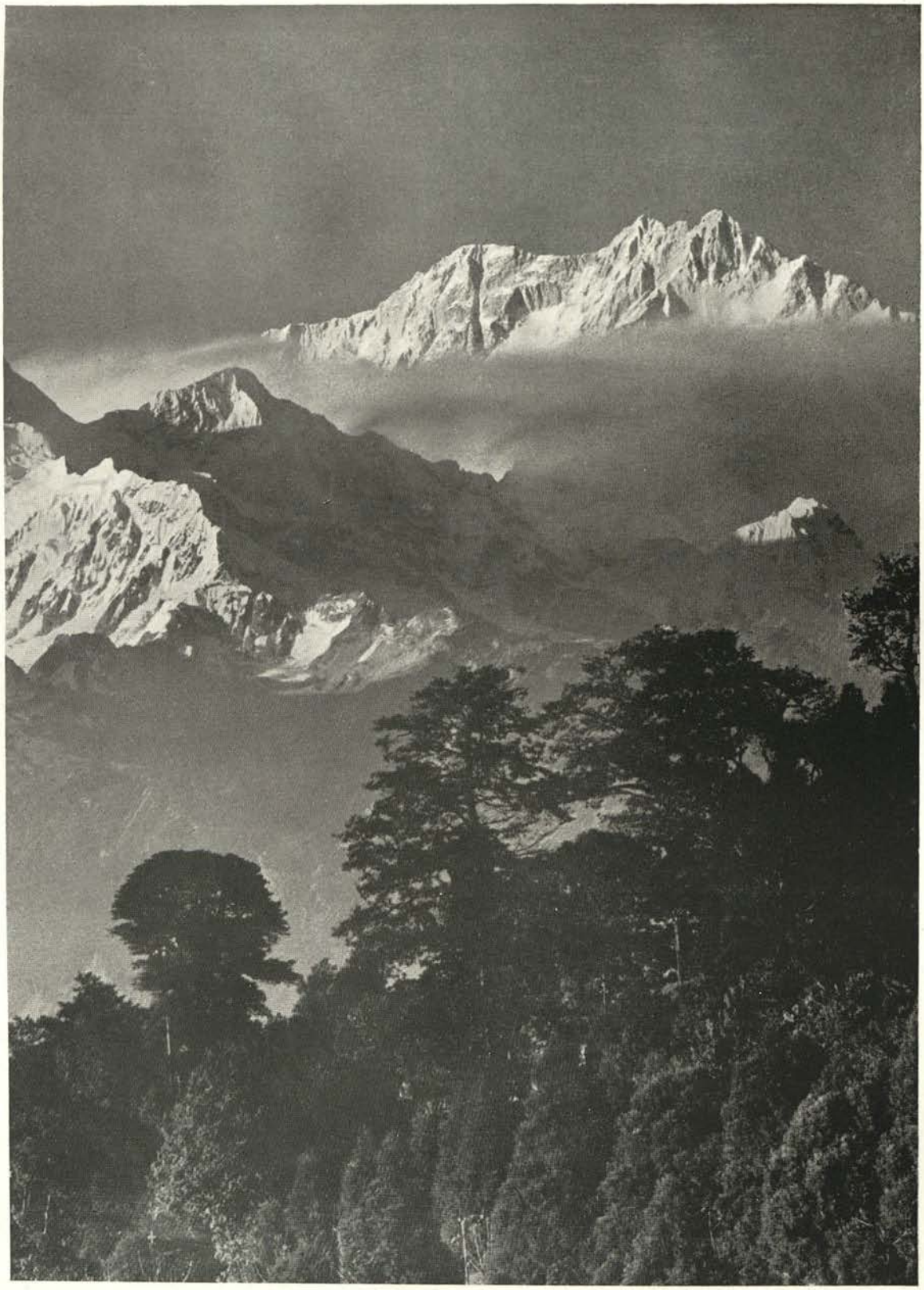
The Snow Range and Darjeeling from above St. Paul's School.

Snow Range and Cloud effect.

Telephoto of Mt. Everest from Sandakphu.

Morning on Jannu

Telephoto of Mt. Everest from Tiger Hill.

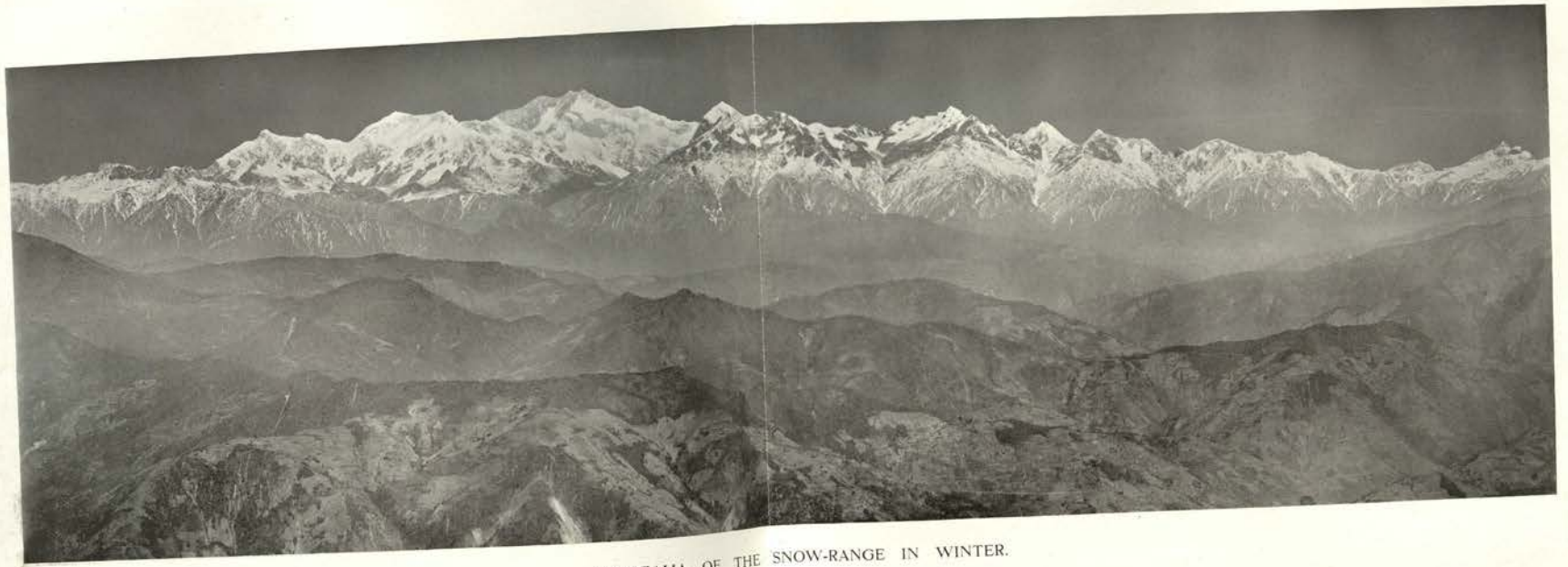


Sunset on Kinchenjunga.

The Kinchenjunga Range from Sandakphu.

A Sea of Cloud.

Sunset on Kabru and Kinchenjunga.



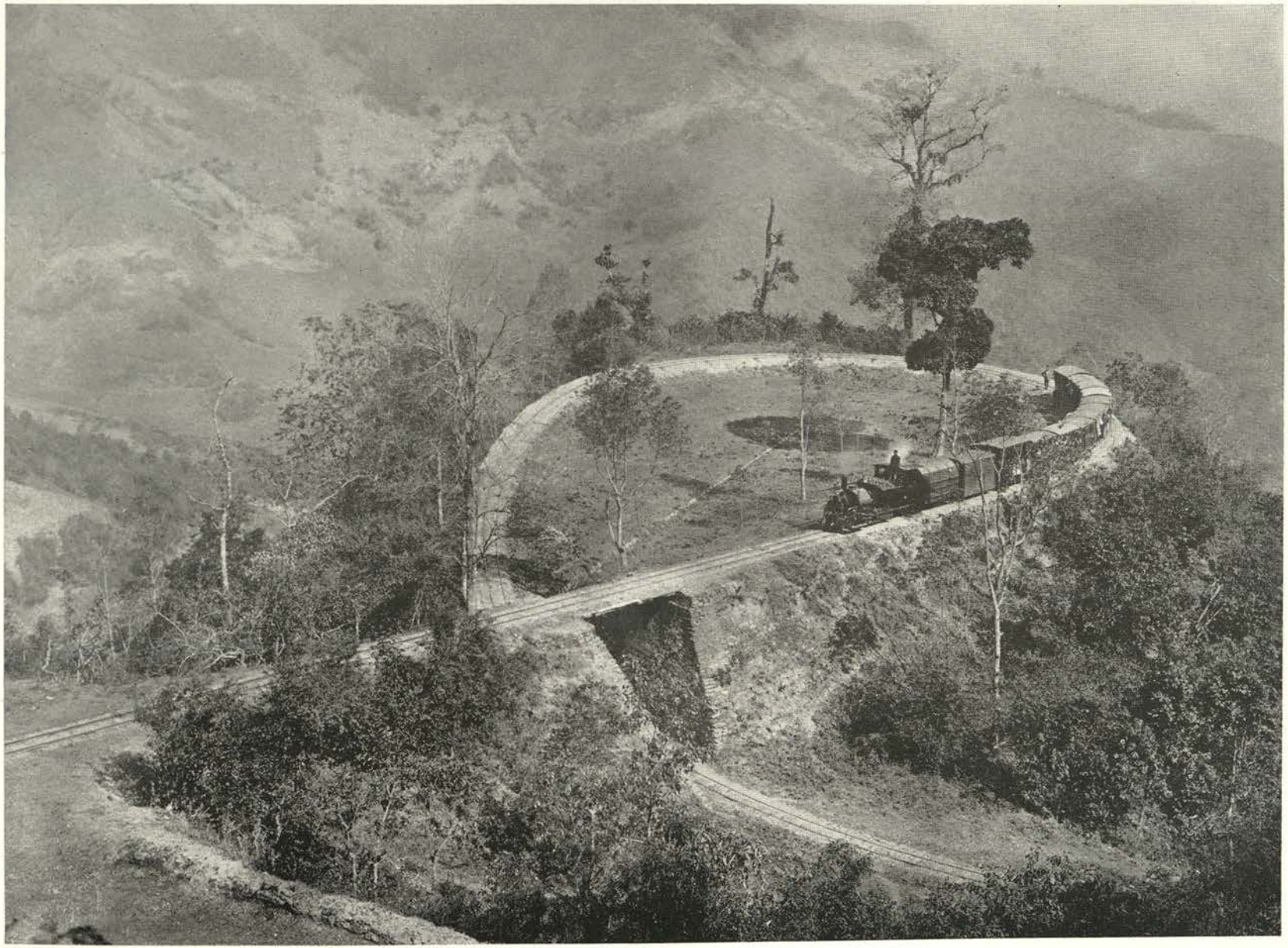
PANORAMA OF THE SNOW-RANGE IN WINTER.

A View of Lebong.

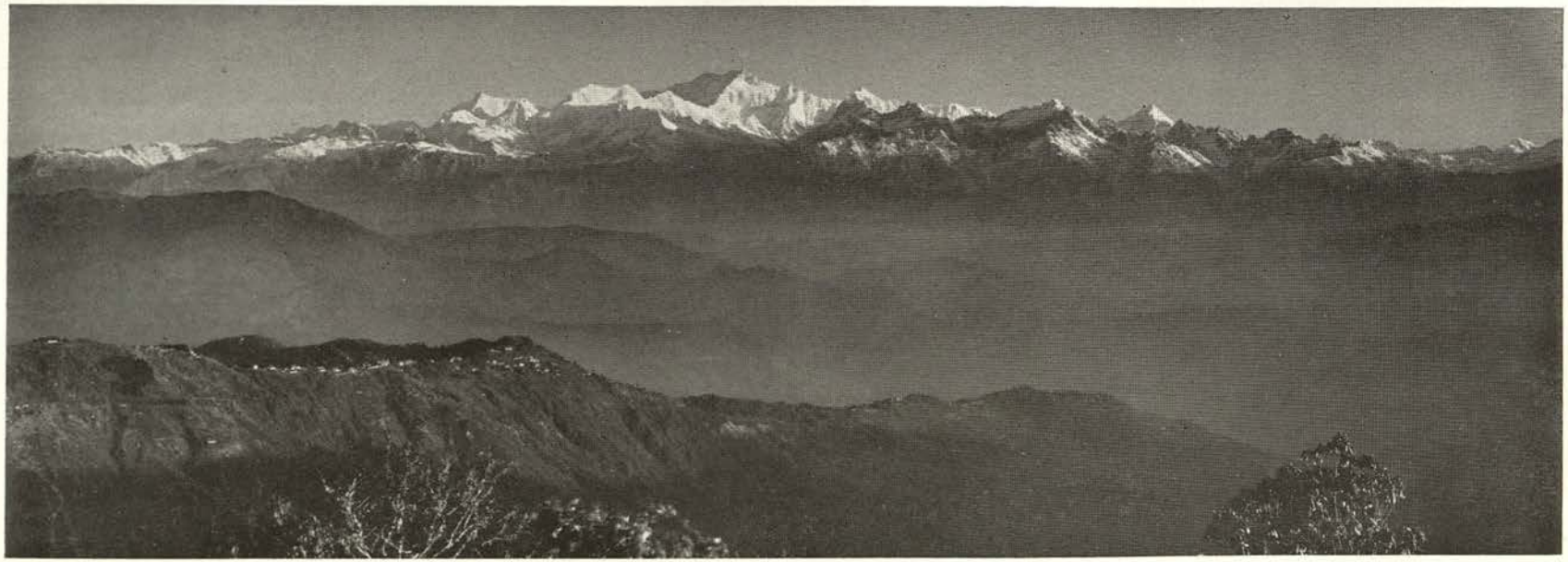
River Mahanuddy. River Balasan.

Choonbutty Loop and the Plains. Elevation 2,000 feet.

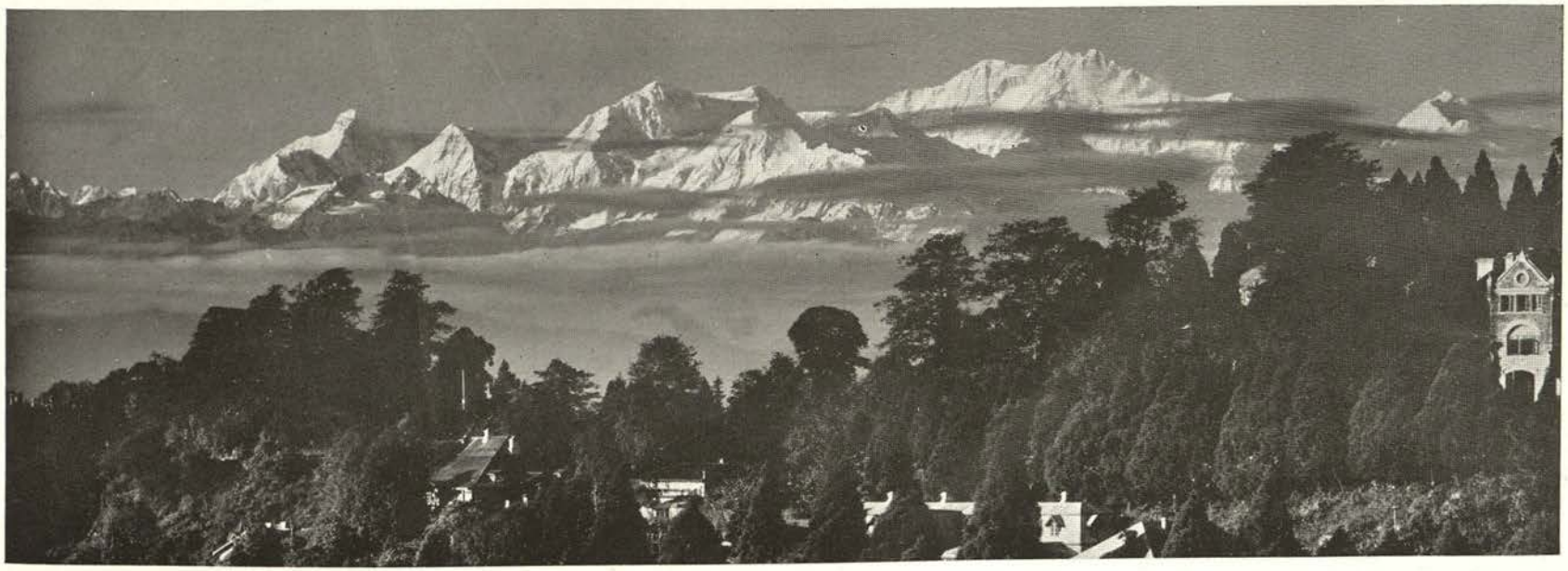
A View of the Plains from Kurseong.



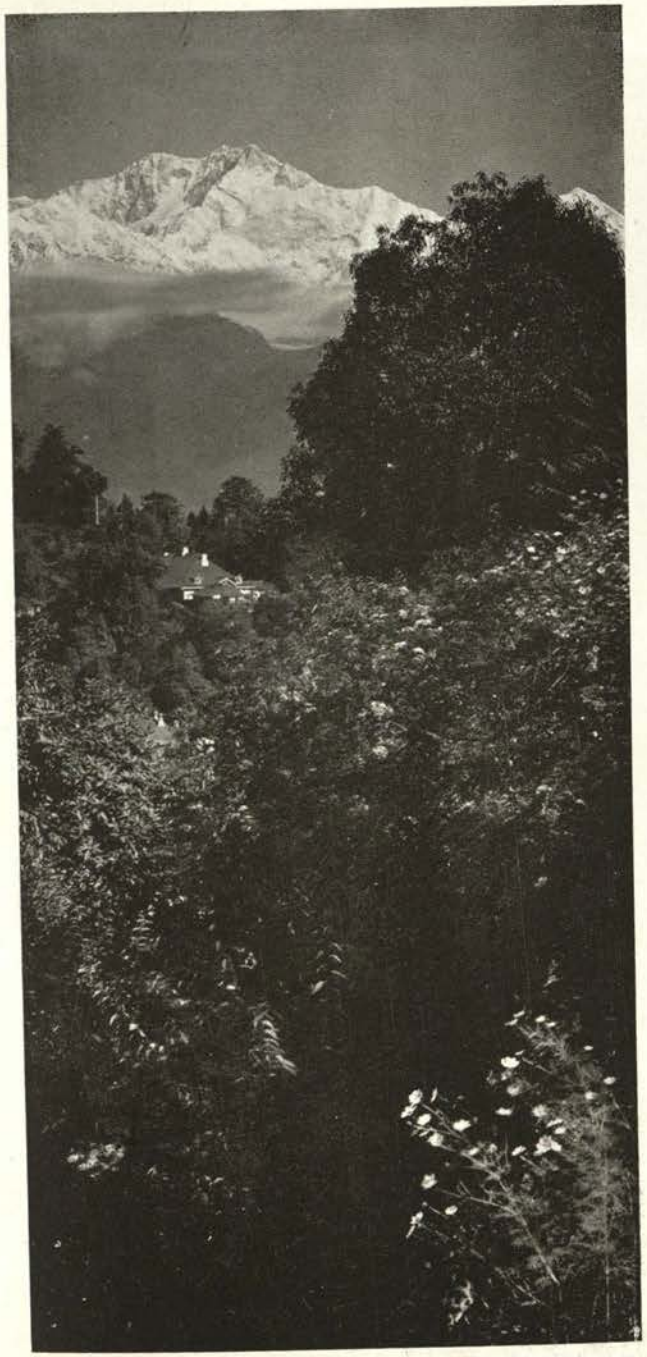
A Single Loop, D.H.Ry.



Dawn from Tiger Hill.



Sunset with Strata Cloud.



Snows and Foliage.

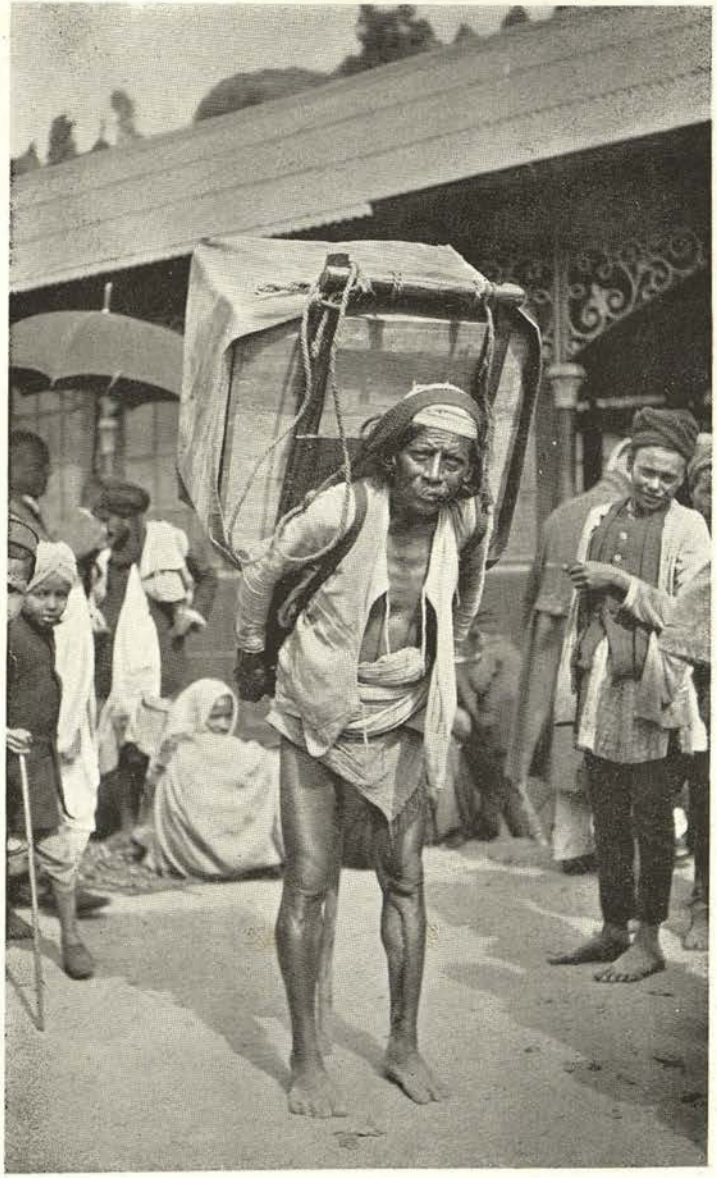
Tibetan Mendicants.

Group of Lepchas.

A Bhutia Woman.

A Tibetan Lady.

A Darjeeling Cooly.



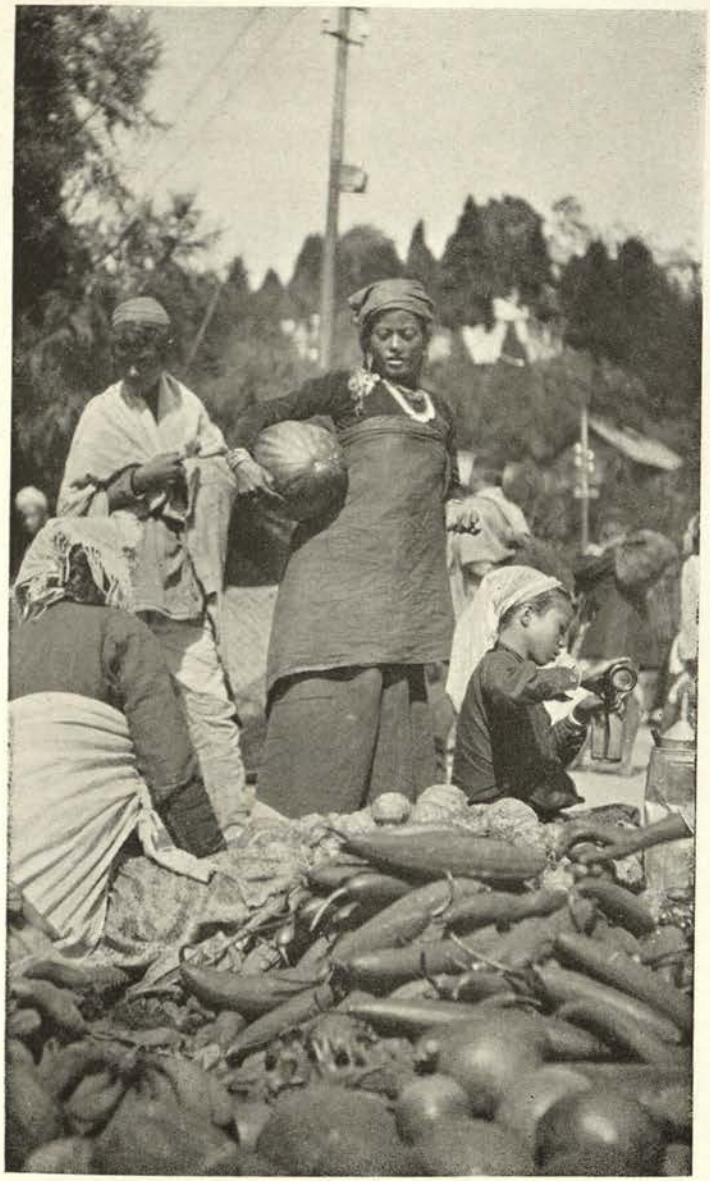
Cooly carrying Tea.

A Tibetan.

A Group of Sikhimese.

Dalai Lama of Lhasa.

Nepalese Woman and Child.



Market Scene.

Bazar Scene.

THE NEW STEREOGRAMS

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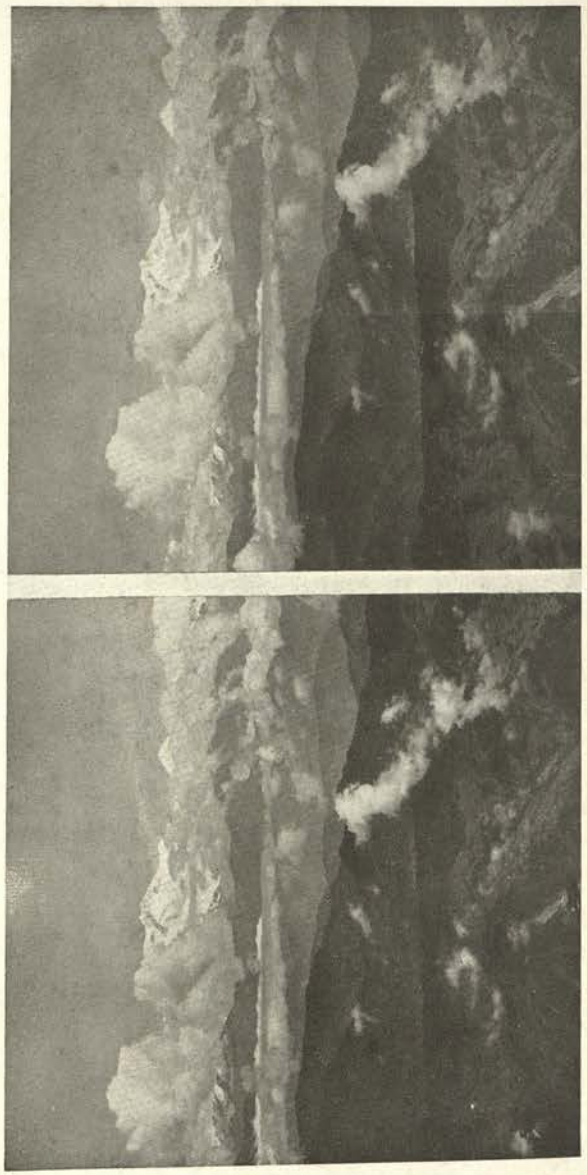

The Everlasting Snows

Souvenir of Darjeeling

by

J. BURLINGTON SMITH

MIDDLESBROUGH:
HOOD & Co. Ltd., Photo-Engravers & Printers,
St. Bride Works.

DARJEELING

AND THE

HIMALAYAN SNOW RANGE

BY

J. BURLINGTON SMITH,
PHOTOGRAPHER.

18 ART VIEWS,

INCLUDING MT. EVEREST, D.H.RY.,
AND OTHER VIEWS.

TB 9 3

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General View of Darjeeling. Taken near Woodlands Hotel.

The Snow Range from the Mall Road. From the Kang Peak (left) to Siniolchu (right).

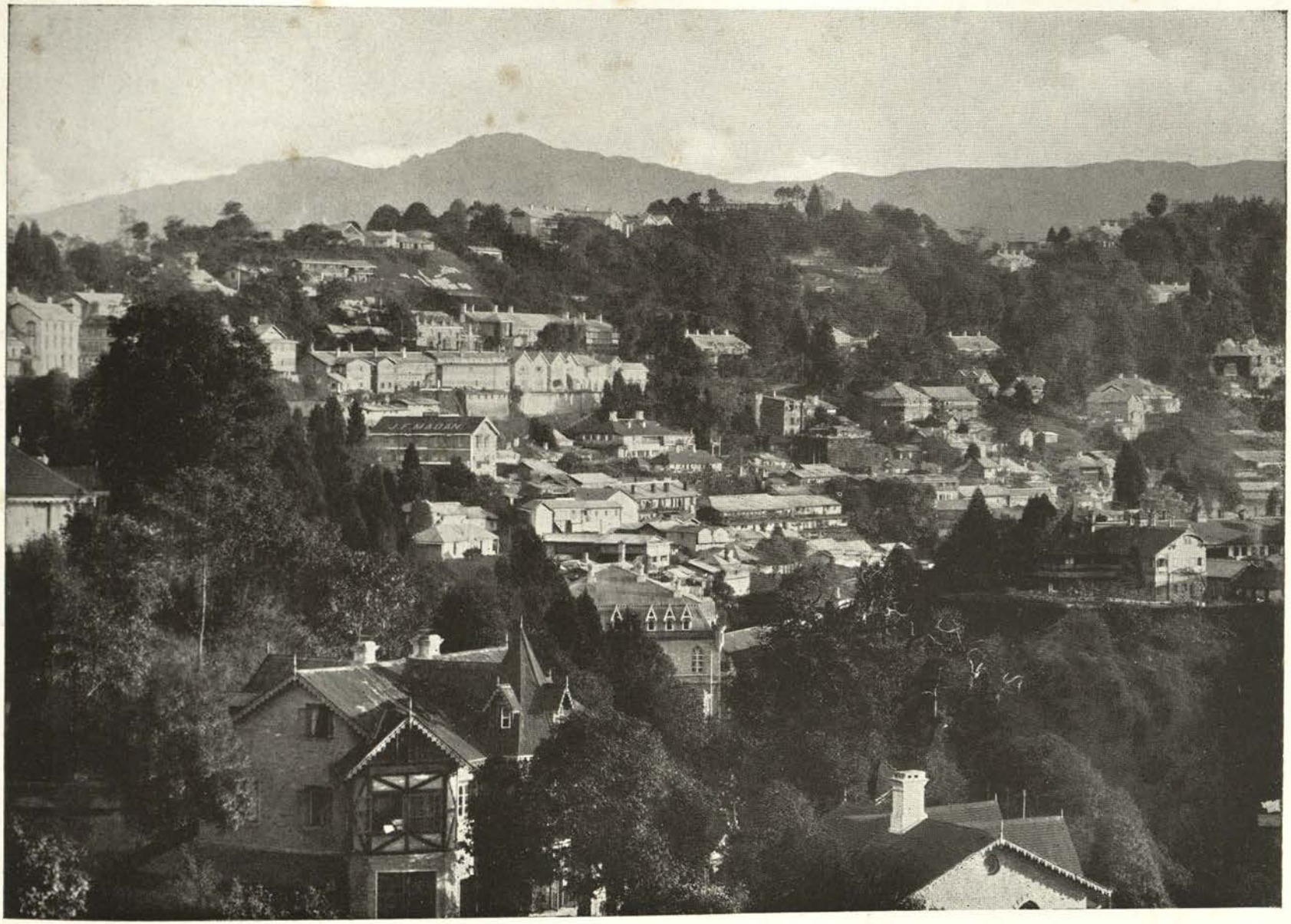
The Snow Range from lower Birch Hill Road.

The Snow Range and Darjeeling from above St. Paul's School.

Snow Range and Cloud effect.

Telephoto of Kinchenjunga.

Telephoto of Mt. Everest from Sandakphu. Magnification 10 times.
The centre peak is Mt. Everest.

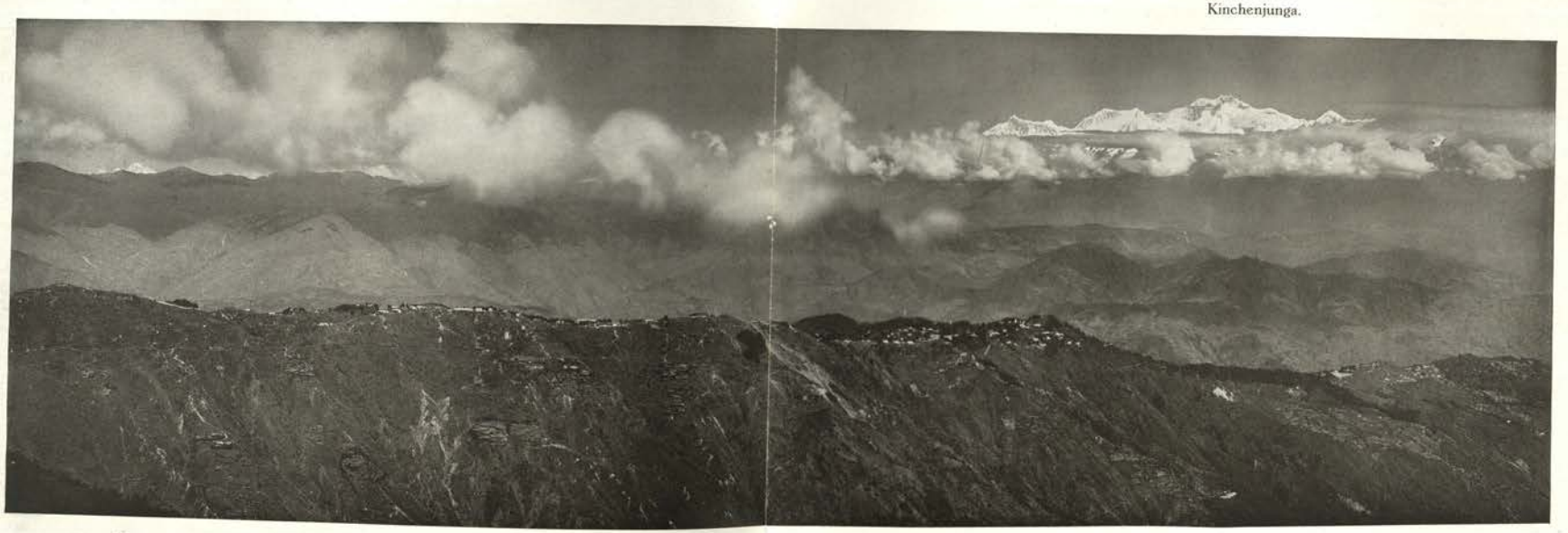


Darjeeling looking towards Jalapahar. Tiger Hill in the distance.

Morning on Jannu, 25,300 feet high.

Mt. Everest.

Kinchenjunga.



Katapahar.

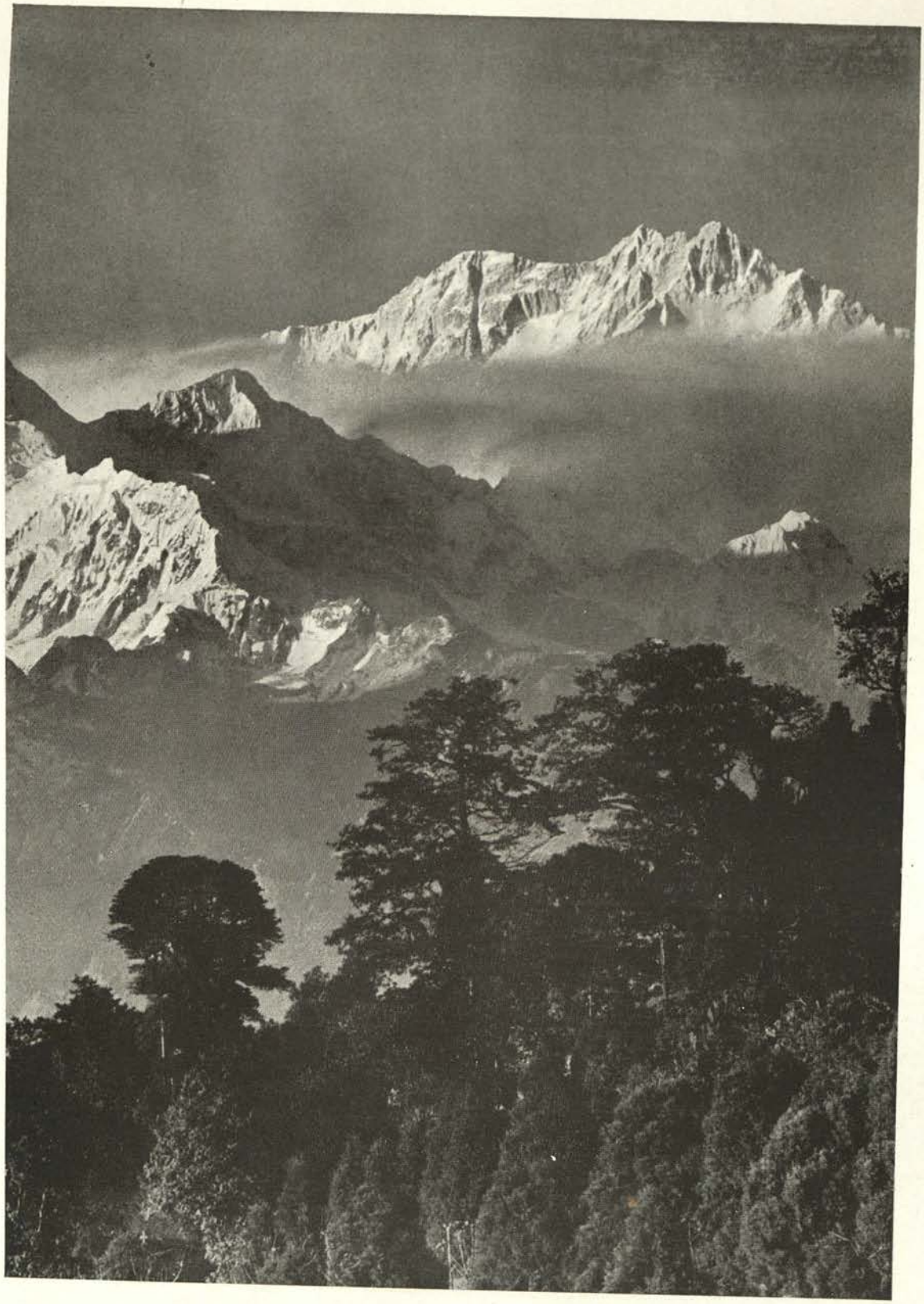
Jalapahar.

Darjeeling.

Lebong.

PANORAMA FROM TIGER HILL SHEWING MT. EVEREST AND KINCHENJUNGA.

Telephoto of Mt. Everest from Tiger Hill. The centre peak is Mt. Everest, 29,002 ft. high. Distance about 107 miles.



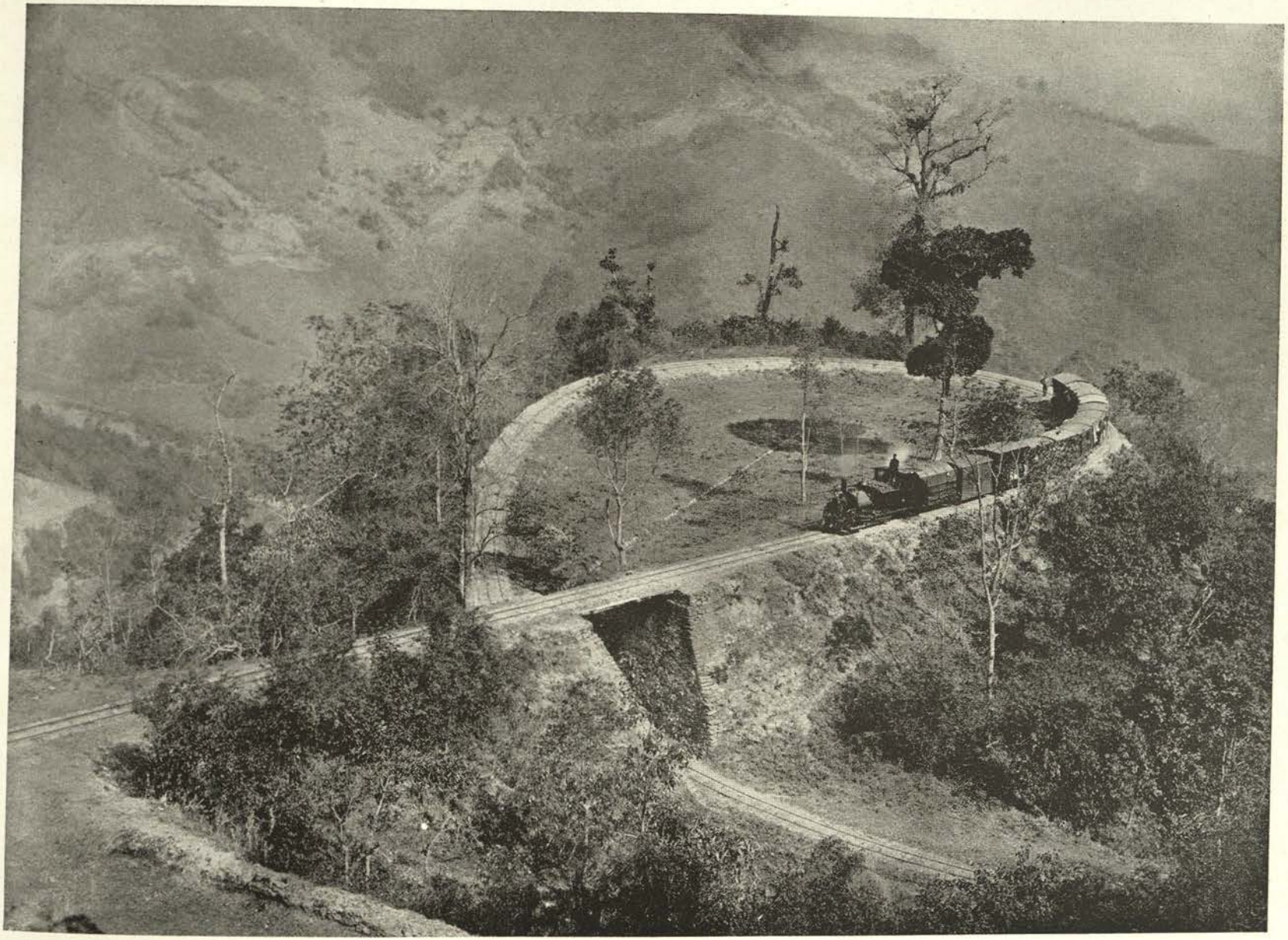
Sunset on Kinchenjunga.

The Kinchenjunga Range from Sandakphu.

Cloud effect from Philut.

Sunset on Kabru and Kinchenjunga.

Lebong (Military Station) and distant Peaks in Sikhim.



The Single Loop on the Darjeeling Himalayan Railway.

CITIES OF THE MOGULS

109670

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Cities of the Moguls

Being a Selection of

Views of DELHI, AGRA & FATEHPUR SIKRI

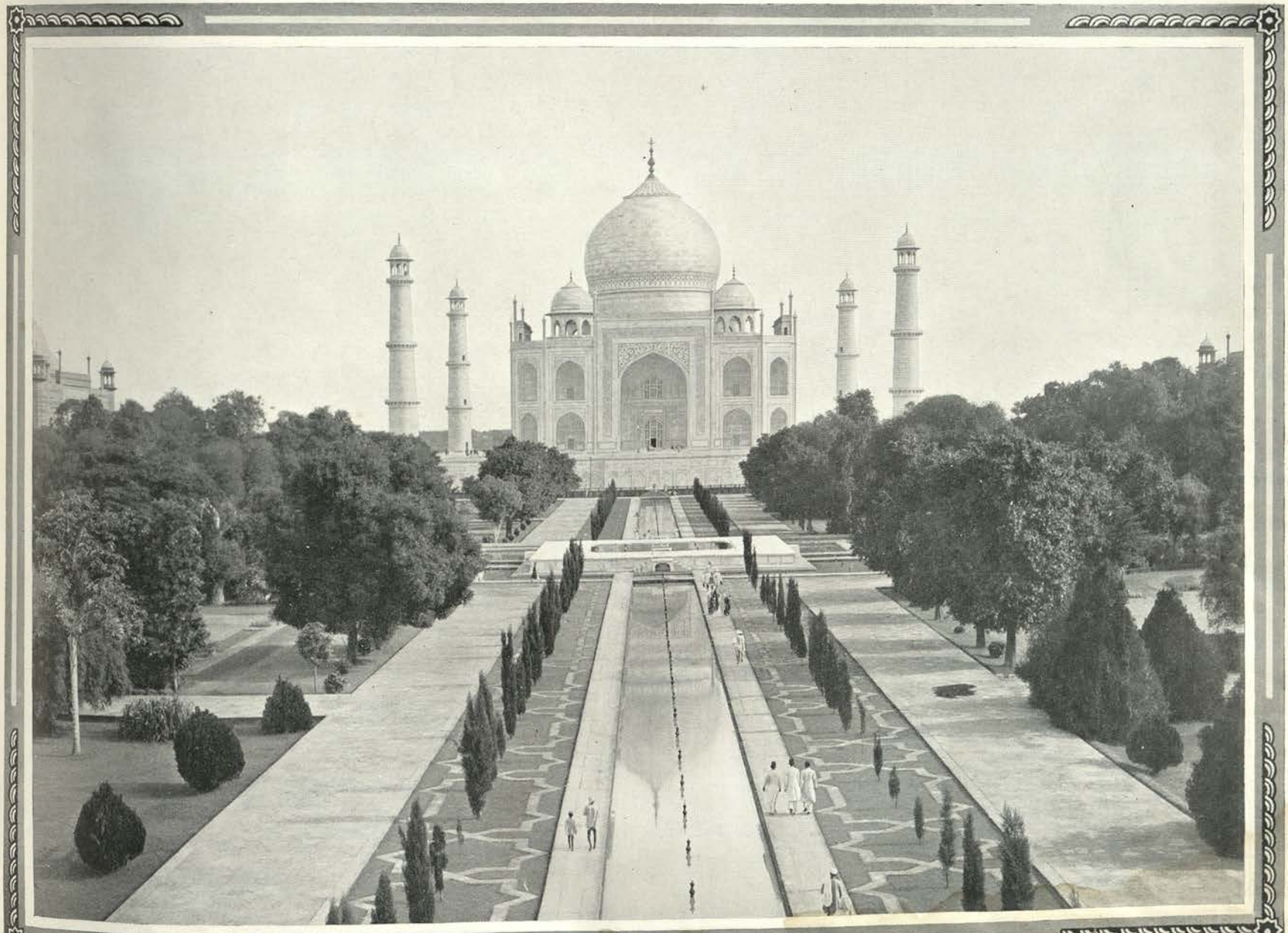
(From Photographs by the Publishers)

PLÂTÉ LTD., CEYLON.

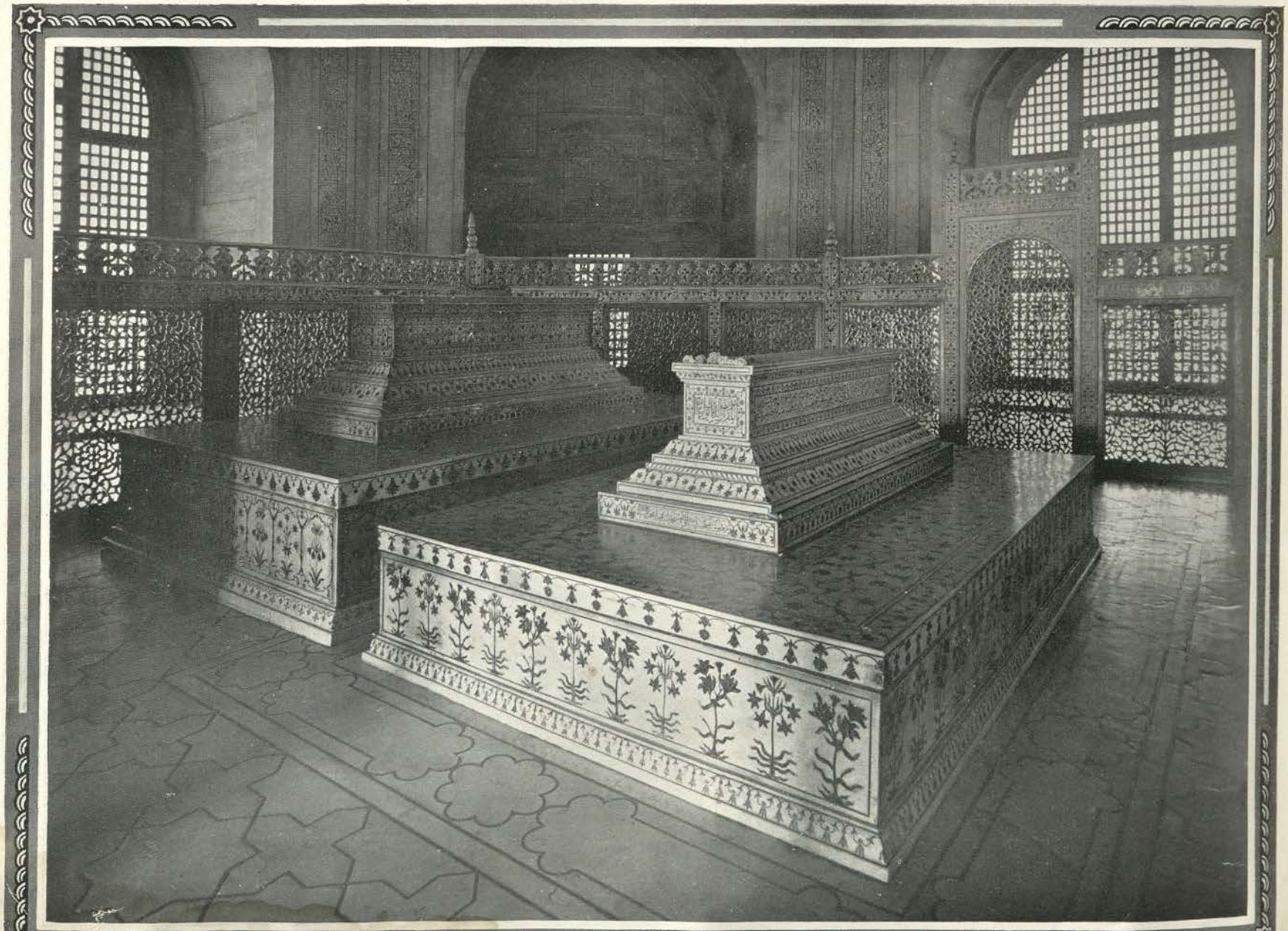
TB g 3

The Cities of the Moguls

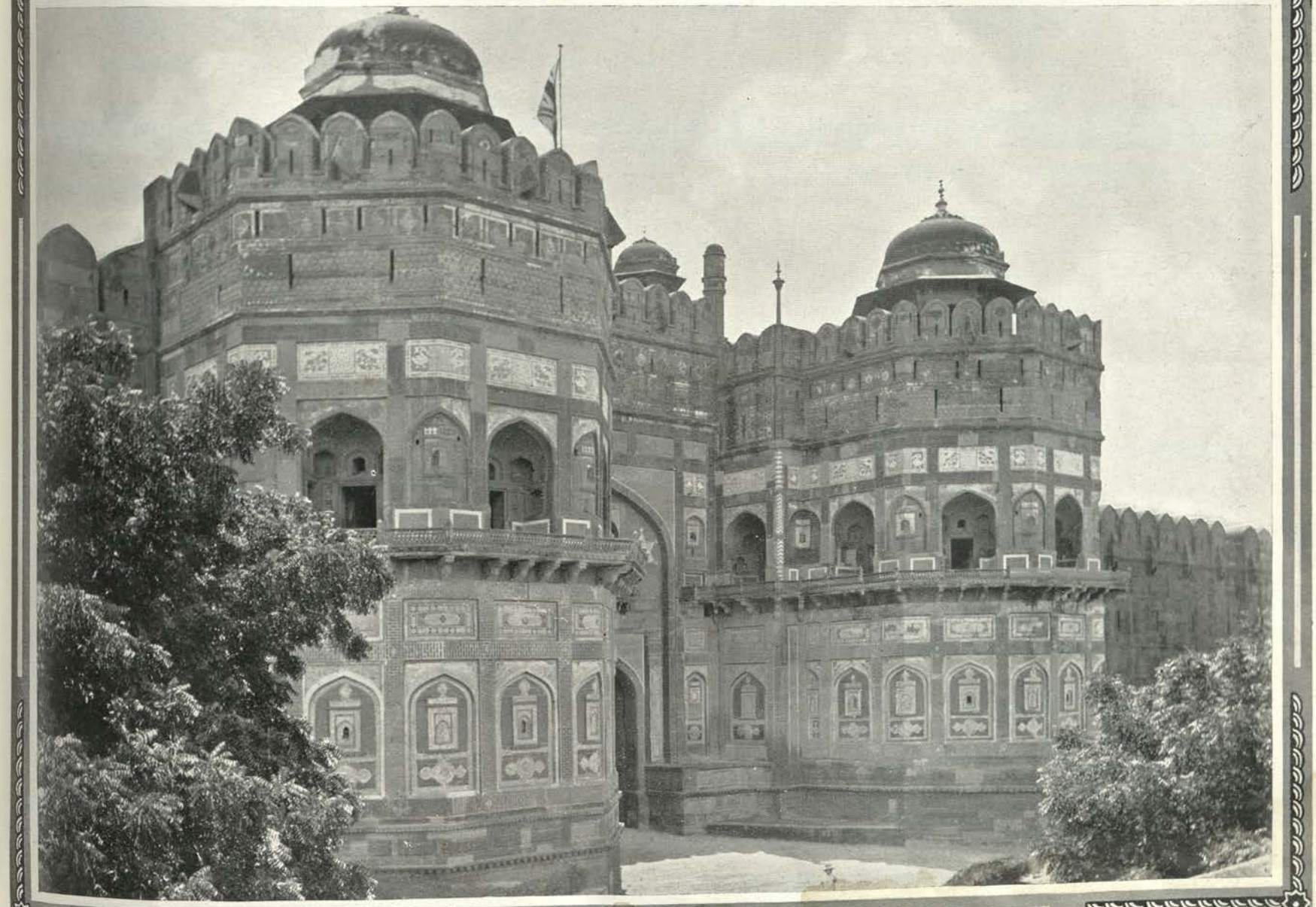
IN this short note we do not attempt to describe the grandeur of the Cities of the Moguls. Our object is merely to point out to the tourist those palaces and ancient ruins which are generally conceded to be the most imposing and interesting. For a fuller description we must refer the reader to one of the many excellent books on the subject. ¶ Doubtless the most imposing structure of all is the celebrated Taj Mahal at Agra. Built as a tomb by the Emperor Shahjehan for his Queen Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the Emperor himself was afterwards buried by her side. An illustration of both tombs is given in our book. Among other interesting sights in Agra are the Jasmine Tower in the Zenana Buildings, and the Moti Musjid, or Pearl Mosque. Tradition has it that this mosque was built by Shahjehan when kept as a state prisoner by his son, Aurungzebe. ¶ The magnificent buildings in Fatehpur Sikri we owe to the Emperor Akbar. Prominent among them is the tomb of Sheik Salem Christi, where the wonderful marble tracery is so much admired. ¶ In Delhi prominence should be given to the Dewan-i-Khas, or hall of private audience. The Cashmere Gate is one of the many interesting mutiny relics, while among the ruins scattered round the present site of the city are the Kutub Mosque, and the tombs of Safdar Jung, Nizam-ud-Din, and Princess Jahanara. All are worthy of a visit.



Agra.
The Taj Mahal.

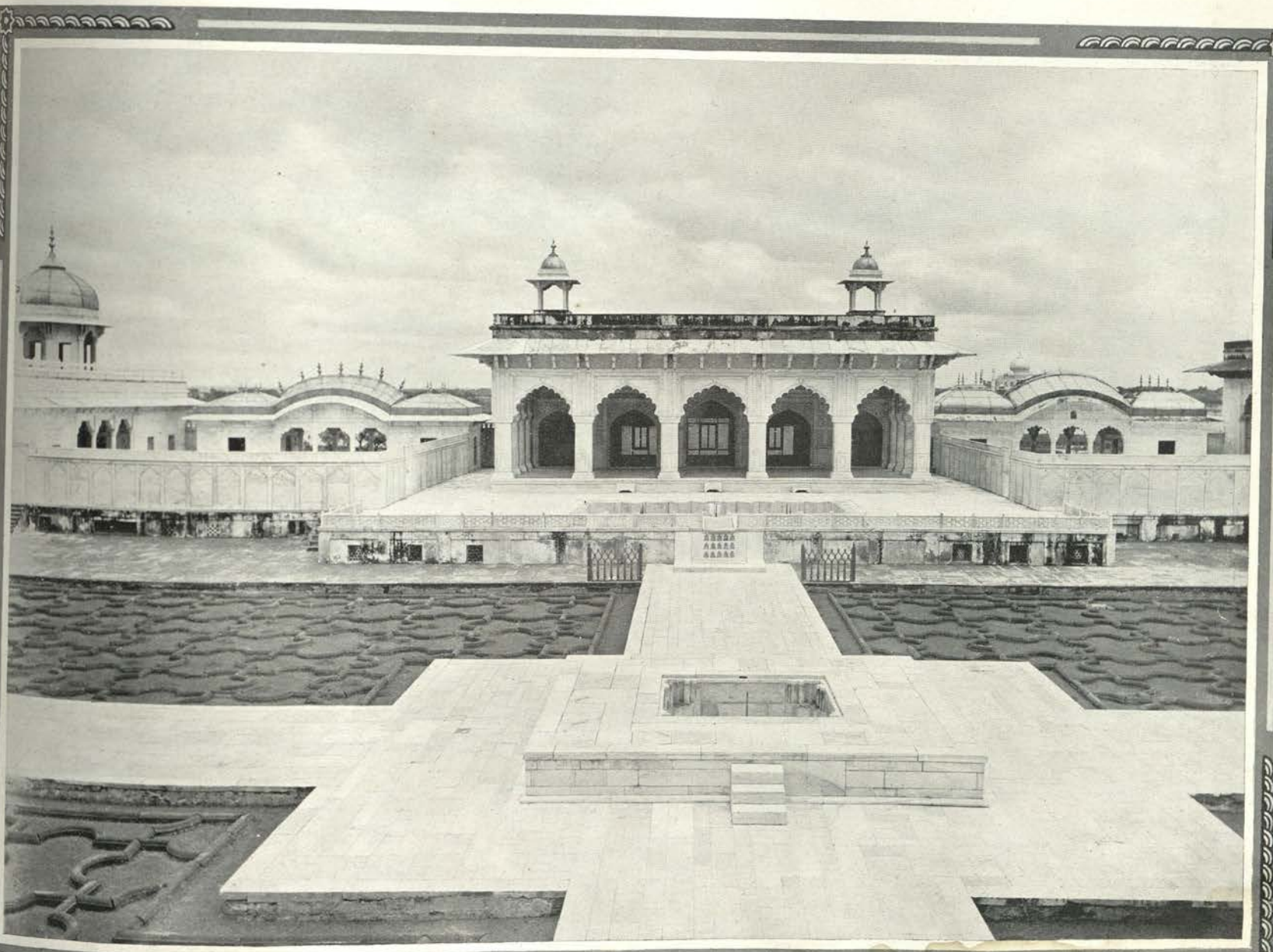


Agra, Tombs of Mumtaz-i-Mahal
& Shahjehan in the Taj.

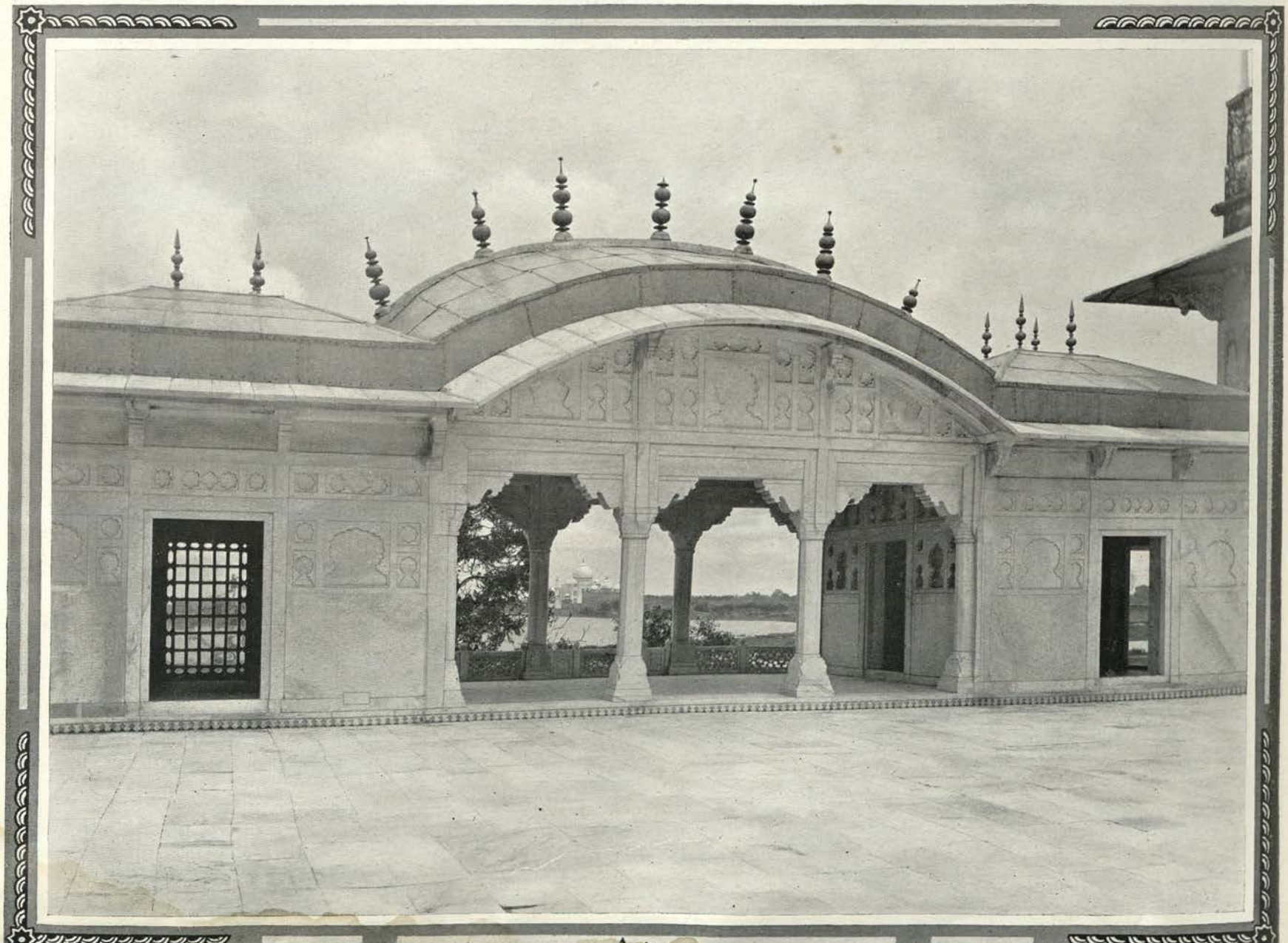


Agra.
The Delhi Gate of the Fort.

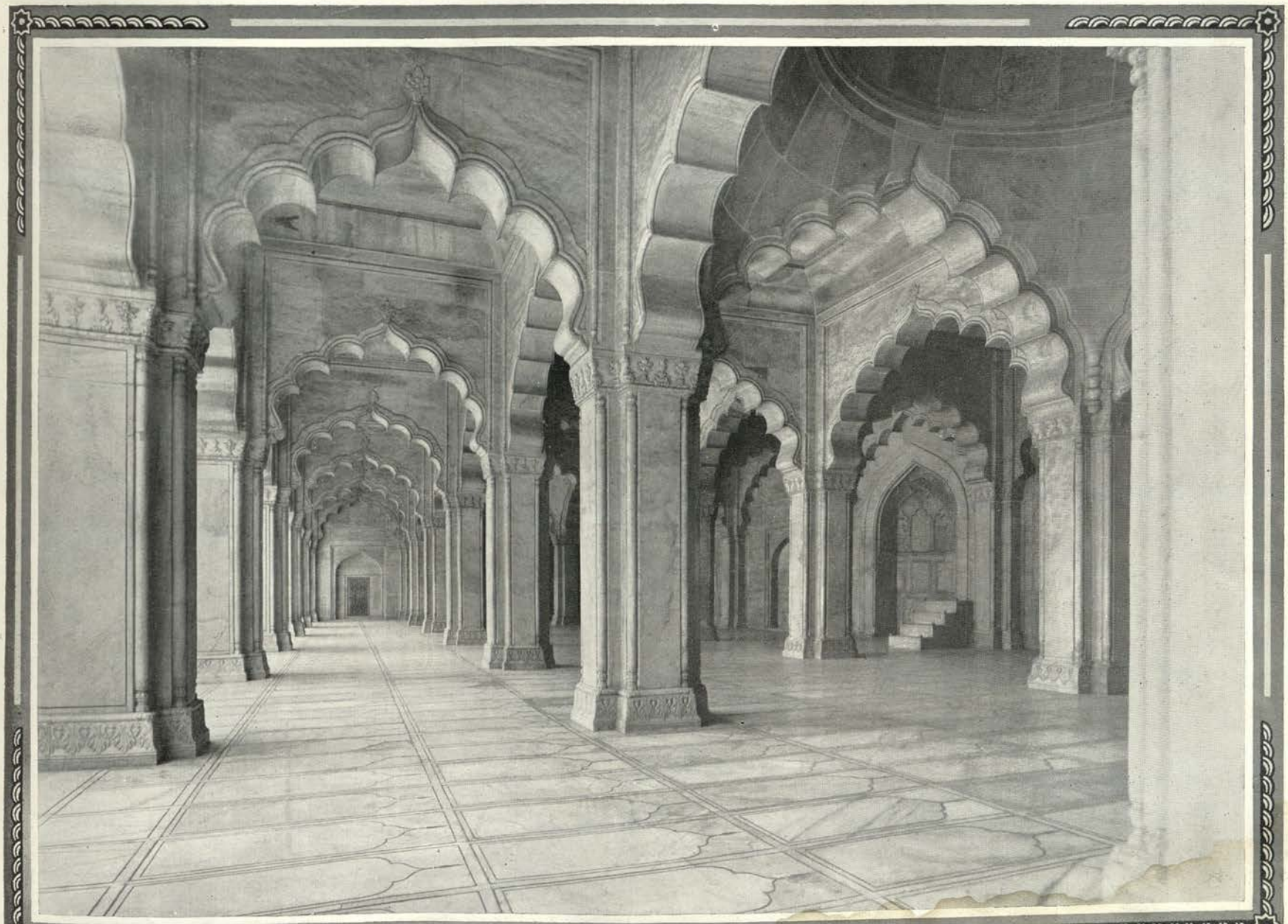
Agra. The Dewan-i-am, or Hall of Public Audience.



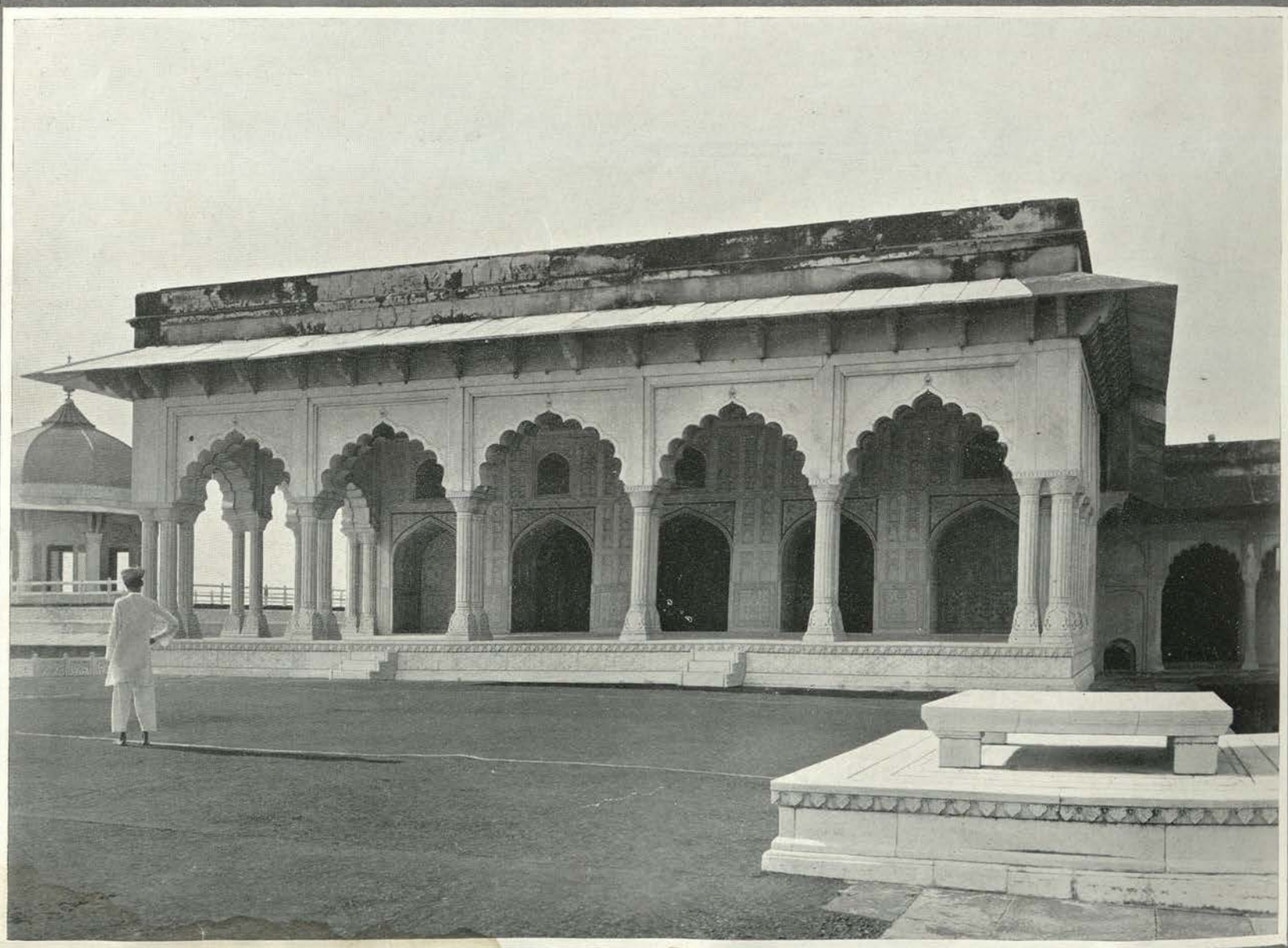
Agra.
The Khas Mahal and Zenana.



Agra.
The Khas Mahal shewing the Taj.

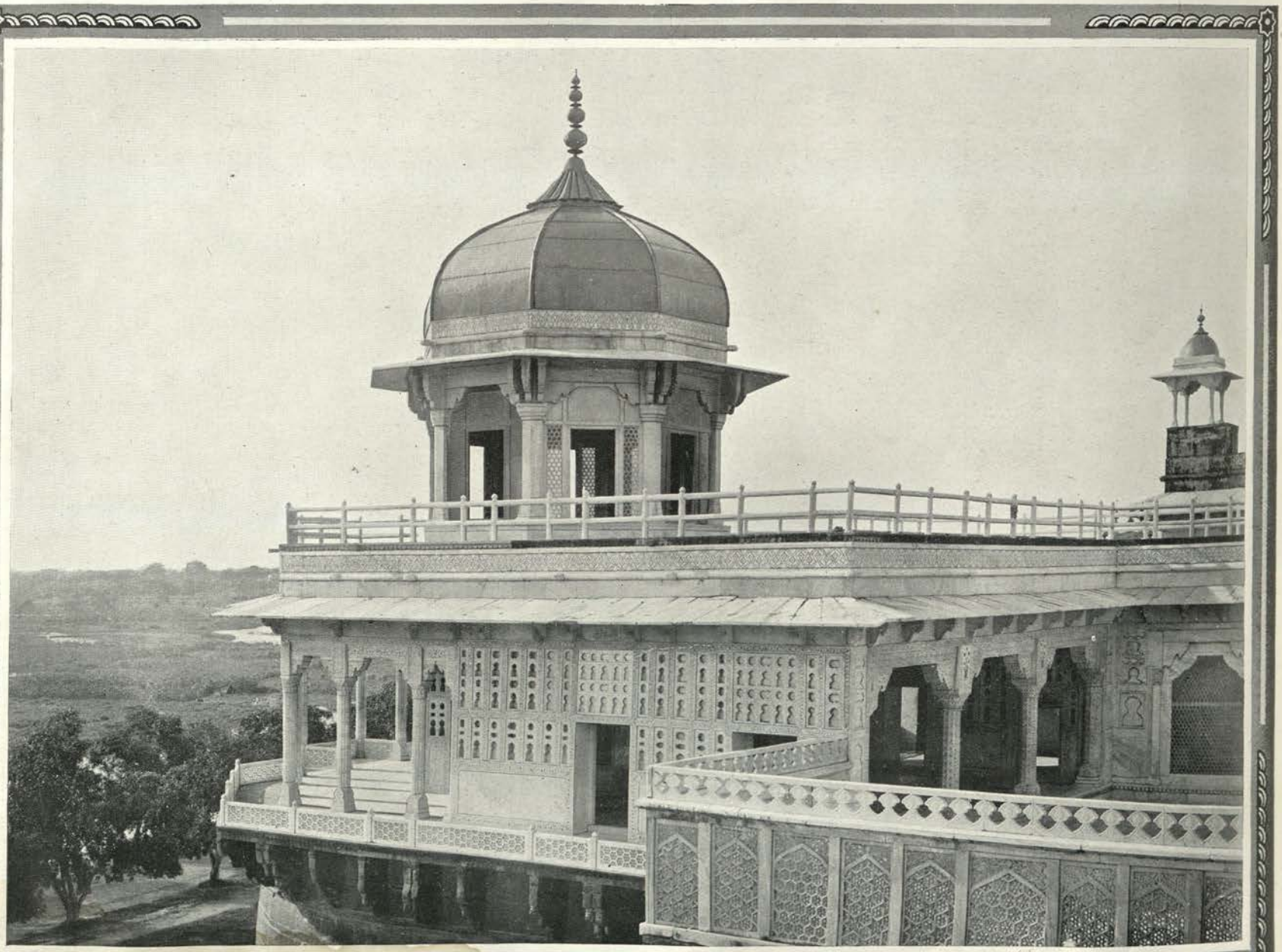


Agra. Interior of the Moti Musjid.
(Pearl Mosque.)



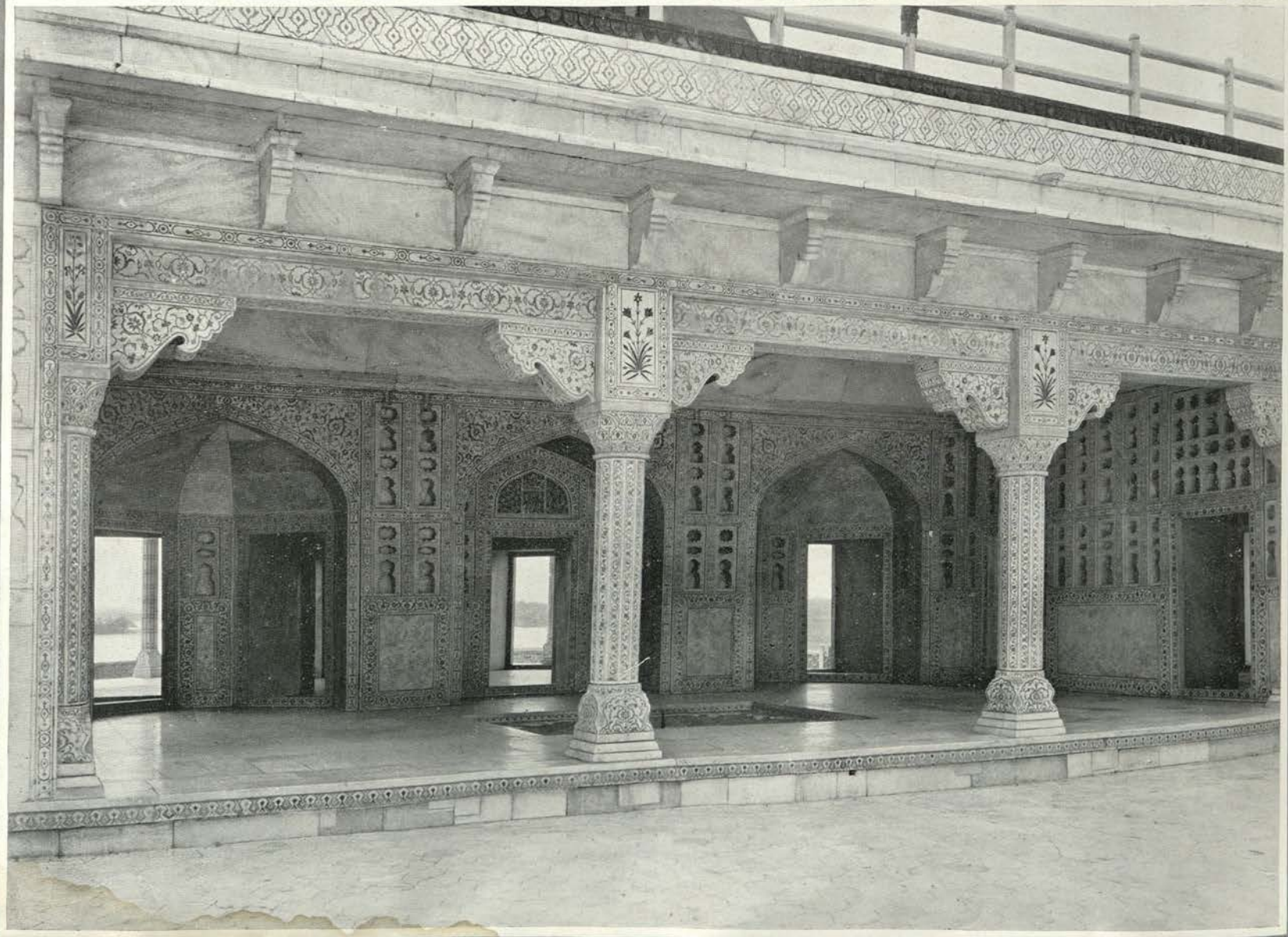
Agra. The Dewan-i-Khas or Hall of Private Audience

Agra. The Dewan-i-Khas
Showing the Taj



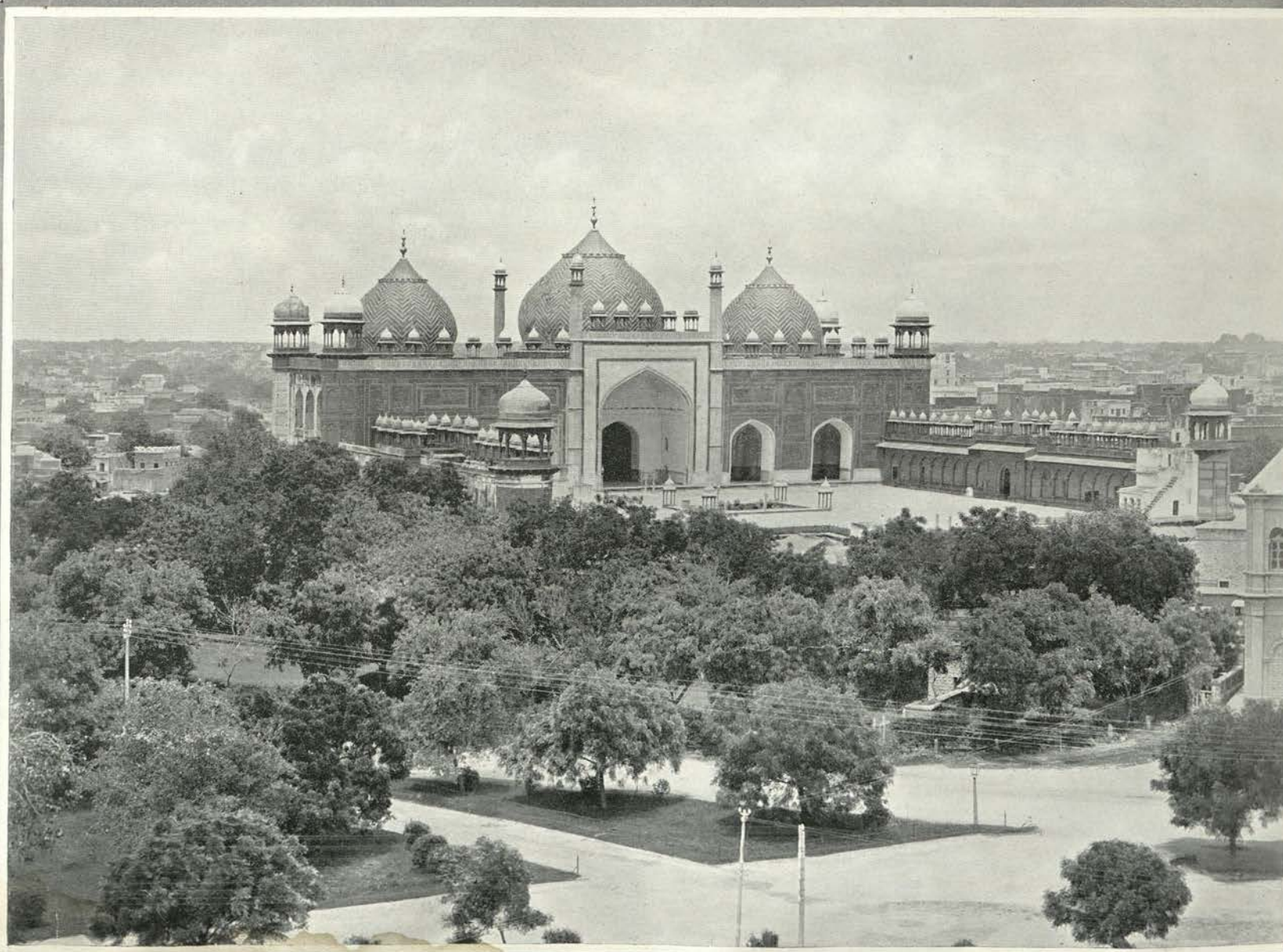
Agra.
The Jasmine Tower.

Agra.
Balcony of the Jasmine Tower.

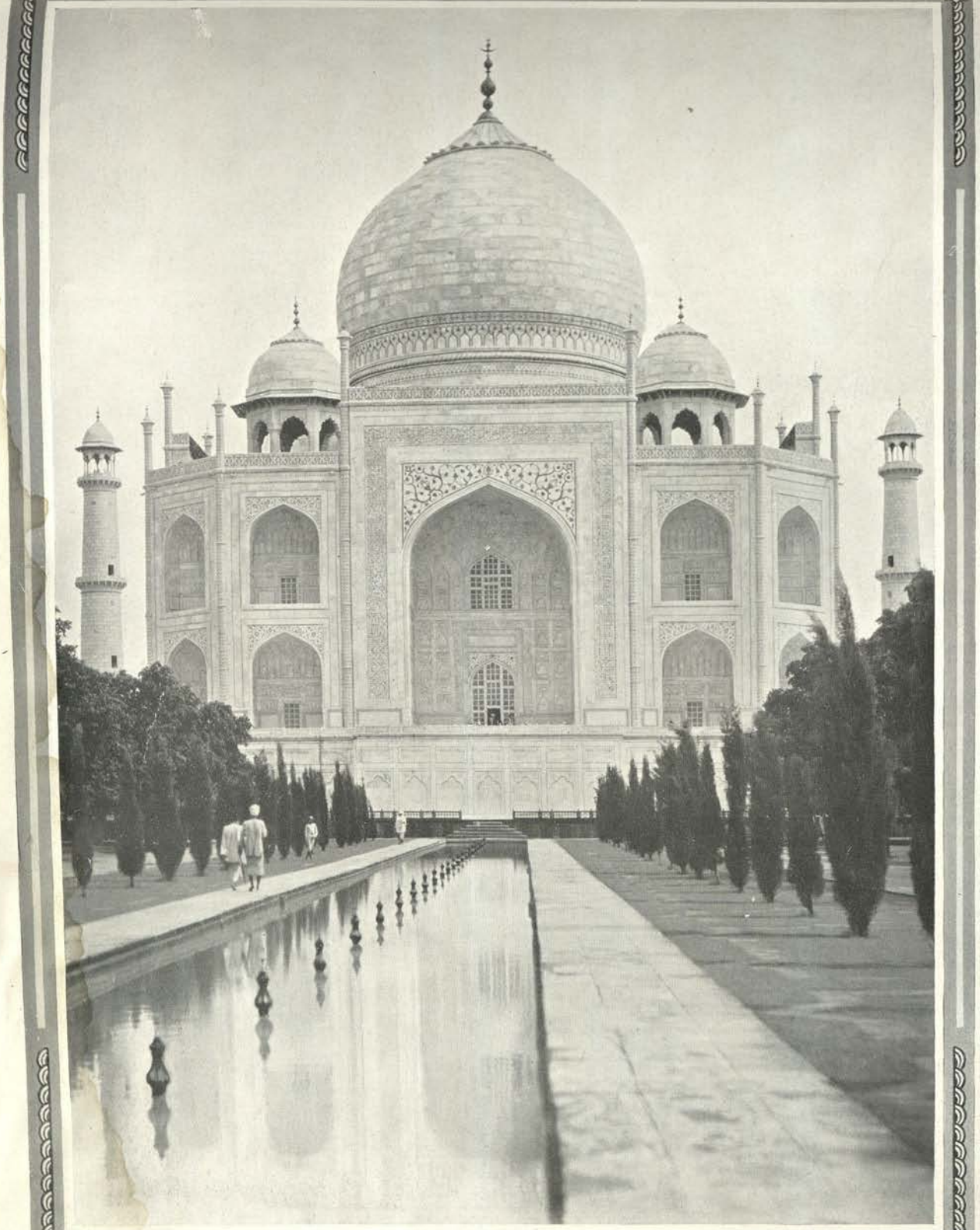


Agra.
A Room in the Jasmine Tower.

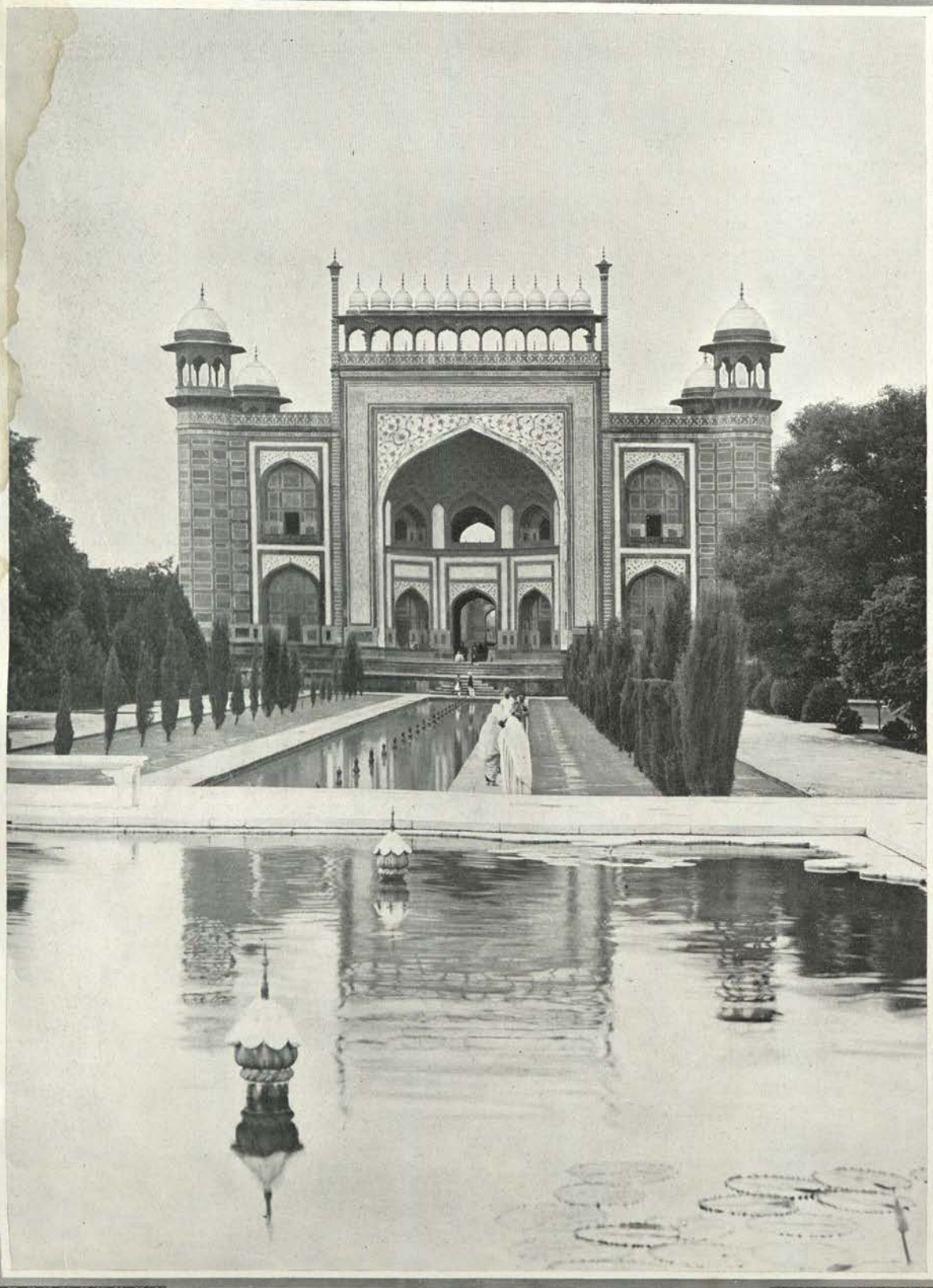
Agra. Balcony of the Jasmine Tower, showing the Taj.



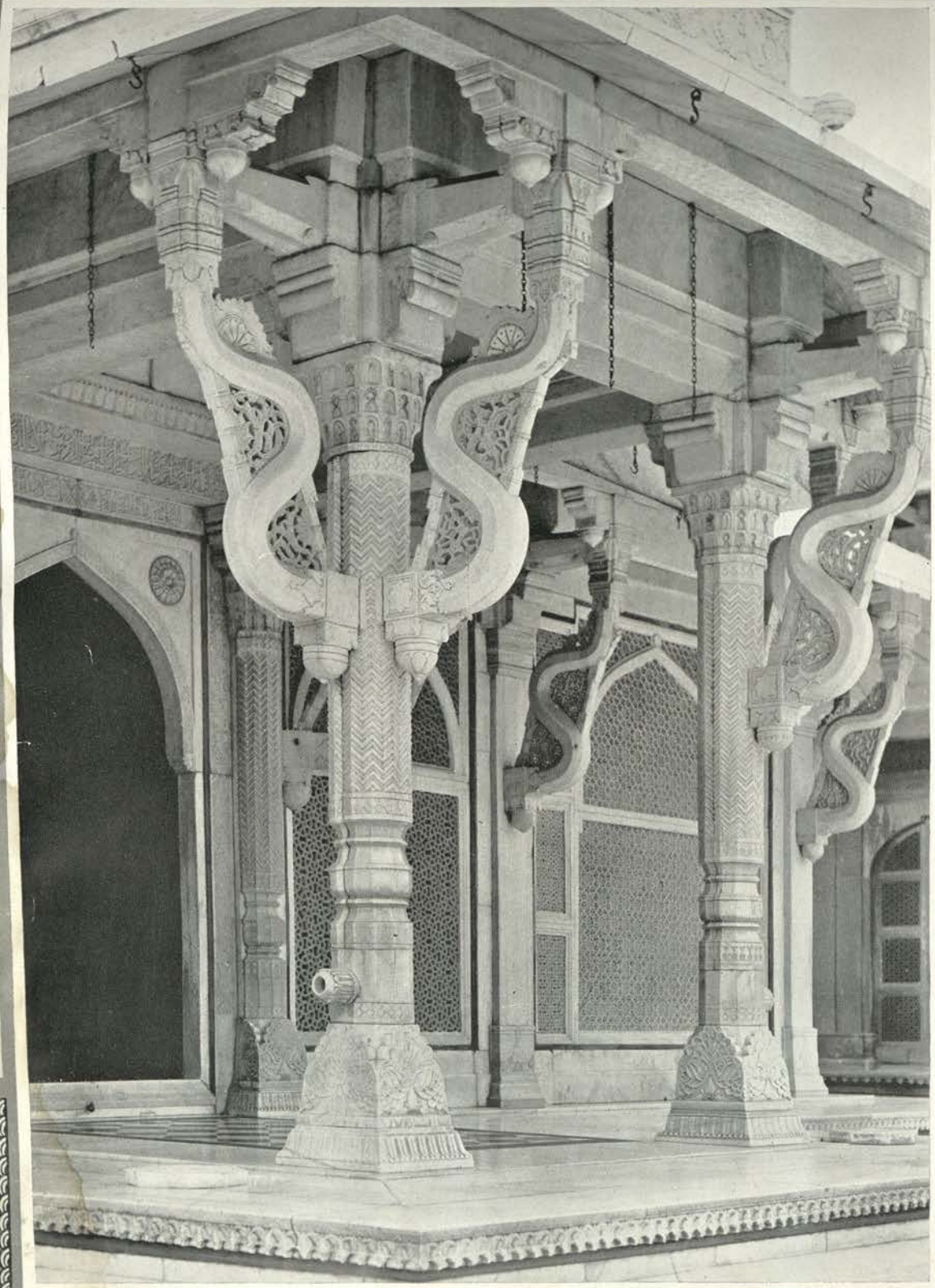
Agra.
The Jumma Musjid.



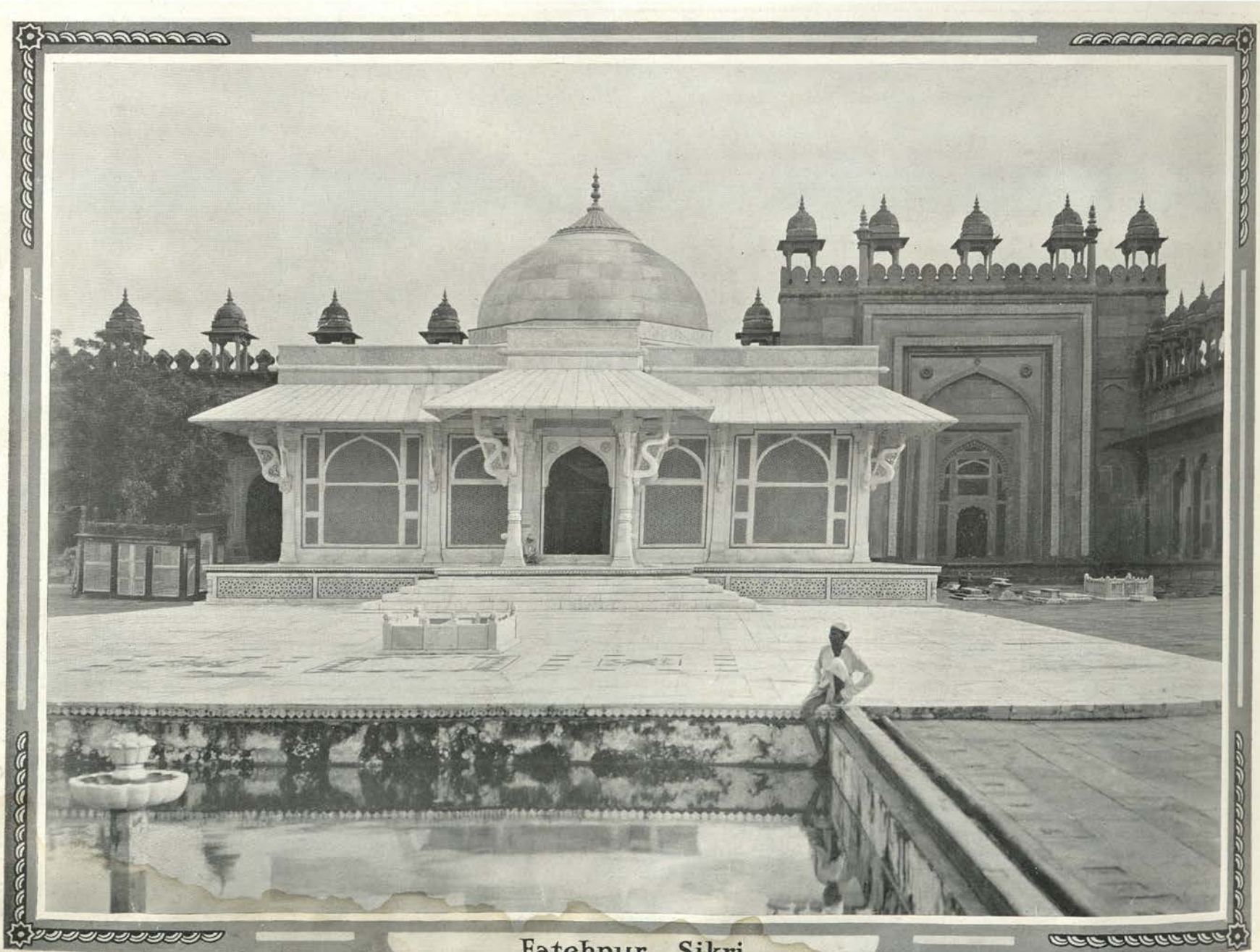
Agra.
The Taj Mahal near view.



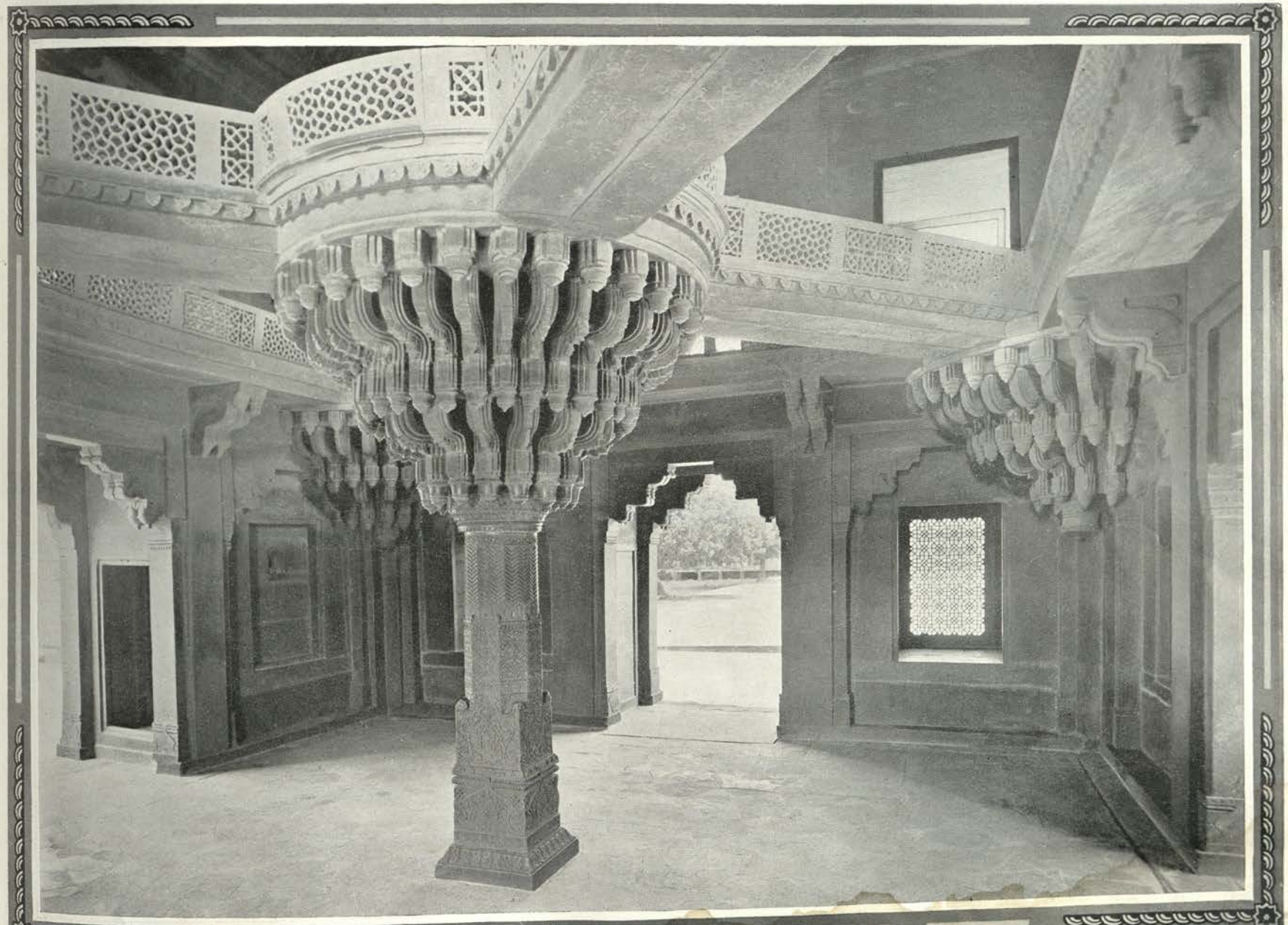
Agra.
The Gateway of the Taj Mahal.



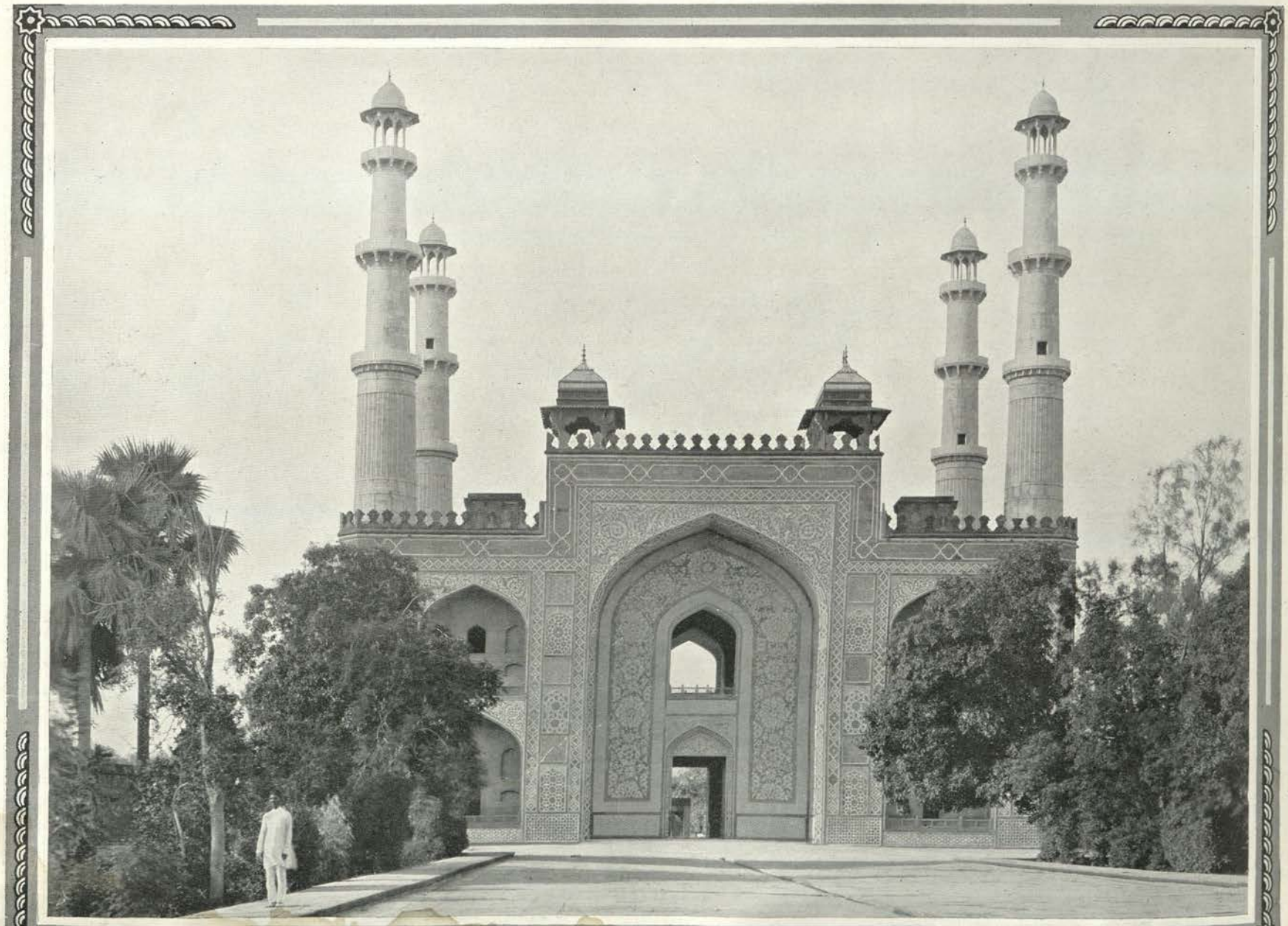
Fatehpur Sikri. Pillars on front of Tomb of Sheik Salem Christi.



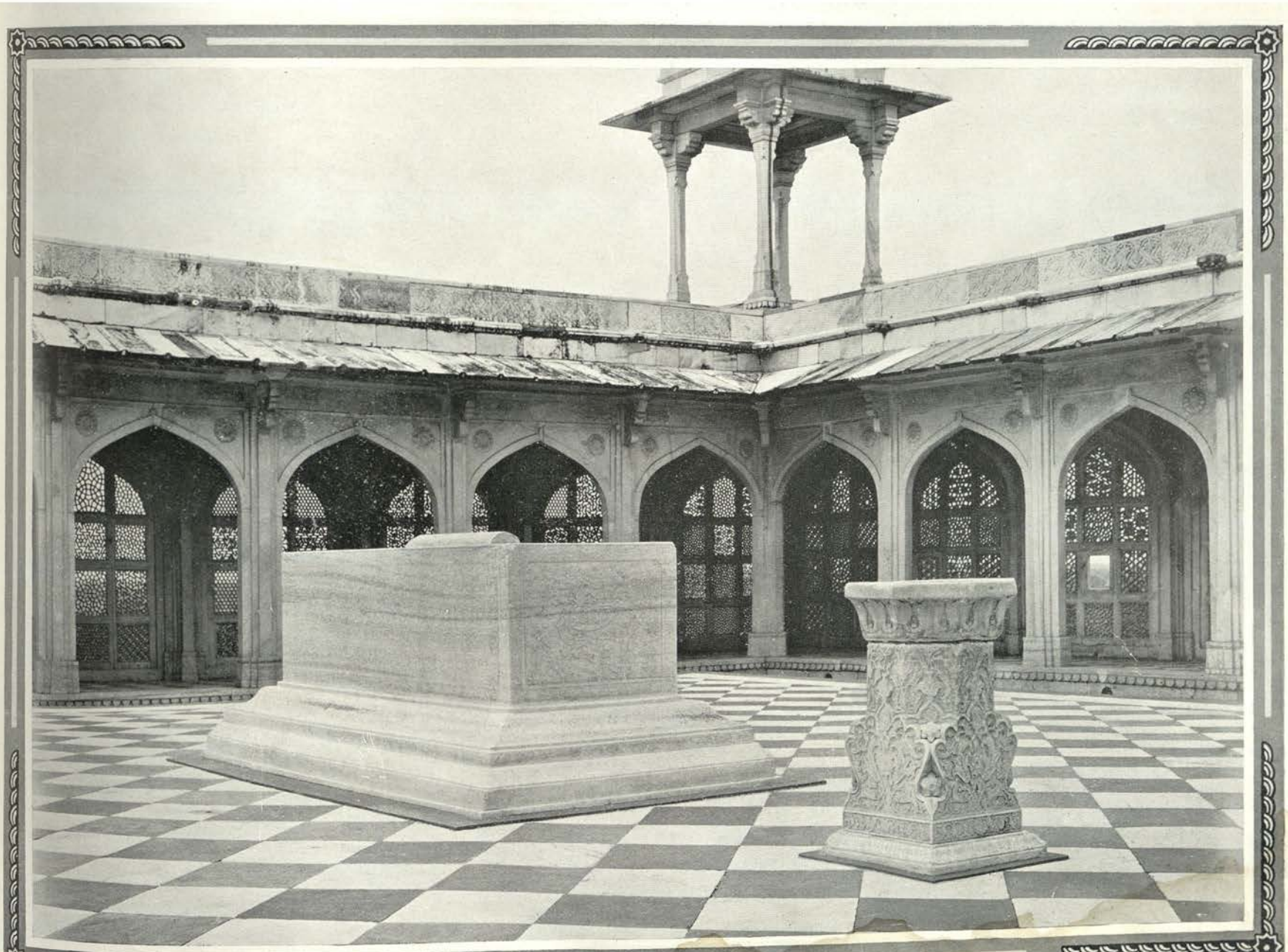
Fatehpur Sikri.
Tomb of Sheik Salem Christi.



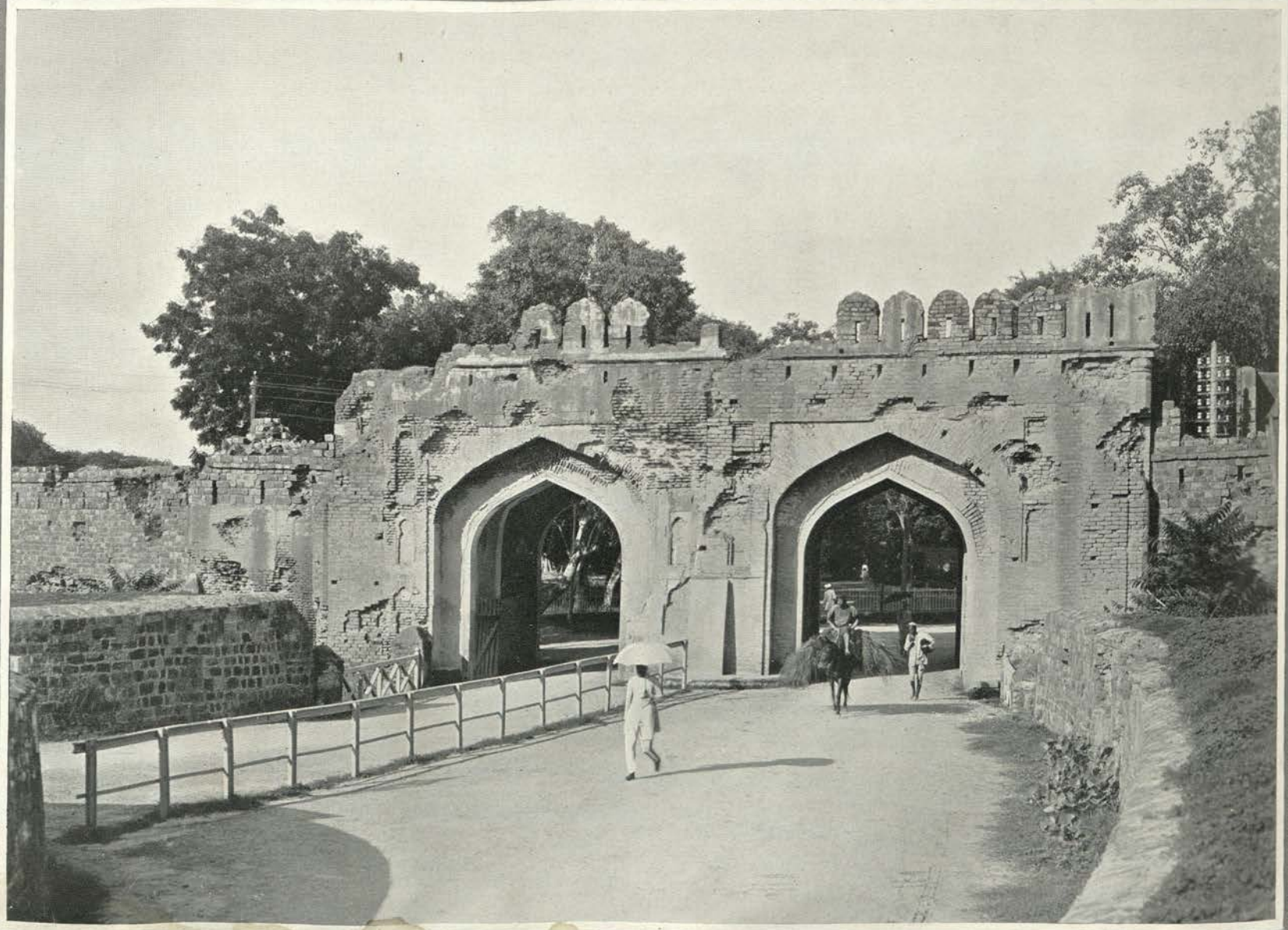
Fatehpur Sikri.
Pillar in the Dewan-i-Khas.



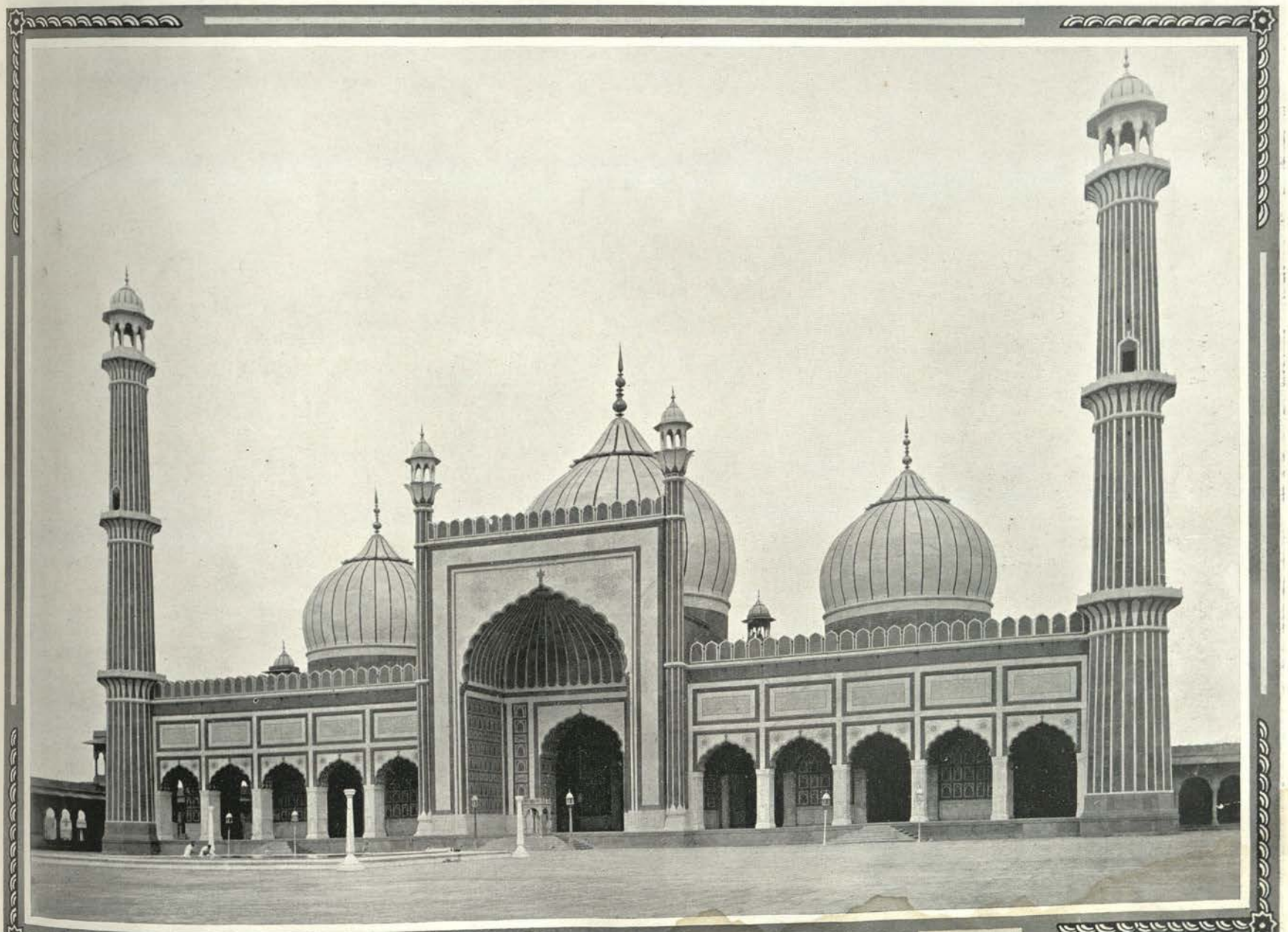
Sikandra. Gateway of the
Tomb of Akbar



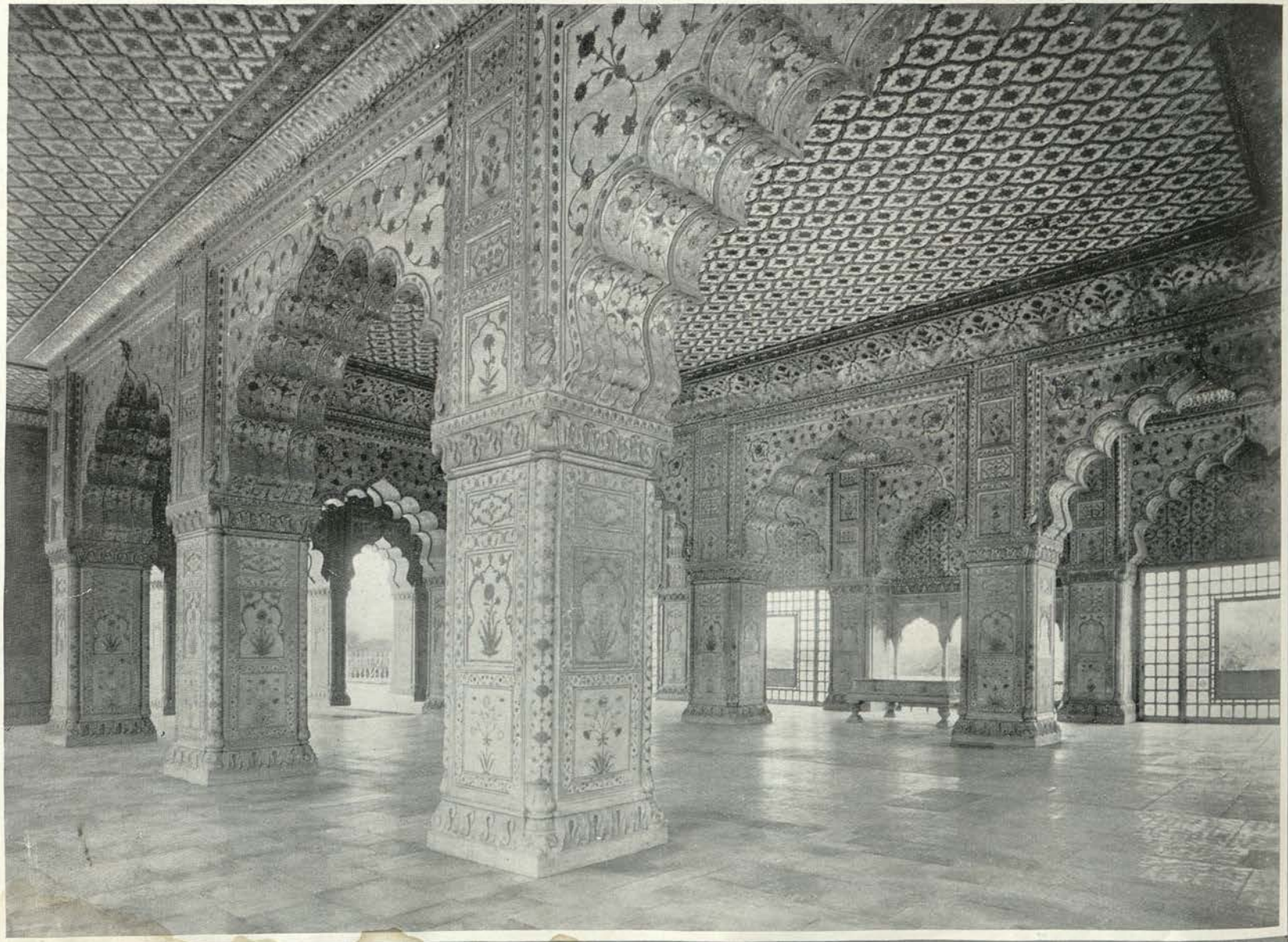
Sikandra. The Tomb of Akbar.
Monument on Roof.



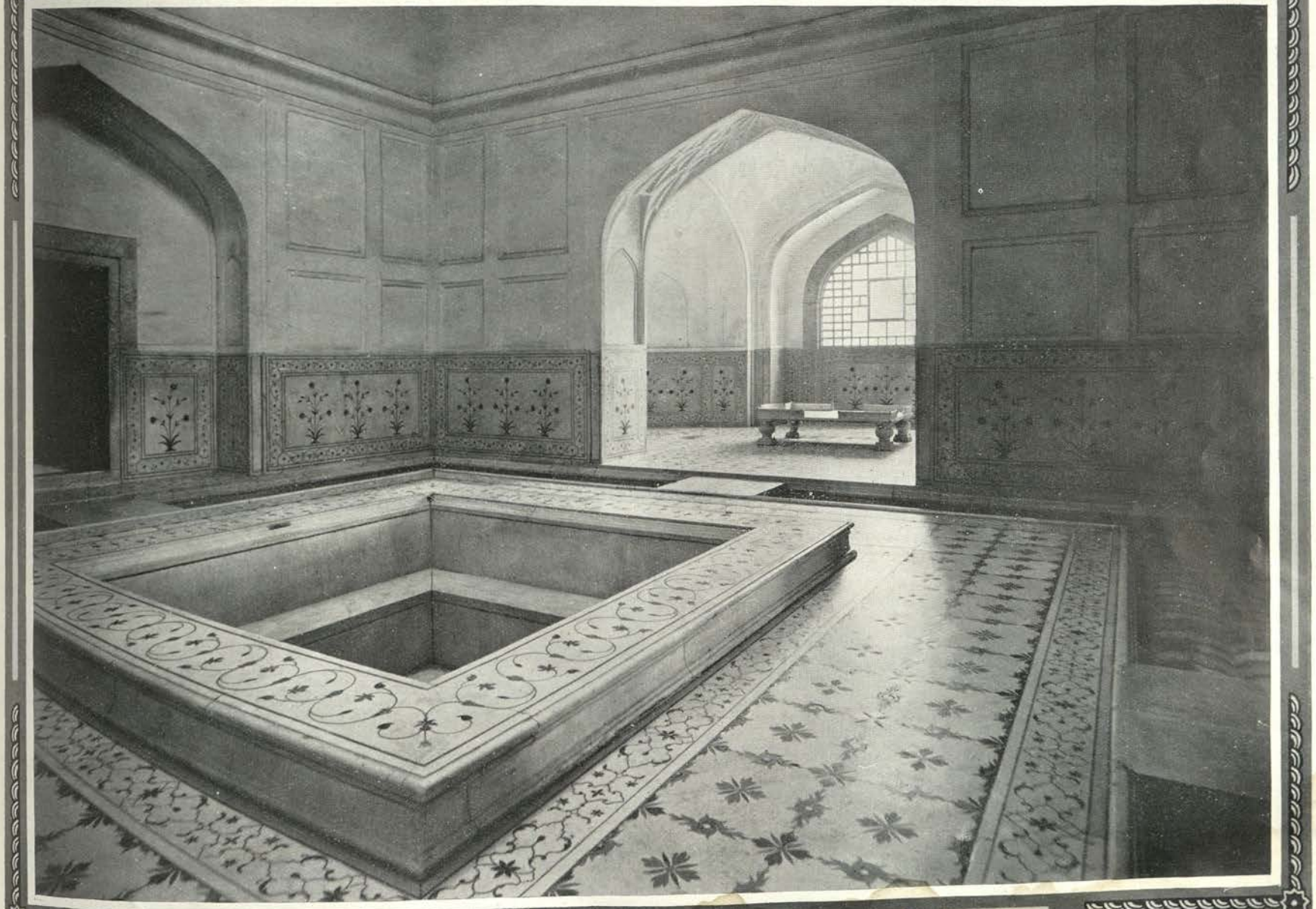
Delhi.
The Cashmere Gate.



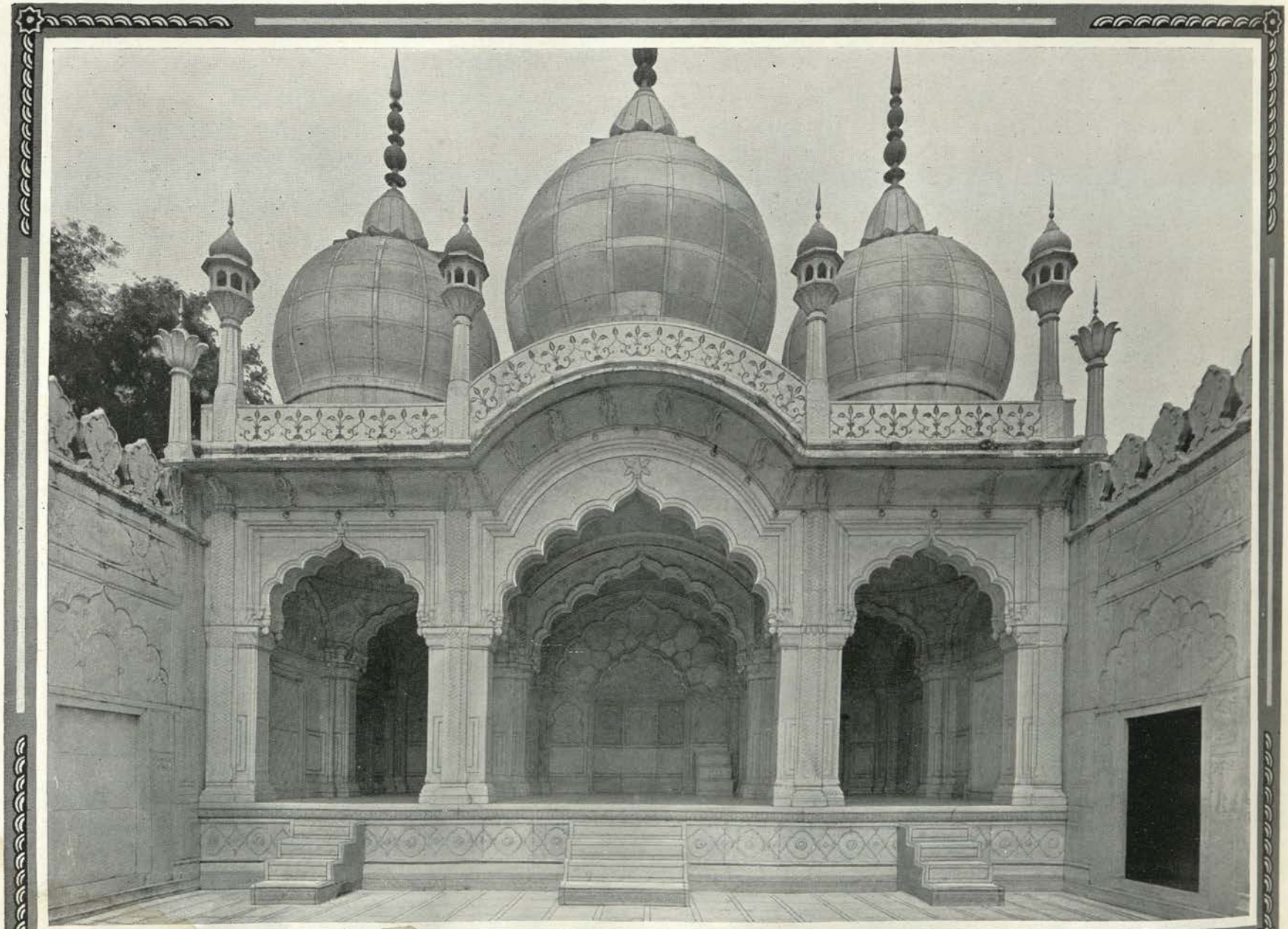
Delhi.
The Jumma Musjid.



Delhi.
The Dewan-i-Khas.

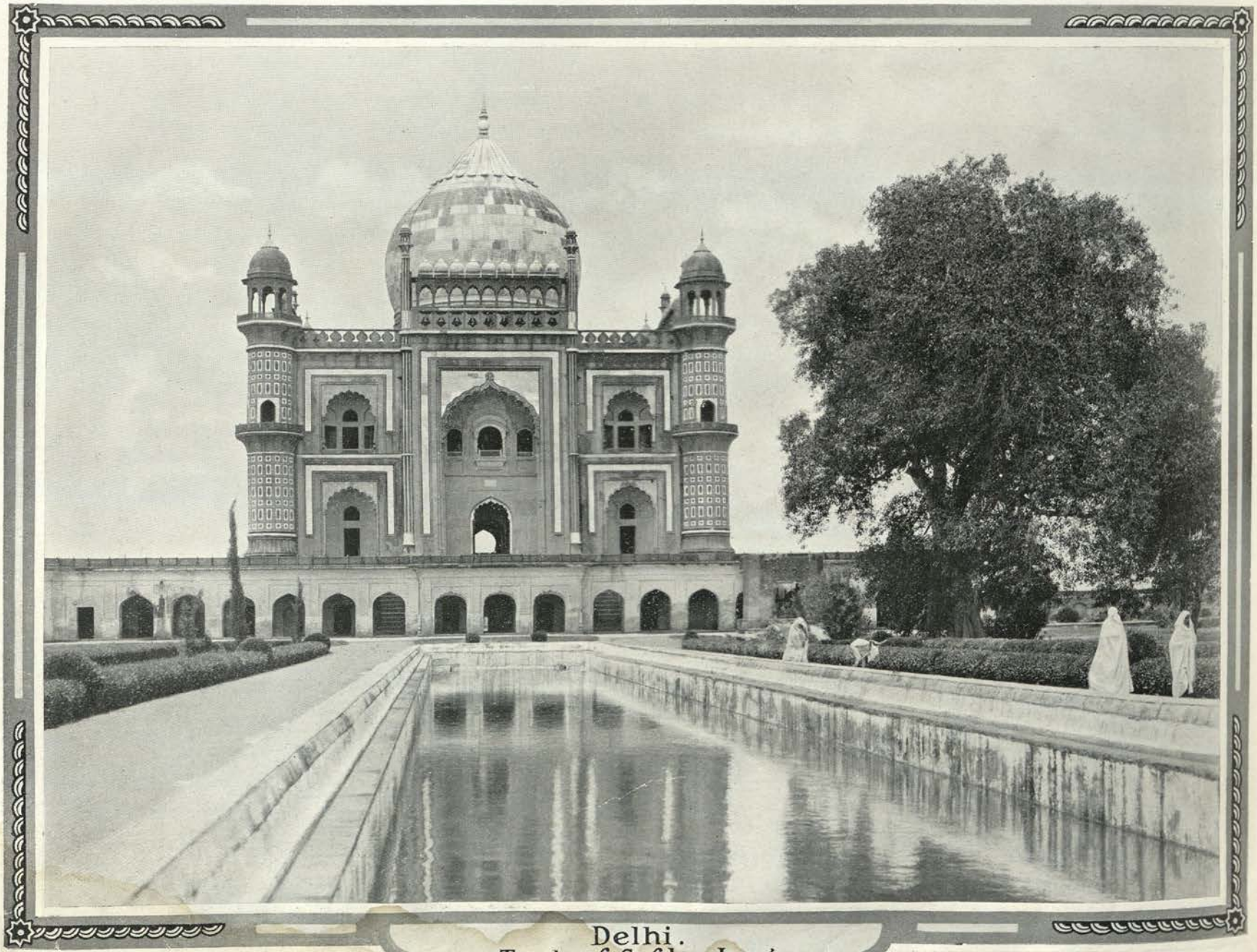


Delhi.
Royal Baths in the Palace.



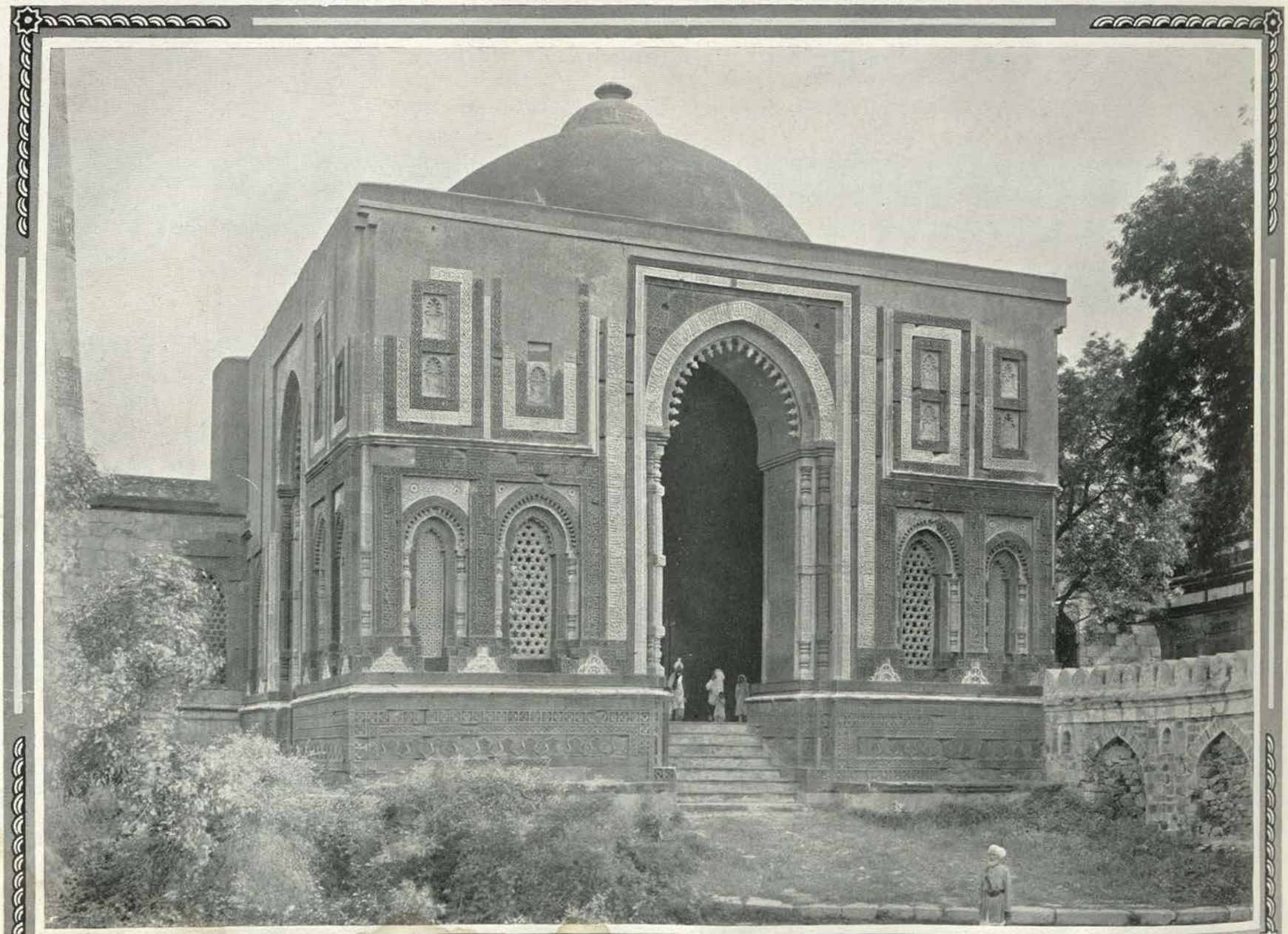
Delhi. The Moti Musjid
or Pearl Mosque.

Delhi.
"Sawan" Summer House in Palace.



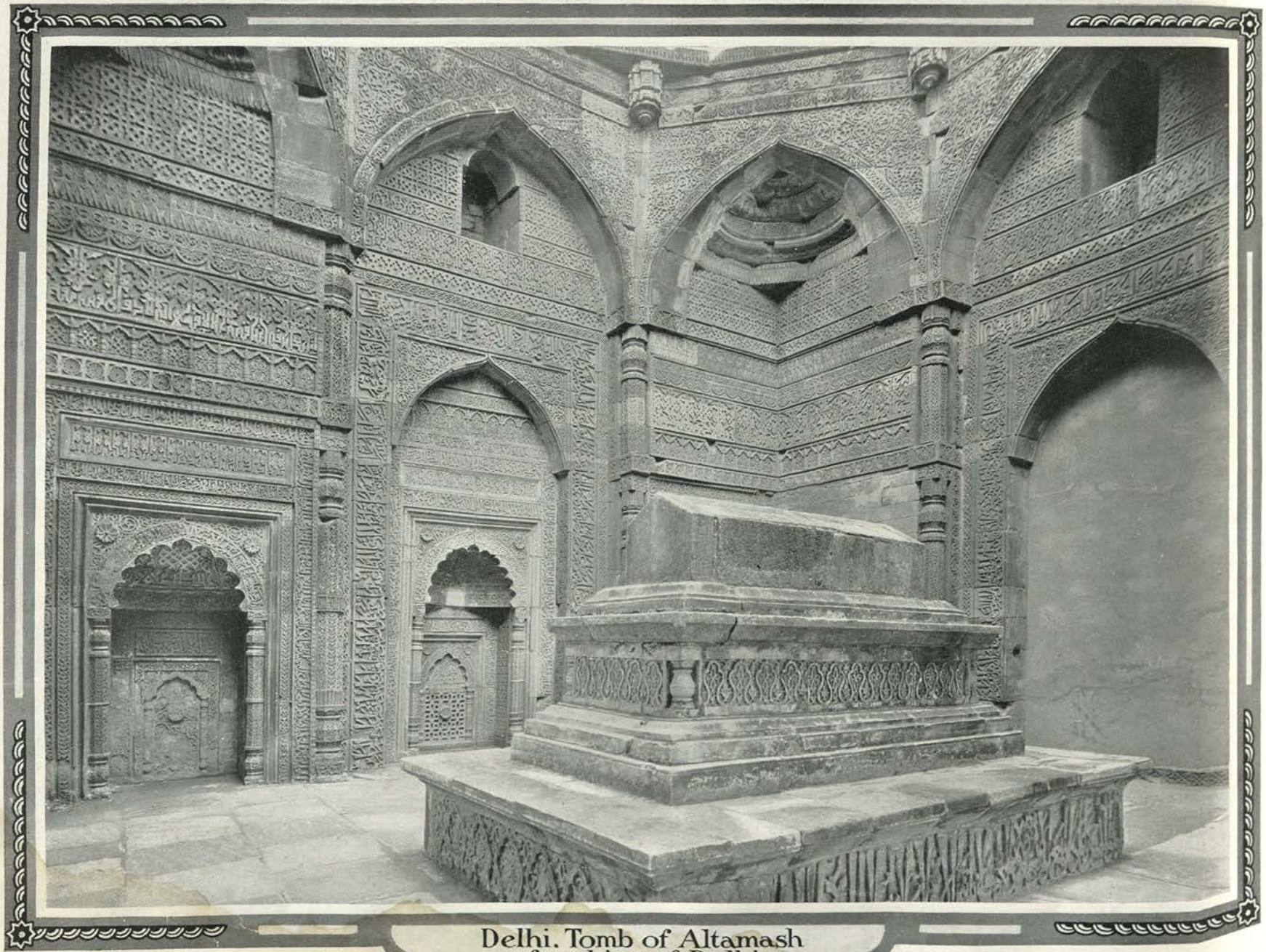
Delhi.
Tomb of Safdar Jung.

Delhi. – General View of
Kutub Mosque and Ruins.–

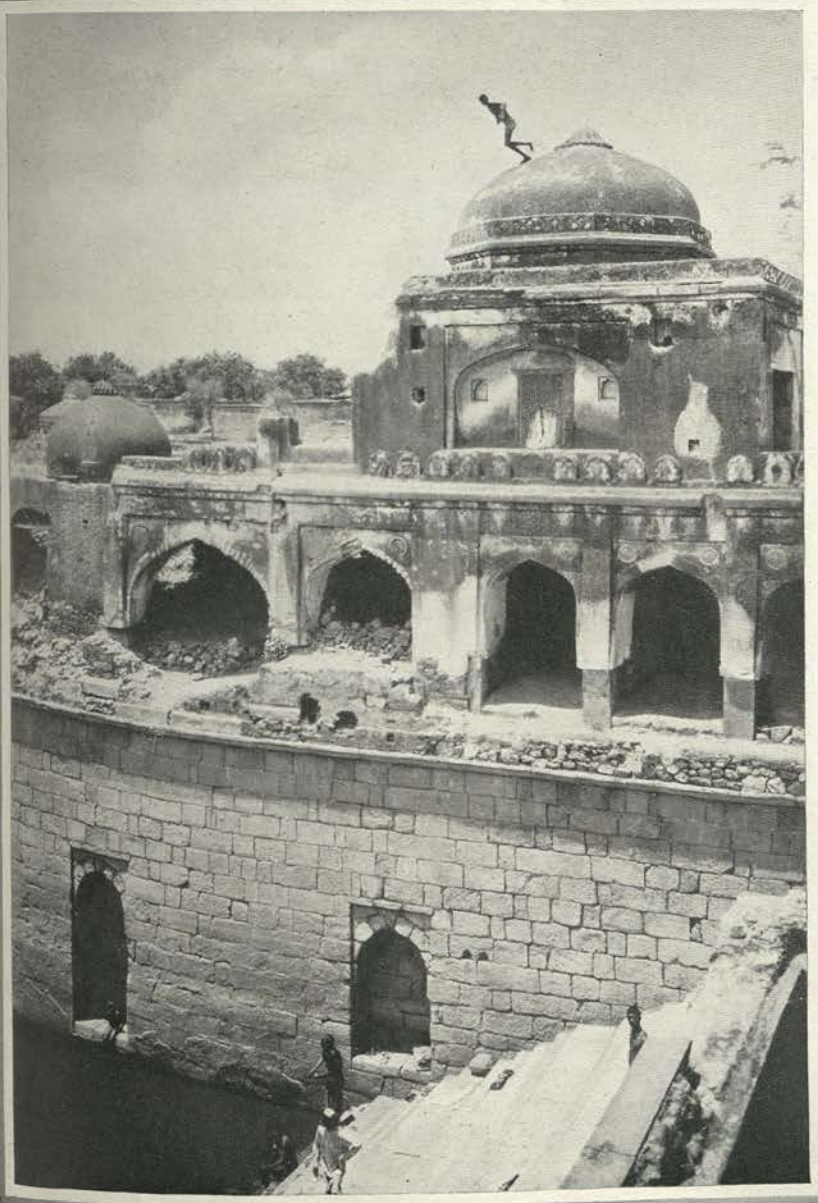


Delhi
Gateway of Ala-ud-Din

Delhi. Corridor of Hindu Pillars
in Kutub Mosque.



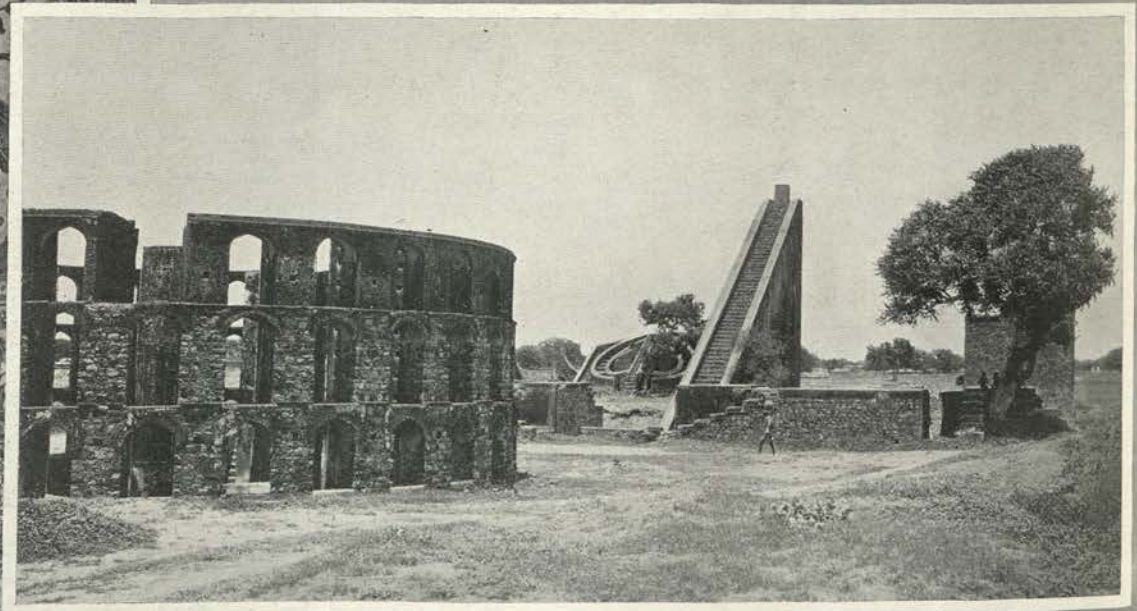
Delhi. Tomb of Altamash
first king of Delhi.



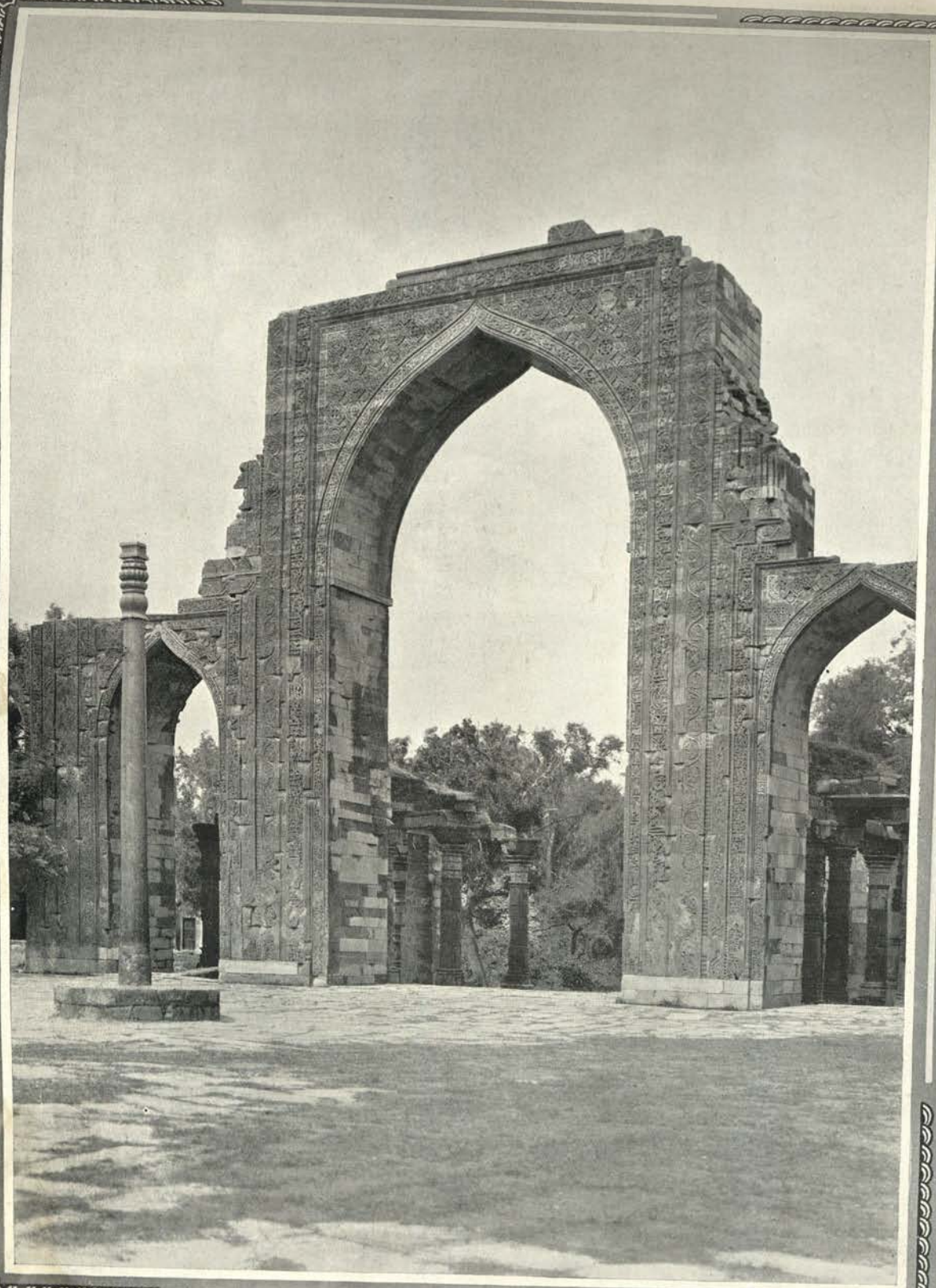
Delhi.
A Perilous Dive.

A Mutiny Relic
The Cross from Delhi Church

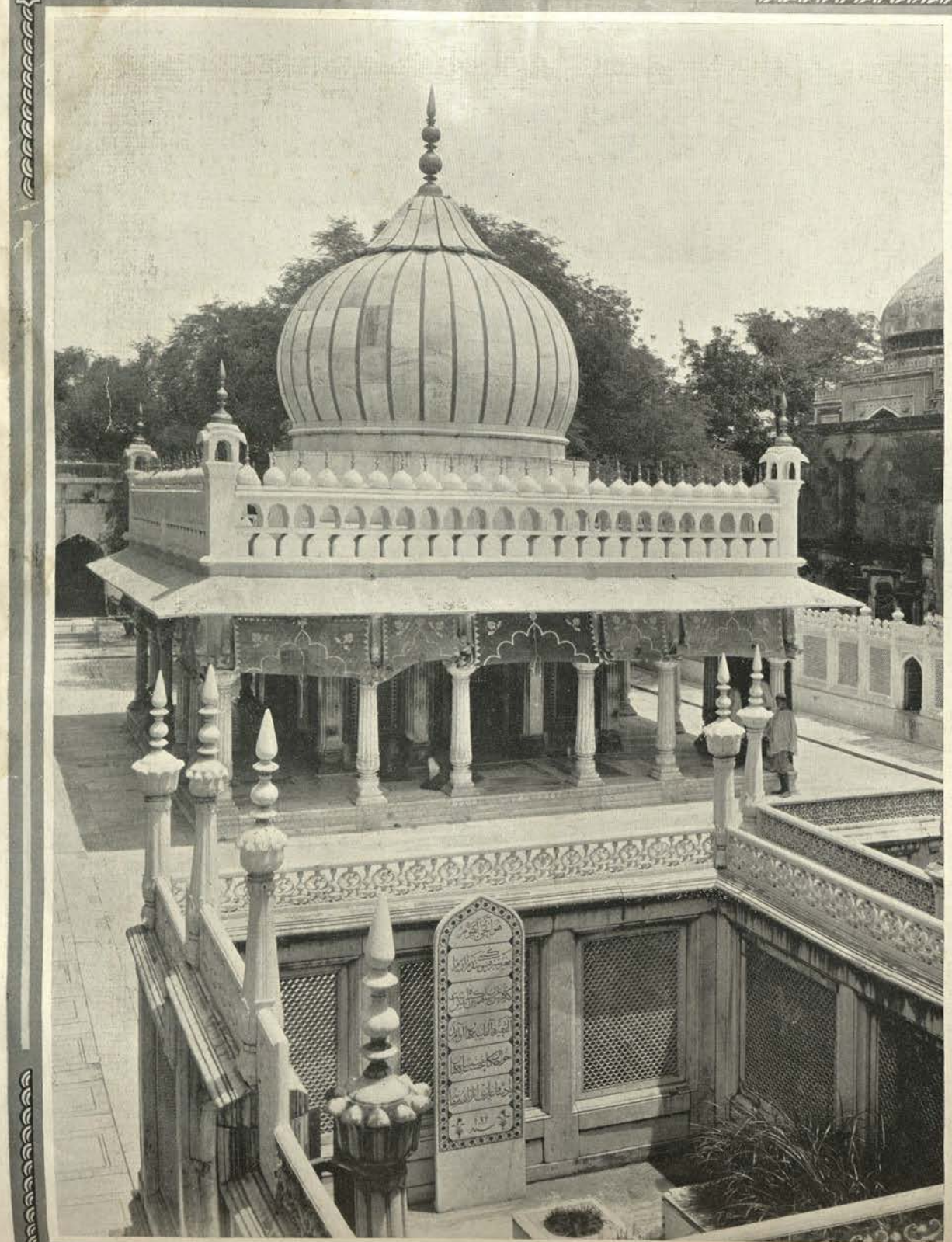
Delhi. The Scales of Justice
(Carved Marble Screen through
which petitions were received.)



Observatory of Jai Singh



Delhi.
Gate of the Kutub Mosque.



Delhi. – Tombs of
Nizam-ud-Din & Princess Jahanara.

VIEWS

OF

CALCUTTA & DARJEELING.

PRICE ONE RUPEE.

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BOMBAY.

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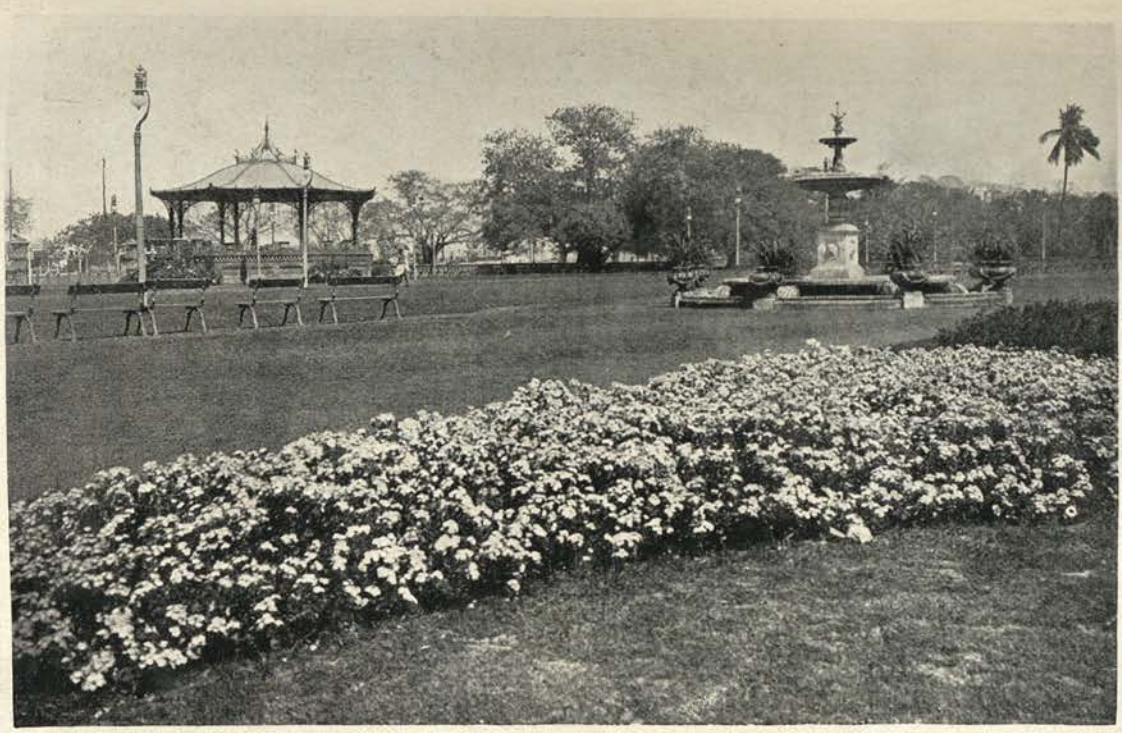
The High Court, Calcutta.

Built after the model of the Town Hall at Ypres. A fine example of the Public Buildings in Calcutta.

The Burmese Pagoda in the Eden Gardens.

Brought from Prome, Burma, in 1856. Near the Pagoda is the Bandstand, which is the fashionable rendezvous in the cool of the evening.

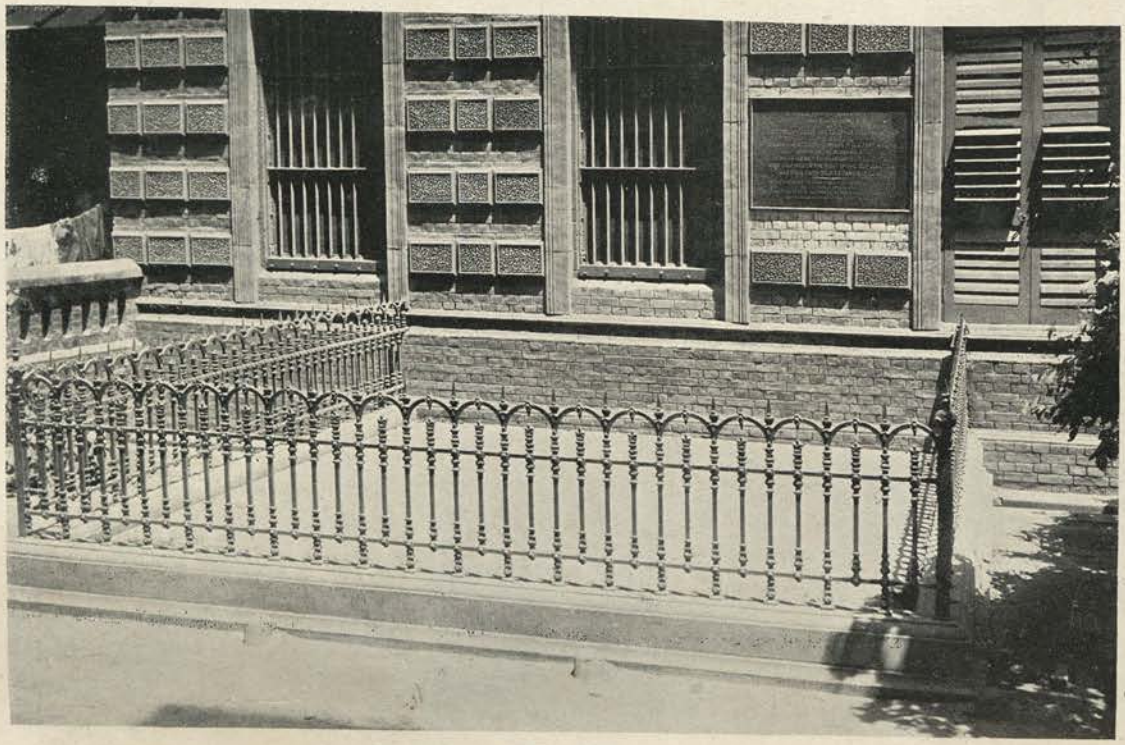


Bandstand, Eden Gardens.

Juggennath Bathing Ghat.

On the east side of the Hoogly River adjoining the Hoogly Bridge.

The General Post Office.
The Black Hole is situated in the G. P. O. Building.



Scene of the Black Hole.
The size of the Black Hole was 22 ft. × 14 ft. and its probable height 16 to 18 ft. One hundred and forty-six human beings were forced into it on the night of June 20, 1756, by Suraj-ud-daulah, Nawab of Murshidabad ; twenty-three only survived next morning.

Holwell Monument and Writers Buildings.

This Monument was erected by Mr. J. L. Holwell, the principal survivor of the Black Hole tragedy.

The Imperial Library.

Shipping on the Hoogly from Howrah Bridge.

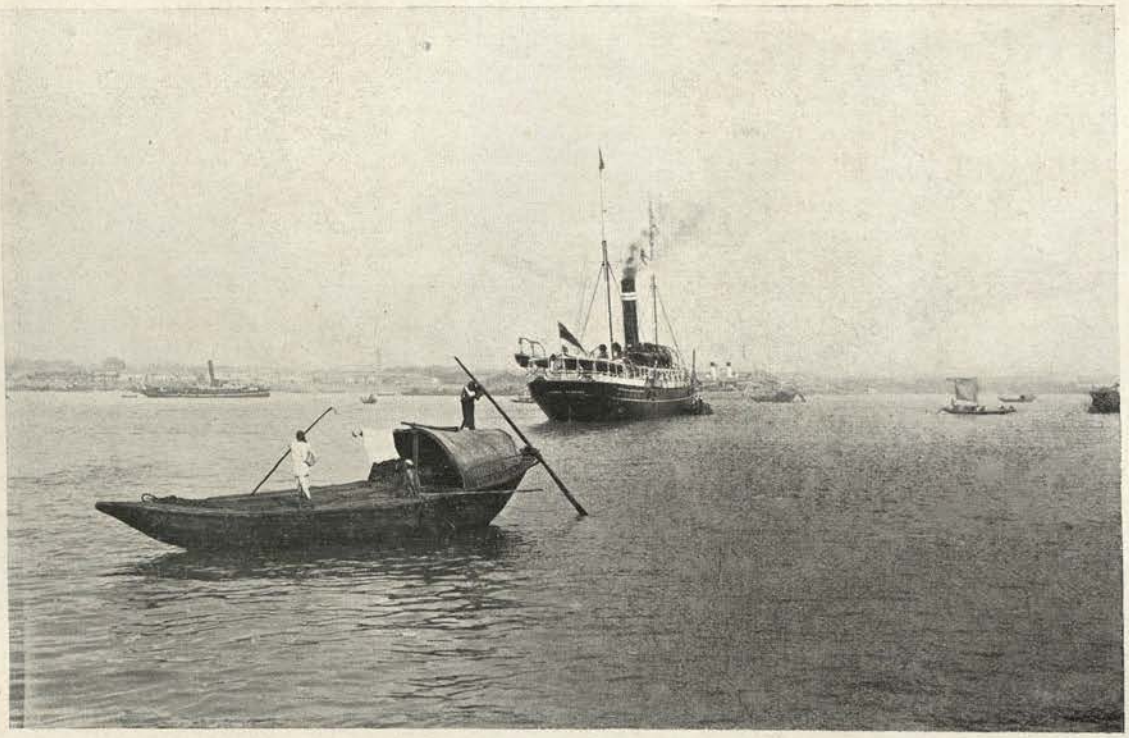
The Hoogly is a most difficult and dangerous river for navigators owing to its constantly shifting shoals. A curious phenomenon of the rising tide is the bore which sometimes attains a height of seven feet.

Howrah Bridge.

Connecting Calcutta with Howrah. The only bridge spanning the Hoogly. This is a pontoon bridge and is continually undergoing repair. The traffic across is enormous.

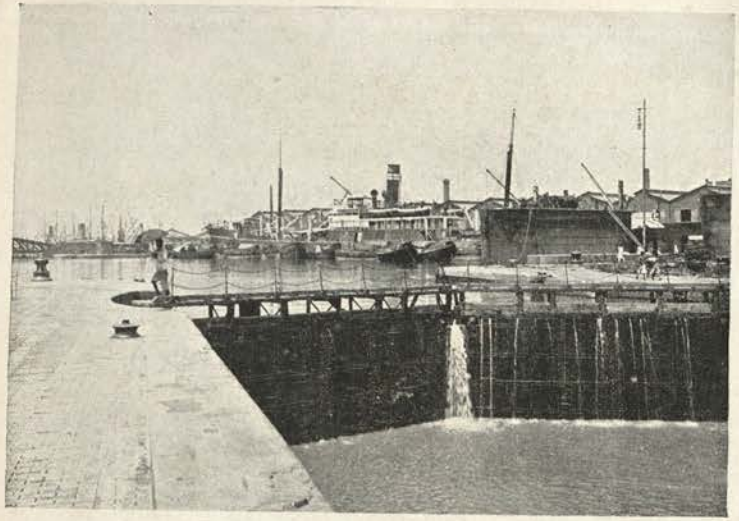
Howrah Bridge.

Another view of the Bridge showing Pontoons.

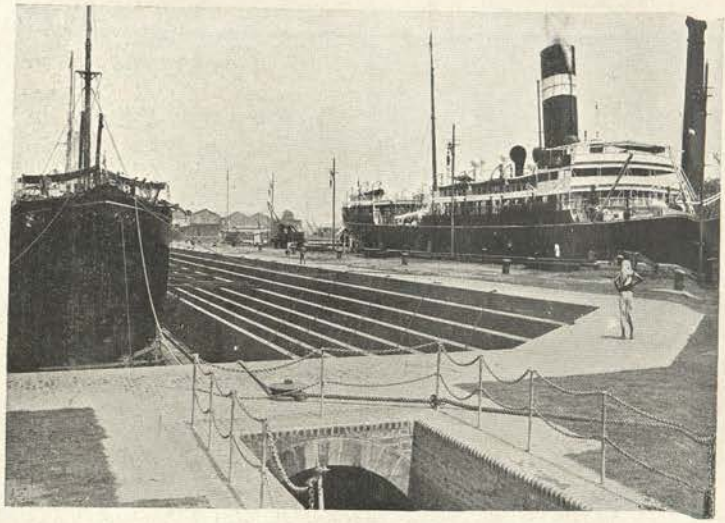


On the Hoogly.
The scene of Calcutta's commercial activity

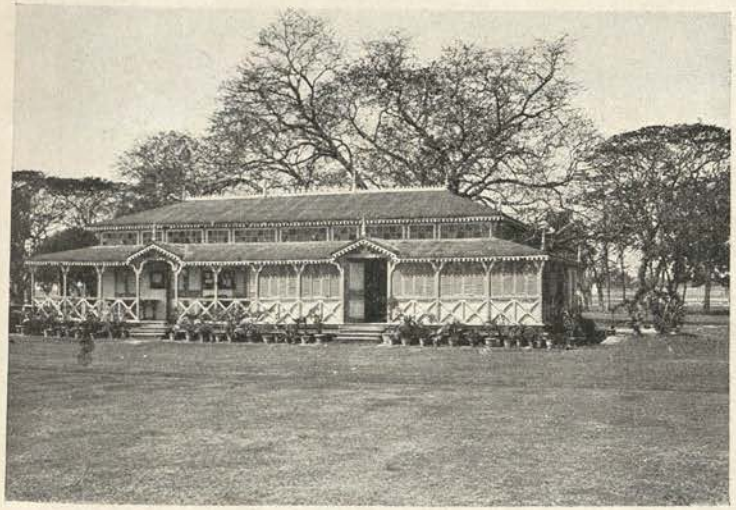
Kidderpore Docks.



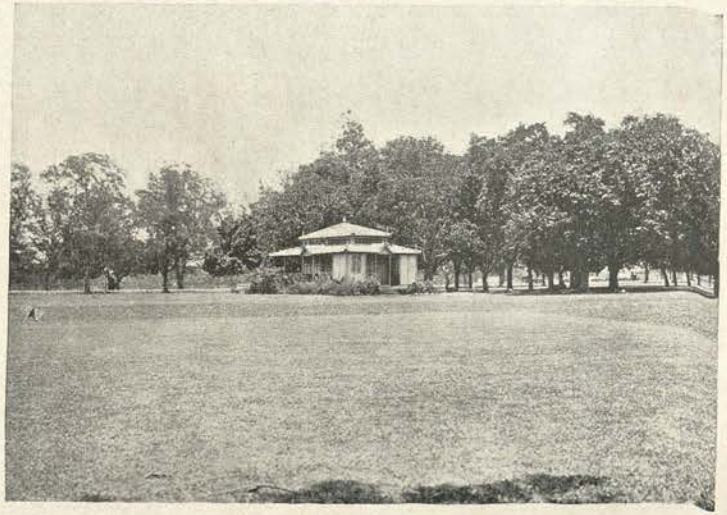
Kidderpore Docks.



Kidderpore Dry Dock.



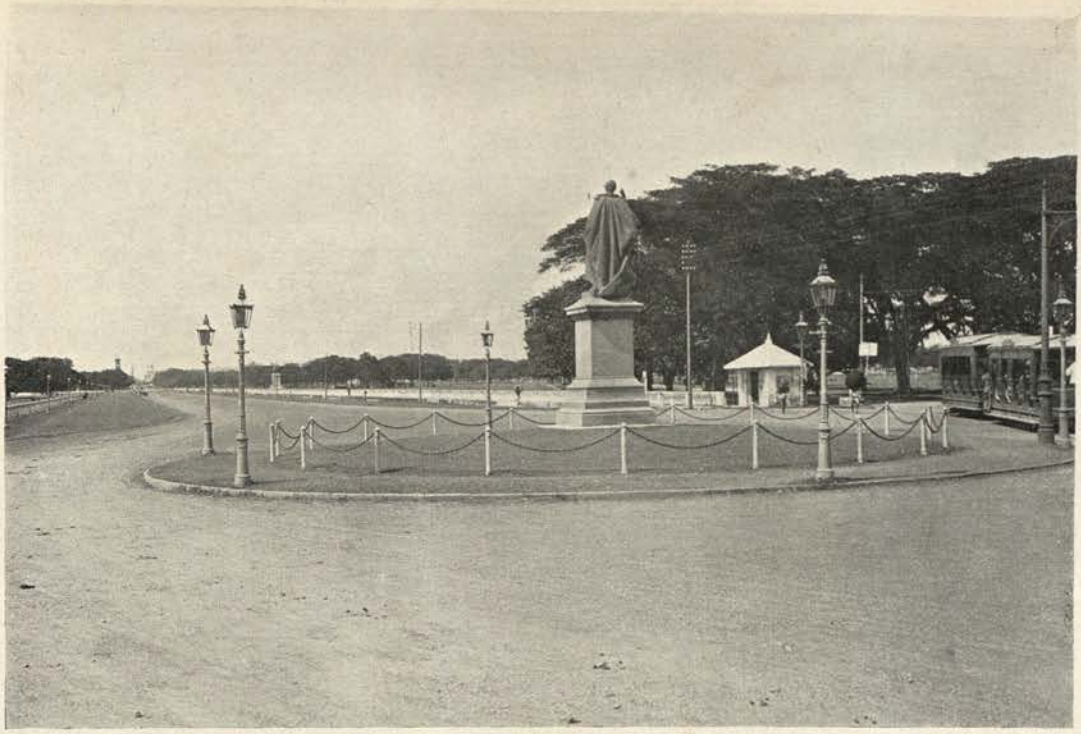
The Golf Club House.
Forms a pretty spot on the Maidan.



Ladies' Golf Club House.
A pretty corner of the Maidan.

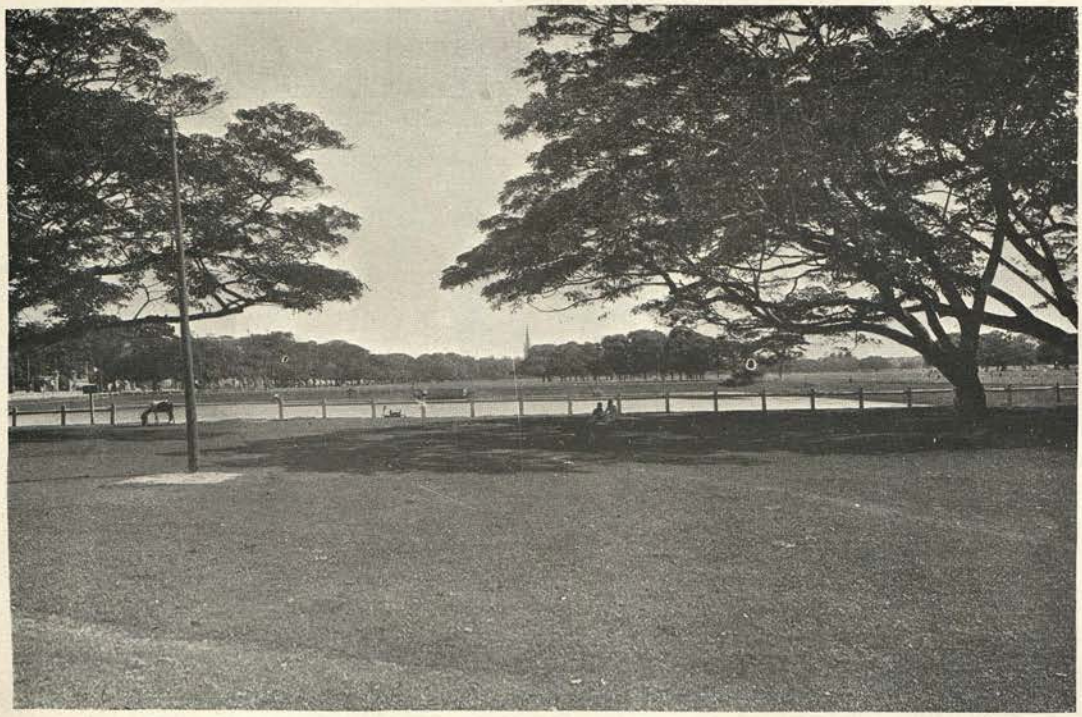
St. Paul's Cathedral, Chowringhee.

An imposing edifice in Hindu Gothic style. The Cathedral contains a number of interesting memorial tablets.



The Red Road.

The favourite drive through the Maidan to the Eden Gardens.



The Maidan.

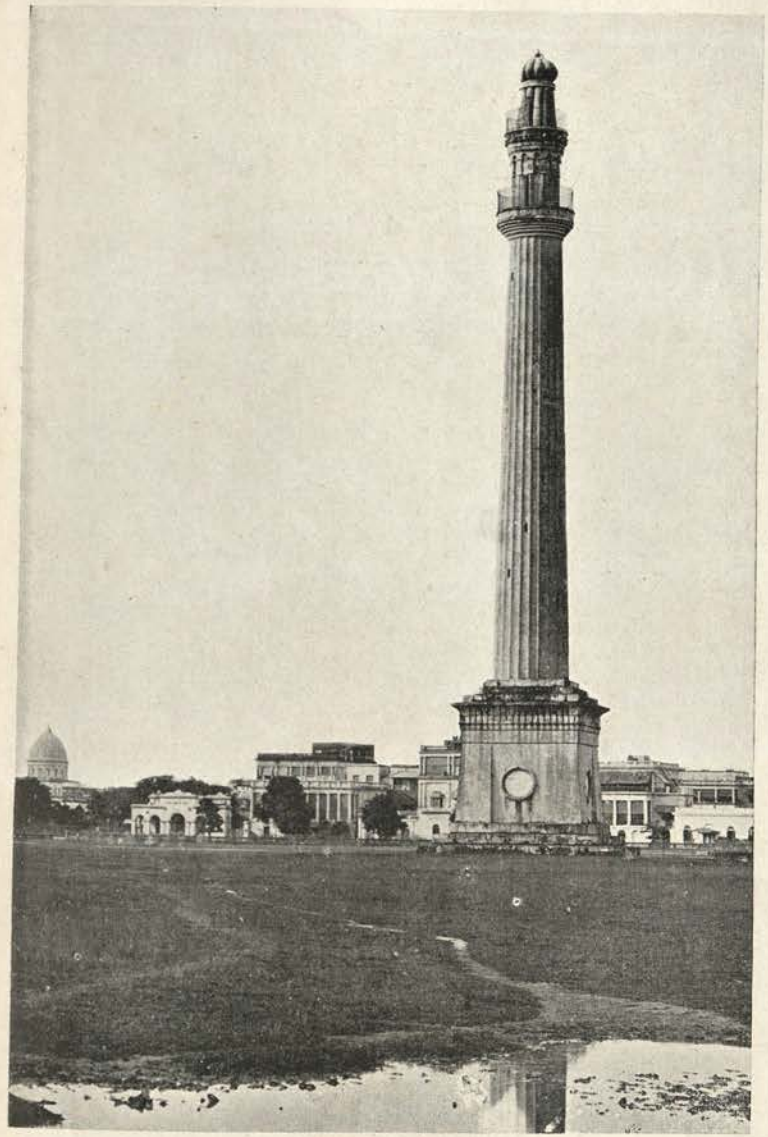
The Maidan is bounded on the west by the Hoogly and the east by Chowringhee. It is nearly 2 miles long and 1¼ miles broad.

The Museum, Chowringhee.

Contains a fine collection of Fossils and Minerals, a Geological Gallery, Gallery of Antiquities and Library.

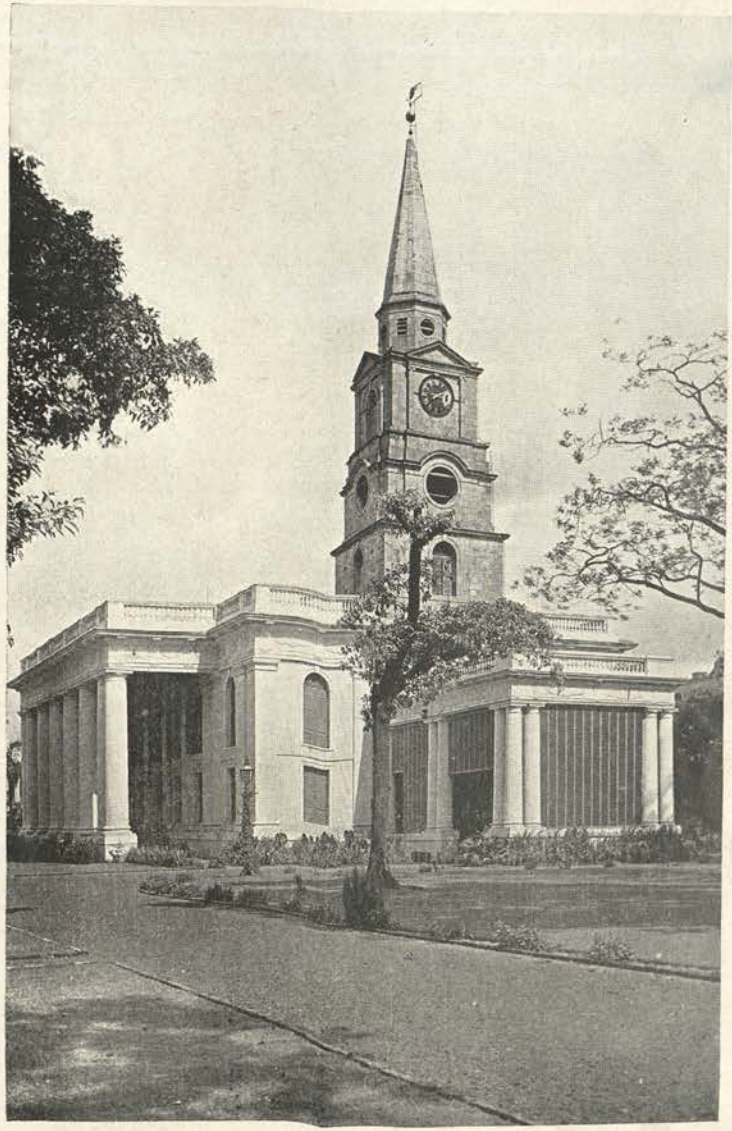
Chowringhee looking south.

A fine example of Calcutta's modern broad streets.



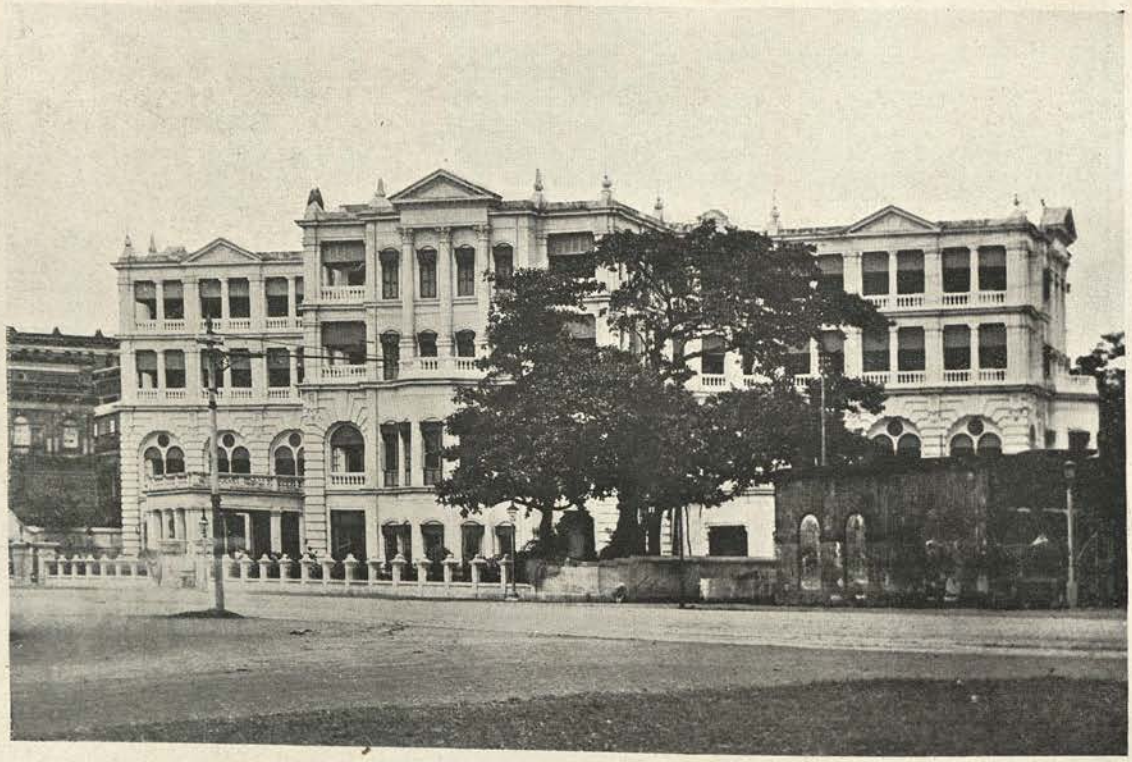
The Ochterloney Monument, with Government House in the distance.

This column, 165 ft. high, was raised in 1823 in honour of Sir David Ochterloney who brought the Nepal War to a successful conclusion.



St. John's Church.

The old Cathedral Church of Calcutta. Started in 1783 and opened in 1787.

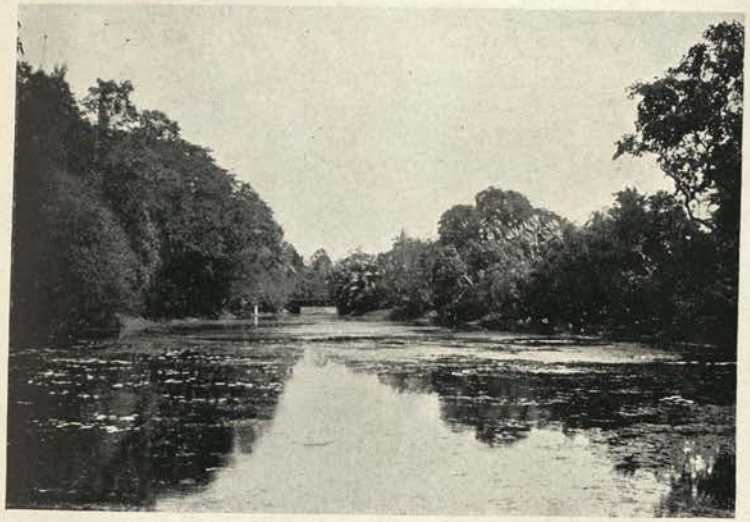


Bengal United Service Club.

Said to be the handsomest and best appointed Club House in the East. Founded in 1845.

The Banyan Tree, Botanical Gardens.

Covers ground of nearly 1,000 ft. in circumference and has about 250 aerial roots.



Lake in the Botanical Gardens.
The Botanical Gardens are on the west bank of the River opposite Garden Reach.

Lake in the Botanical Gardens.
One of the beauty spots of Calcutta.

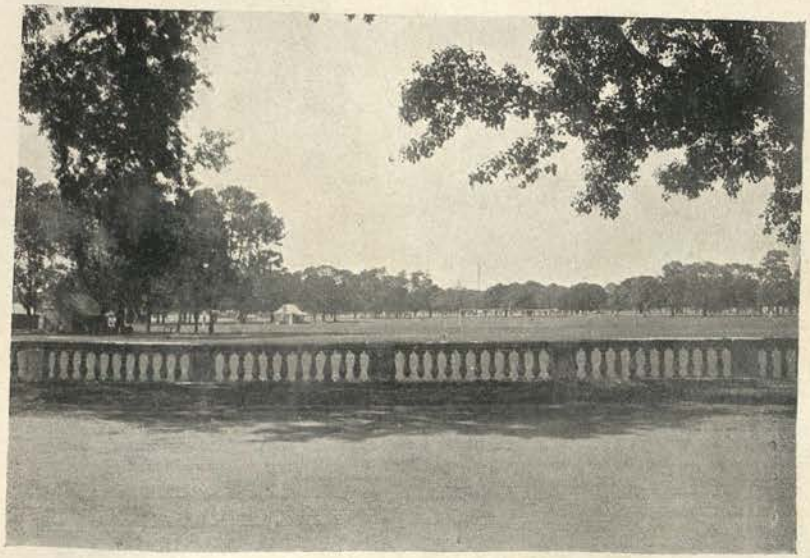
Palm Avenue, Botanical Gardens.
An unrivalled Avenue for beauty and growth.

Under the Banyan Tree, Botanical Gardens.

The Jain Temple.

The Jain Temple is in the garden known by the name of Badri Das. The Temple and Gardens form one of the prettiest spots in Calcutta.

Sir John Woodburn, Dalhousie Square.
The last public Statue erected in Calcutta.



A Corner of the Maidan.
The play ground of Calcutta.

Shan Bazar.

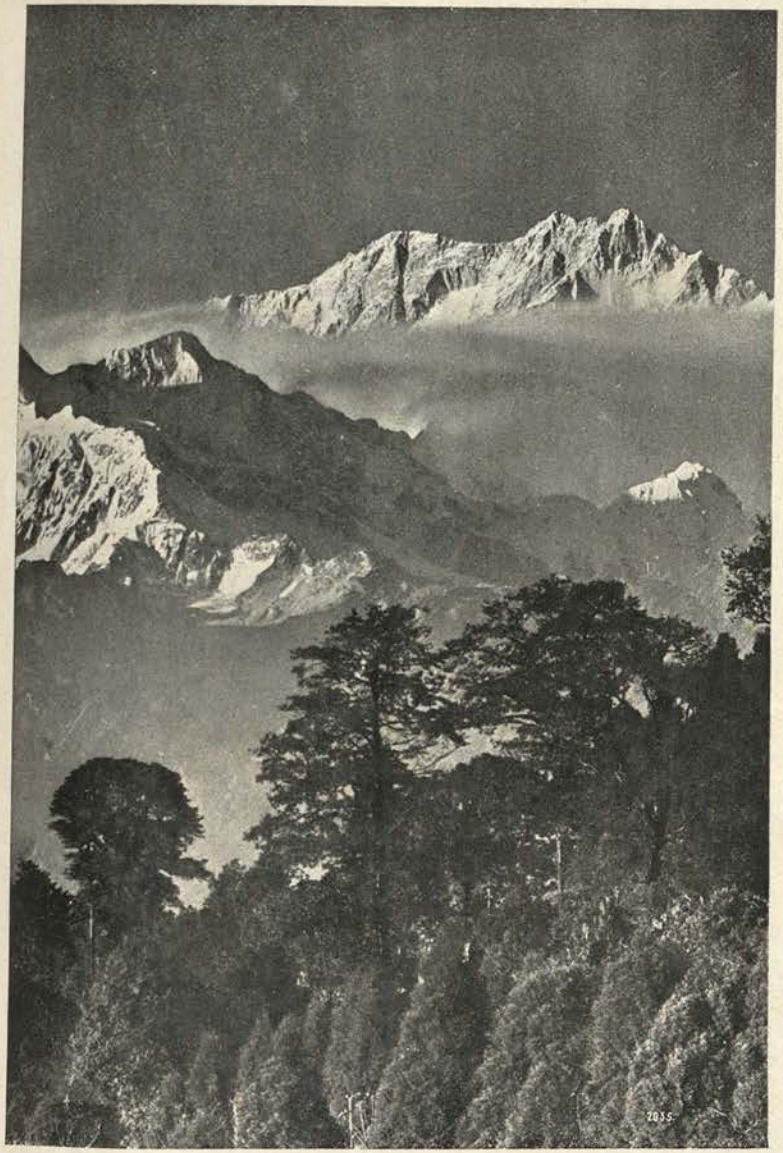
Sir Stuart Hogg Market.
The Shopping Centre.

Clive Street.
A Street of imposing Office premises.

General Views of Darjeeling from Jalapahar.

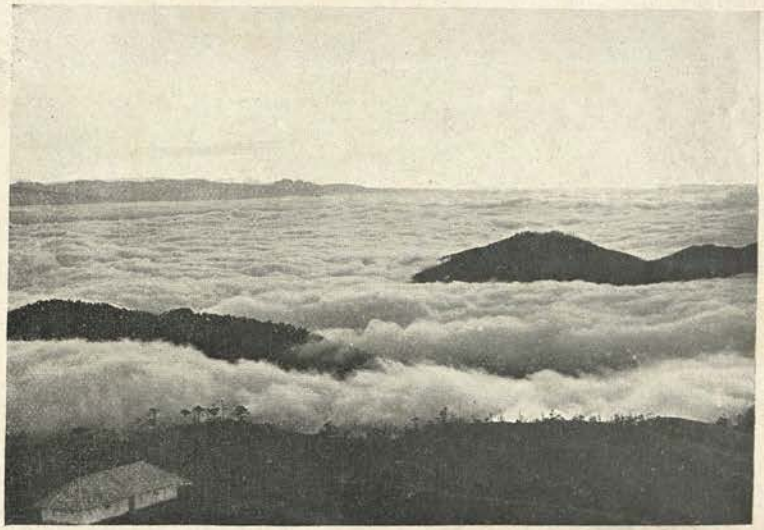
Darjeeling from above St. Paul's School.

Morning on Jannu from Sandakphu.



Sunset on Kinchenjunga.

The Kinchenjunga Range from Sandakphu.

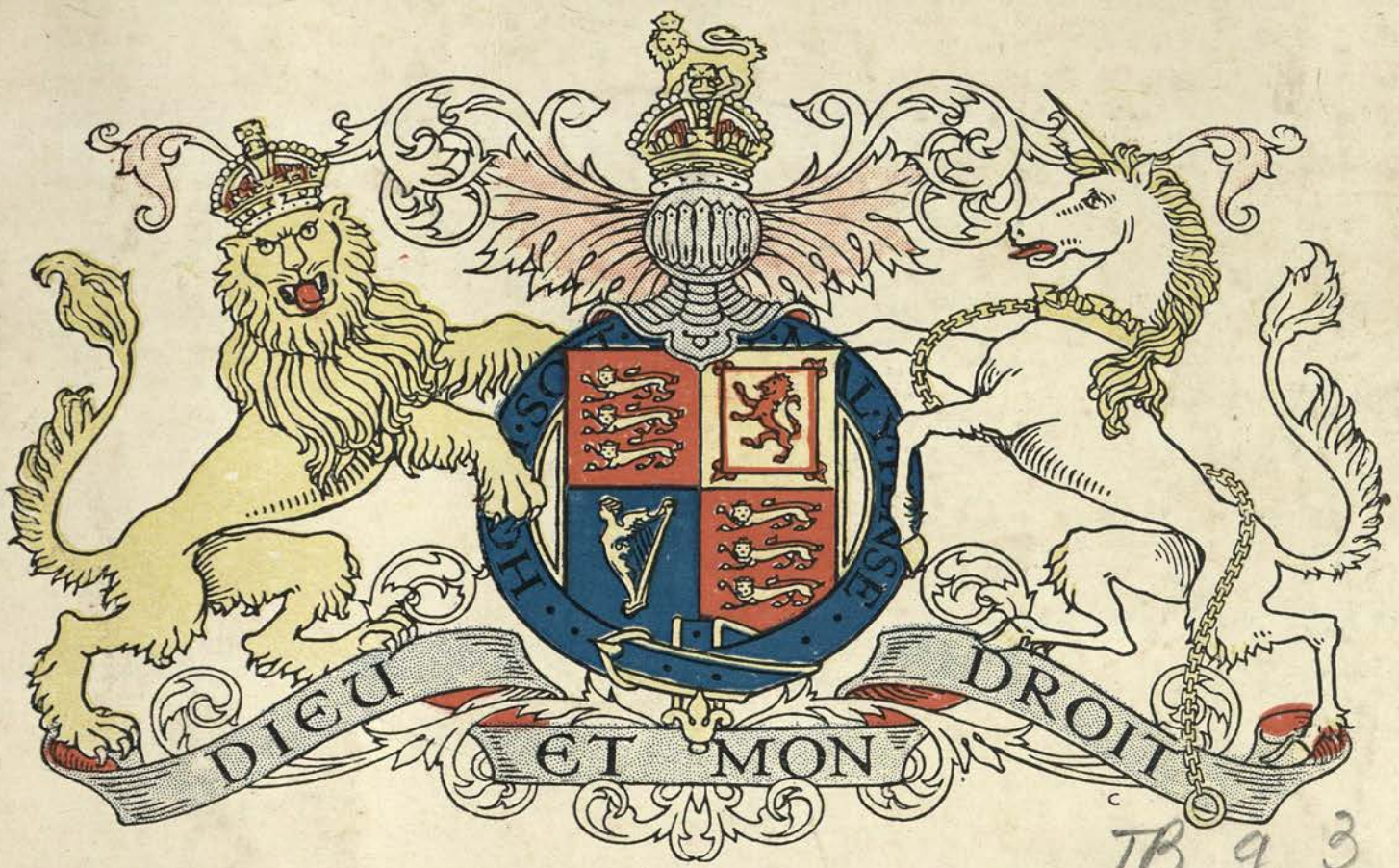


Cloud effect from Philut, Darjeeling.

The Single Loop.
Darjeeling Hill Railway.

Reversing Station.
Darjeeling Hill Railway.

DURBAR SOUVENIR, 1911-12.



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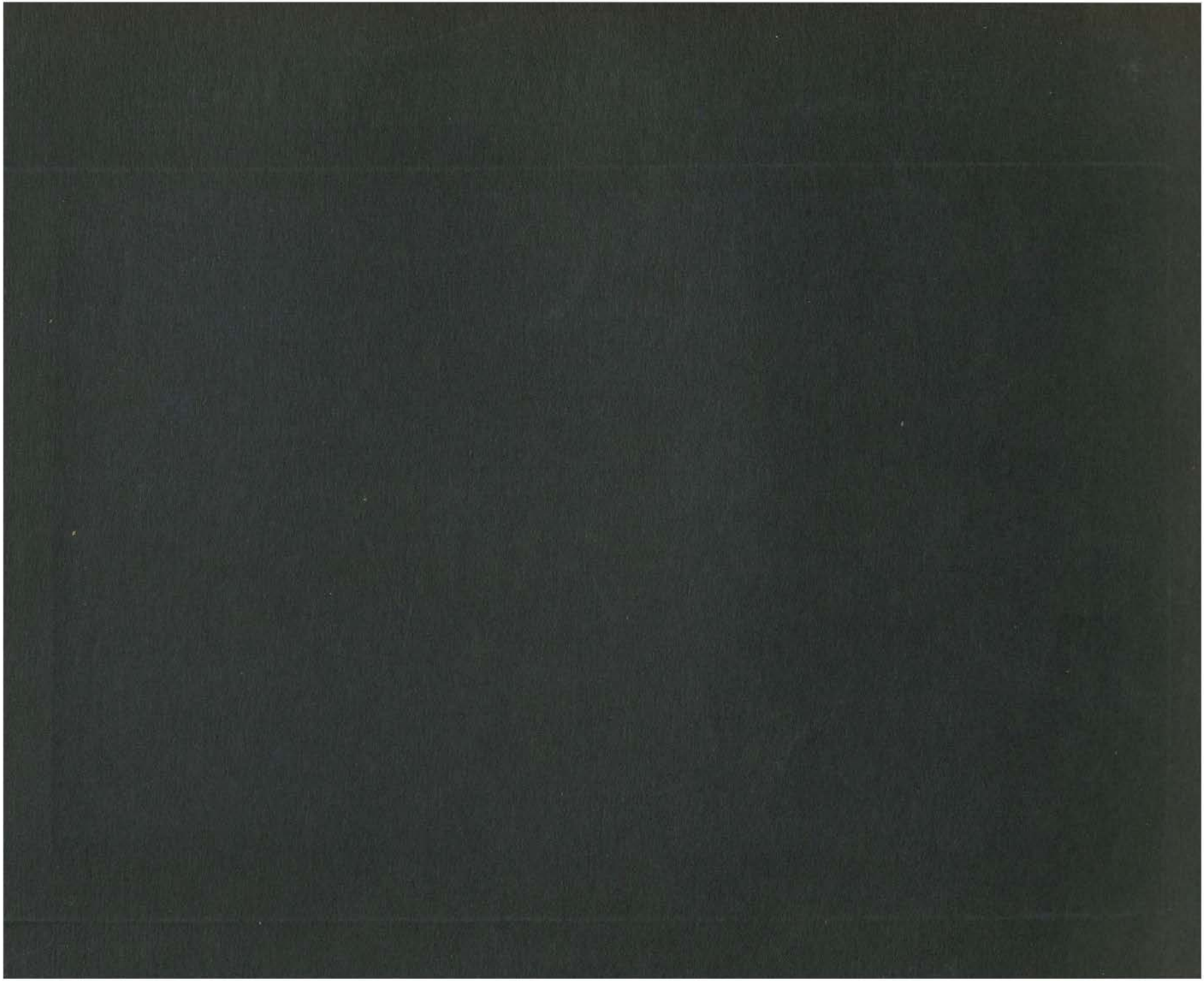

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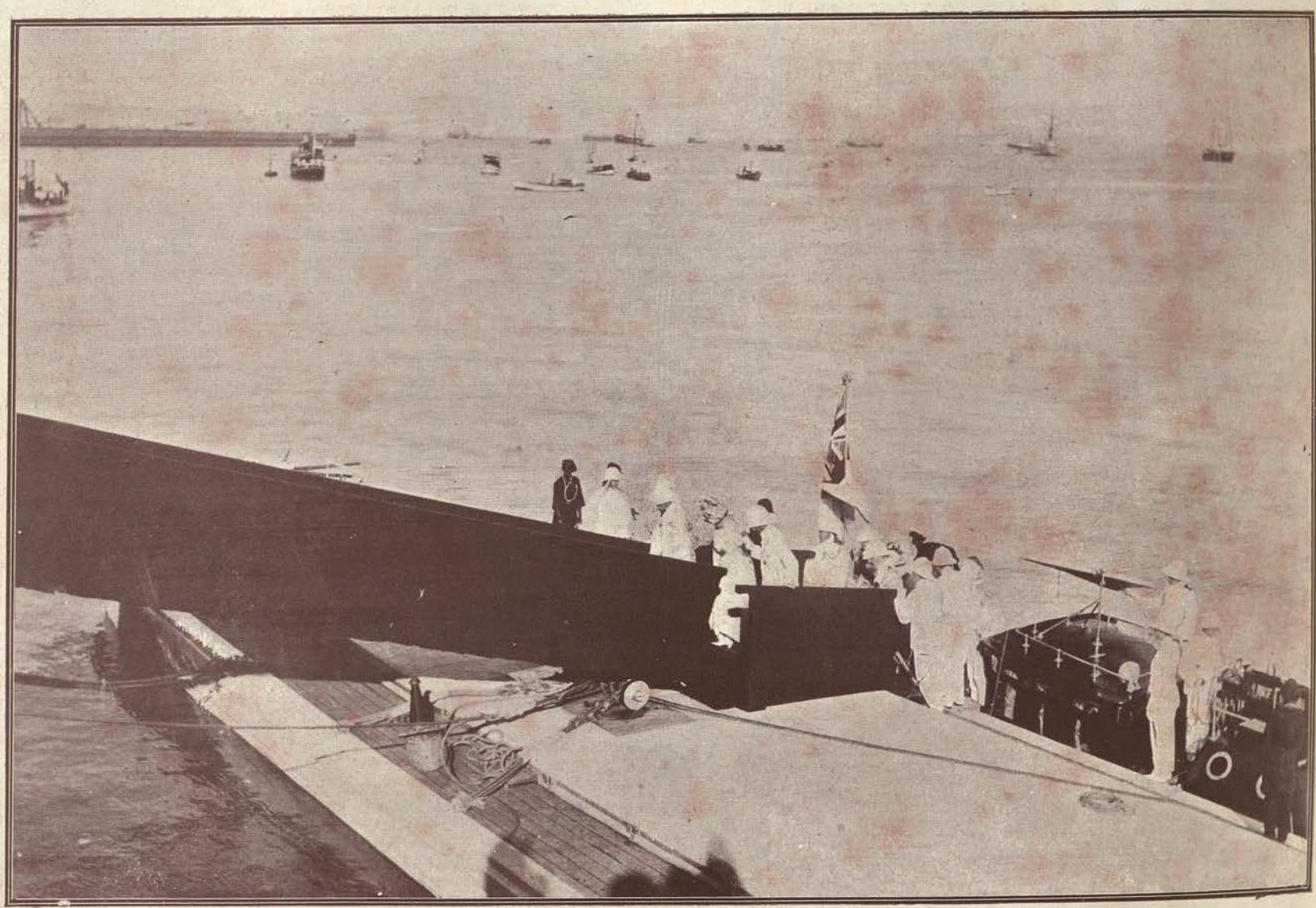
HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

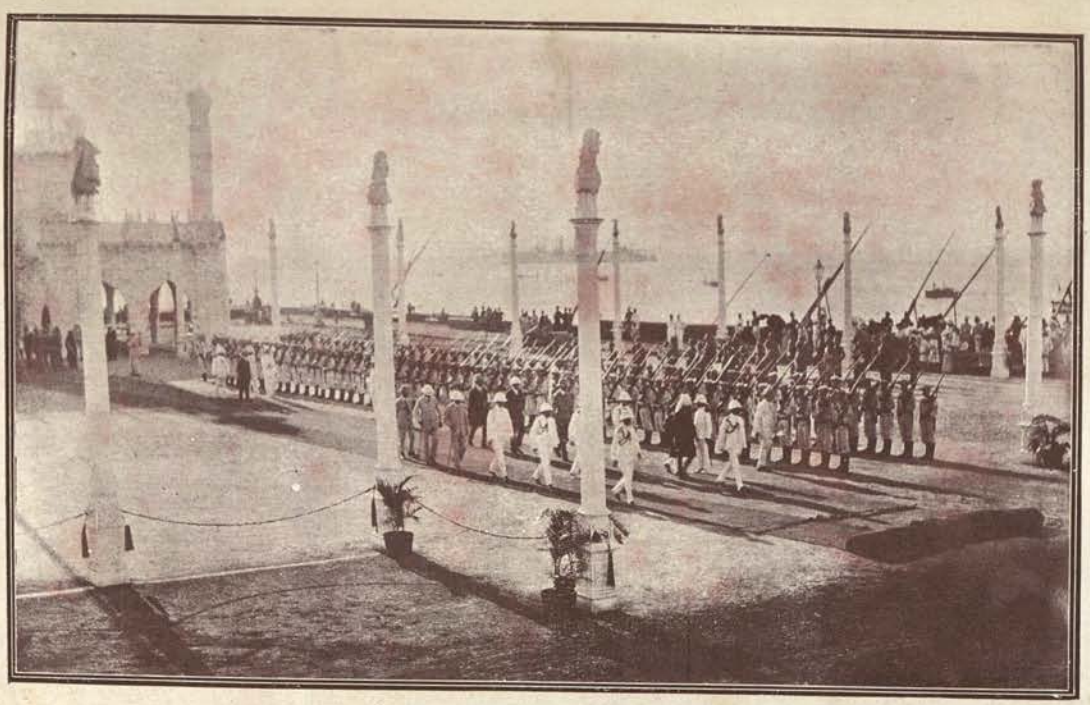
[Messrs. Bassano, Ltd, Royal Photographers, London.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN MARY.

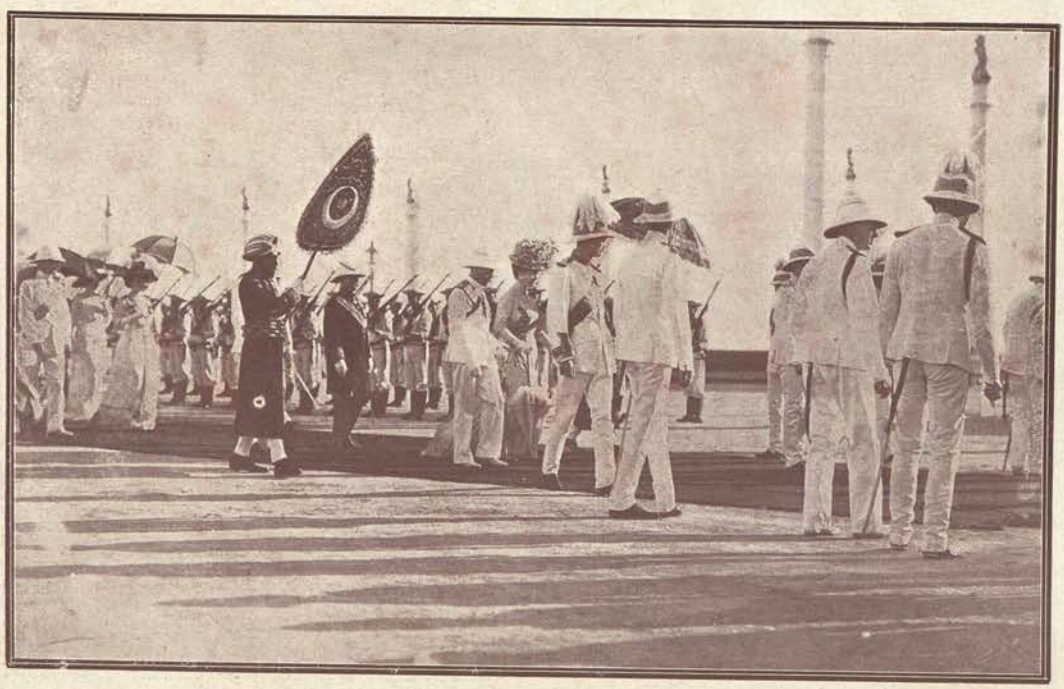
IB a 2



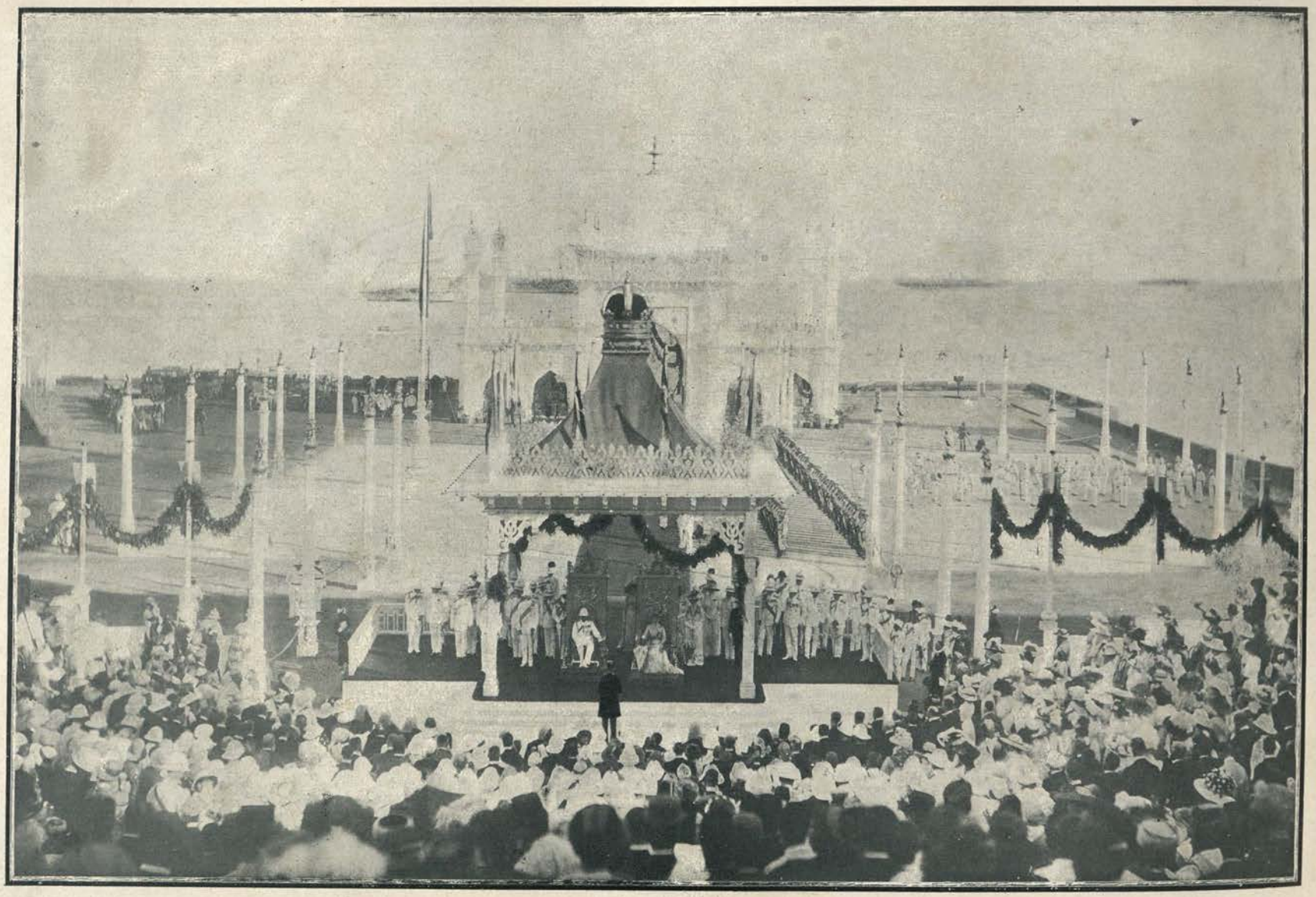
THEIR MAJESTIES LANDING IN BOMBAY.



H. M. THE KING INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR, APOLLO BUNDER.

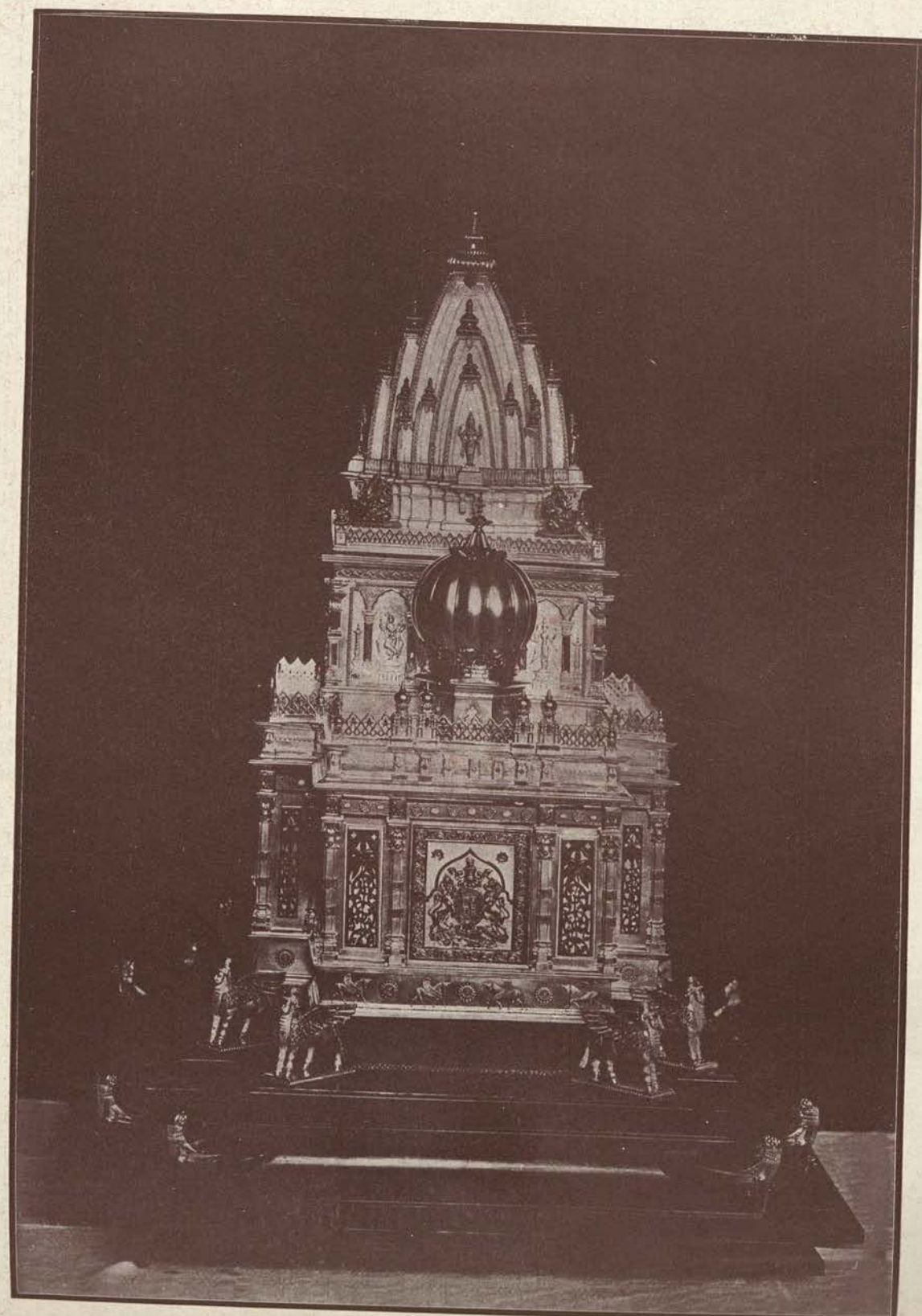


THEIR MAJESTIES PROCEEDING TO THE DAÏS TO RECEIVE THE BOMBAY MUNICIPAL ADDRESS.



THEIR MAJESTIES RECEIVING THE ADDRESS.

H. M. THE KING REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS.



THE CASKET CONTAINING THE BOMBAY ADDRESS.

To

His Most Excellent and Imperial Majesty

King George the Fifth

King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain

and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas,

Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India,

and

To

The Queen Empress.

May it please Your Imperial Majesties,

We the President and Members of the Municipal Corporation of the City of Bombay, most loyal, in the name and on behalf of all the inhabitants, to approach Your Imperial Majesties on Your leaving the shores of India with an expression of our deep-rooted loyalty and of our profound and unchanging attachment.

We never have more appreciated the happiness and security of British rule in India and Your Empire are aware of Your Majesties' solicitude for the welfare of Your Indian subjects, as evidenced by Your Majesties' visit to India. Your reference to the Royal Utterance of Your Empire-father in the Durbar Hall, and Your Majesties' gracious announcement that the Crown of the great Mogul has been placed on the Emperor's head by Royal hands, and Your Majesties' declaration that the Crown is the centre of loyalty and the source of power and privilege, will long adorn the annals of India and will be long remembered with gratitude by Your Majesties' loyal subjects in this country.

On account of the visit of Your Majesties to India, the City of Bombay has been favoured with the honour of being the first to welcome Your Majesties on Your arrival in India. We are proud to think that the high honour conferred on the City has not been misplaced, and that Your Majesties have had an opportunity of seeing for Yourselves the progress which has been made in the City during the last forty years, and of witnessing the loyalty and devotion to the Throne which the people of this City have always displayed. We are also glad to think that Your Majesties have had an opportunity of seeing for Yourselves the many institutions which have been established in the City for the benefit of the people, and which have been largely assisted by the munificence of the citizens of Bombay.

We are proud to think that since Your visit a steady progress has been made in the direction of making the City of Bombay a Commercial and Industrial centre, but not only a commercial centre, but also a centre which has been improved artistically, where the comforts and convenience of the people have been studied, and where the natural advantages of the City have been developed to the best advantage.

We remember with joy that Your Majesties are no strangers to our midst. When You came among us forty years ago, Your Majesties won the hearts of all by Your affability and kindness, and Your Majesties' visit to Bombay as Princes of Wales will long be remembered by the people of this City.

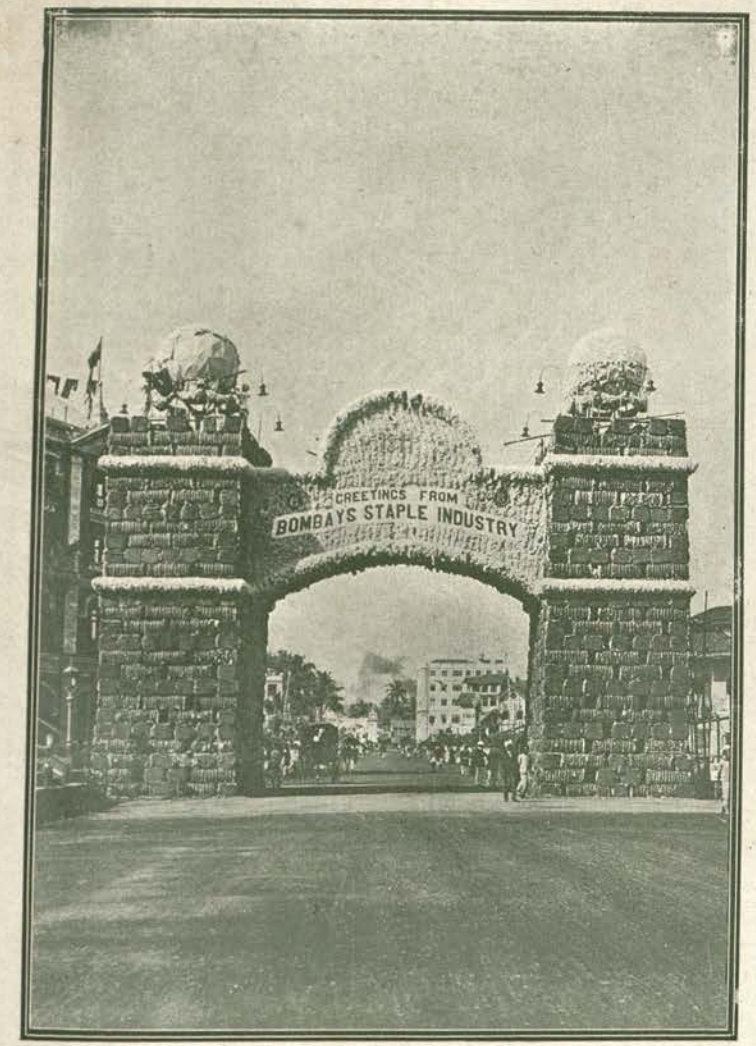
We rejoice to think that since Your visit a steady progress has been made in the direction of making the City of Bombay a Commercial and Industrial centre, but not only a commercial centre, but also a centre which has been improved artistically, where the comforts and convenience of the people have been studied, and where the natural advantages of the City have been developed to the best advantage.

We rejoice to think that Bombay is held in high honour by the Princes of India, and that the Princes of India are held in high honour by the people of Bombay, and that the Princes of India and the people of Bombay are united by the strongest bonds of loyalty and attachment to the Throne and Person of Your Majesties, and we are sure that Your Majesties will be pleased to learn

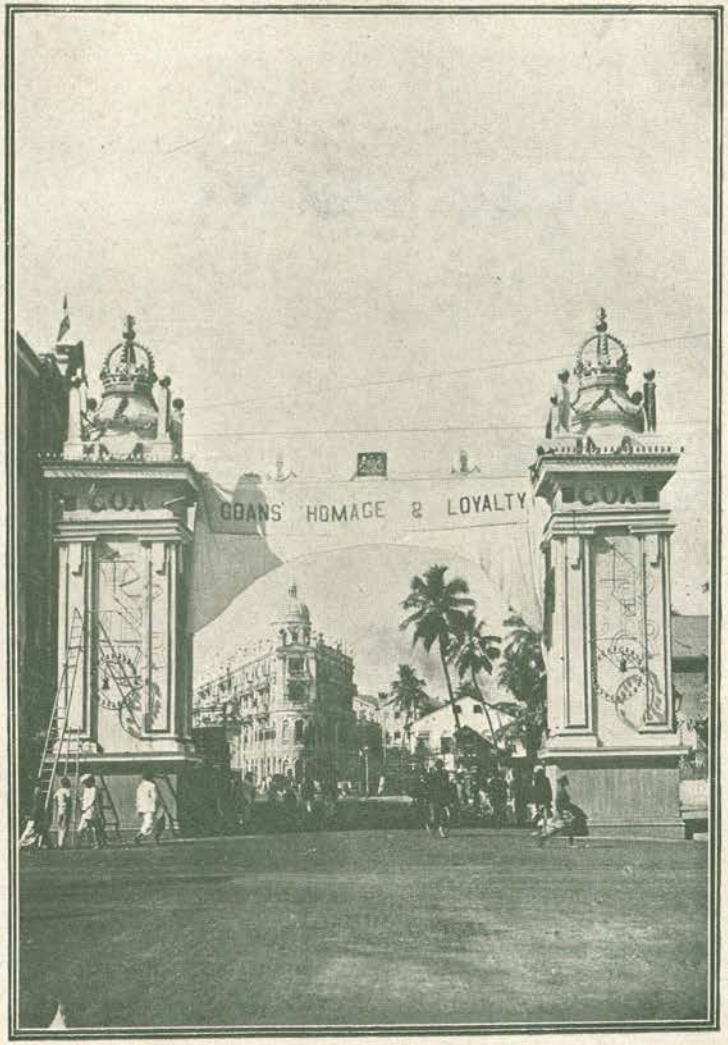
ROYAL PROCESSION THROUGH BOMBAY STREETS : STARTING FROM APOLLO BUNDER.

PASSING NEAR VICTORIA TERMINUS STATION.

UNVEILING THE STATUE OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.



BOMBAY DECORATIONS: THE COTTON ARCH.



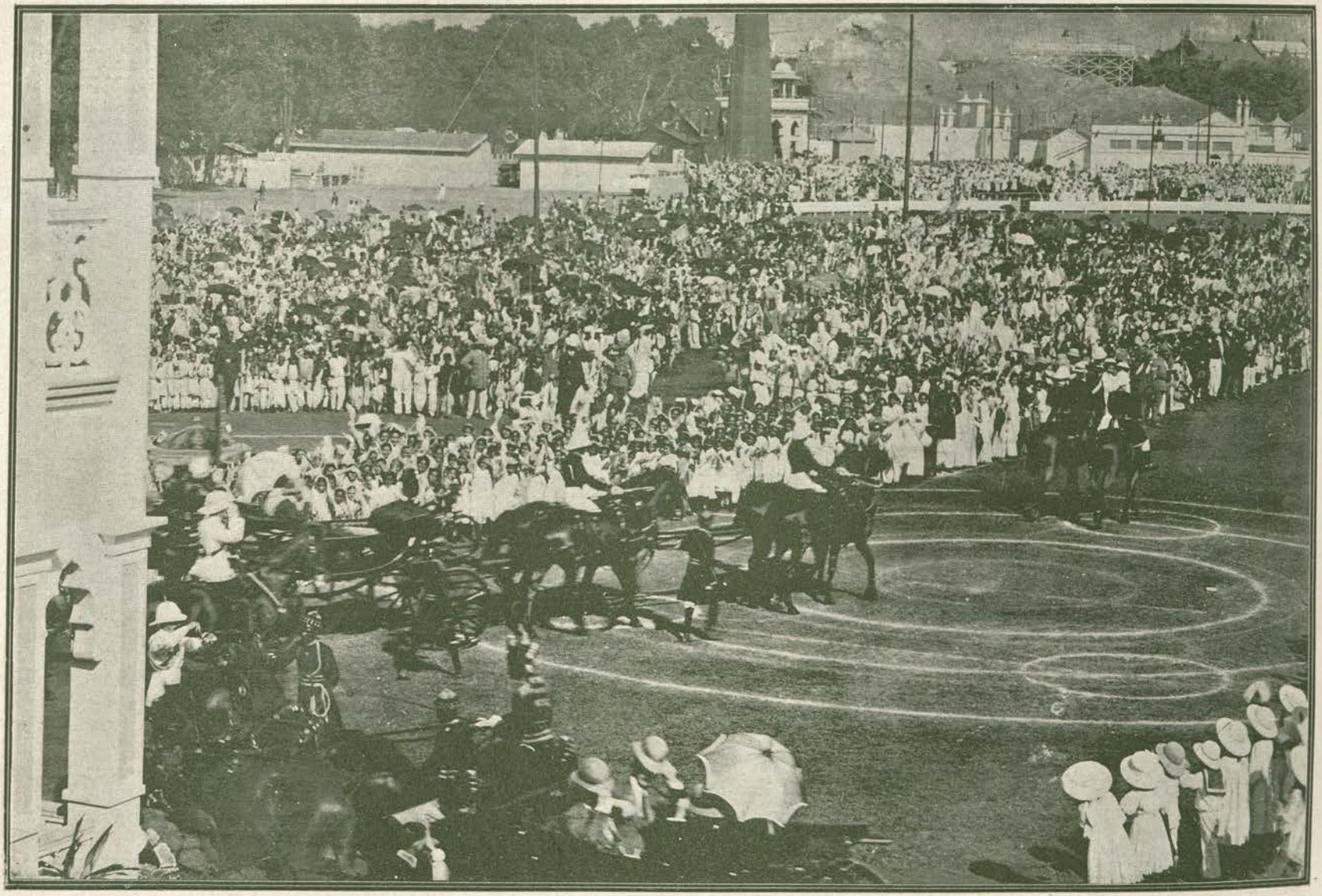
BOMBAY DECORATIONS: THE GOAN ARCH.

THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING.

PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE: THEIR MAJESTIES' DEPARTURE.

THEIR MAJESTIES' DRIVE FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

BOMBAY BY NIGHT: THE ILLUMINATION OF GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.



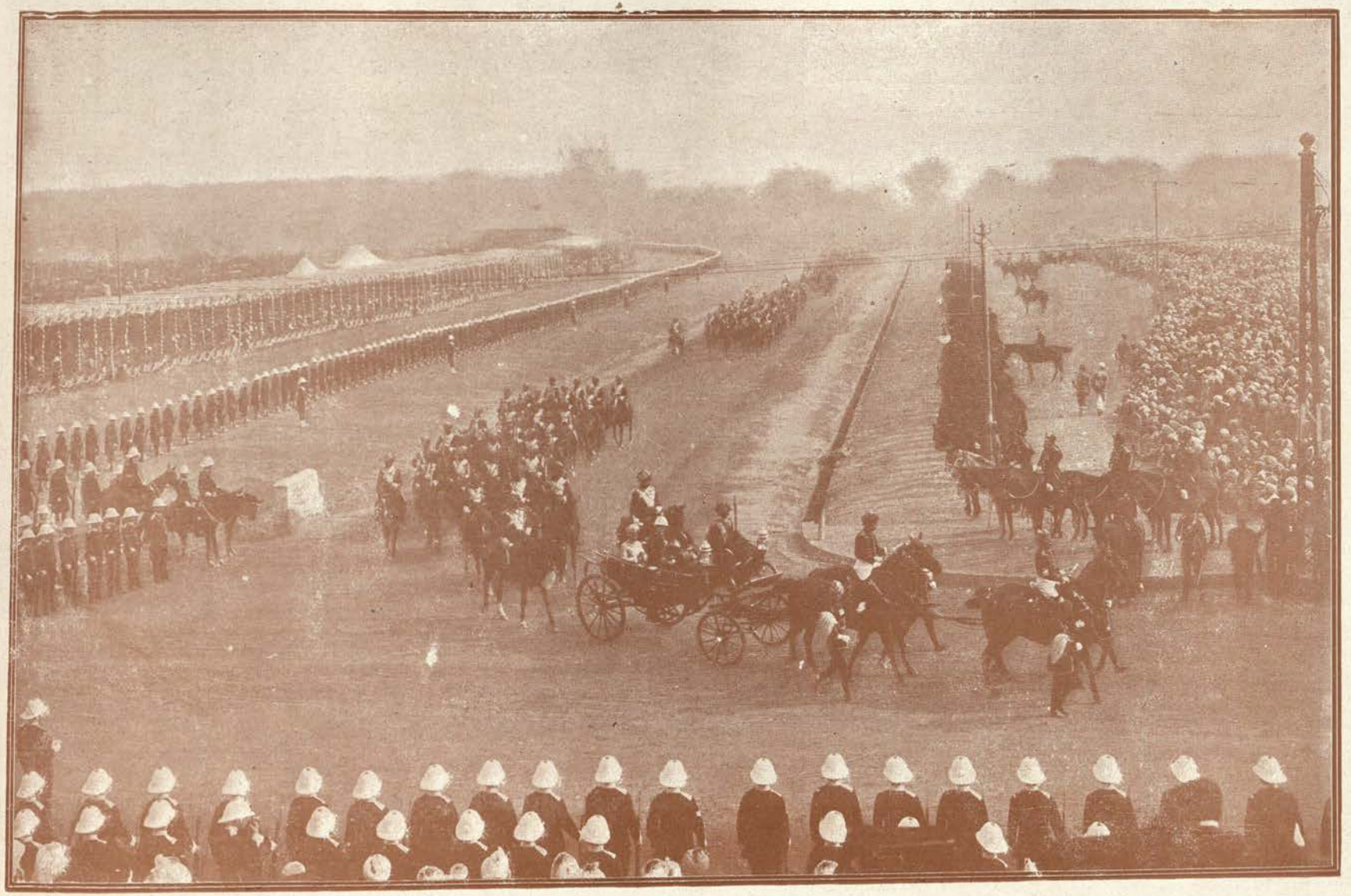
CHILDREN'S FETE AT OLD BOMBAY EXHIBITION: THE DRIVE THROUGH THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

CHILDREN'S FETE AT OLD BOMBAY EXHIBITION : GROUPS OF CHILDREN GREETING THEIR MAJESTIES.

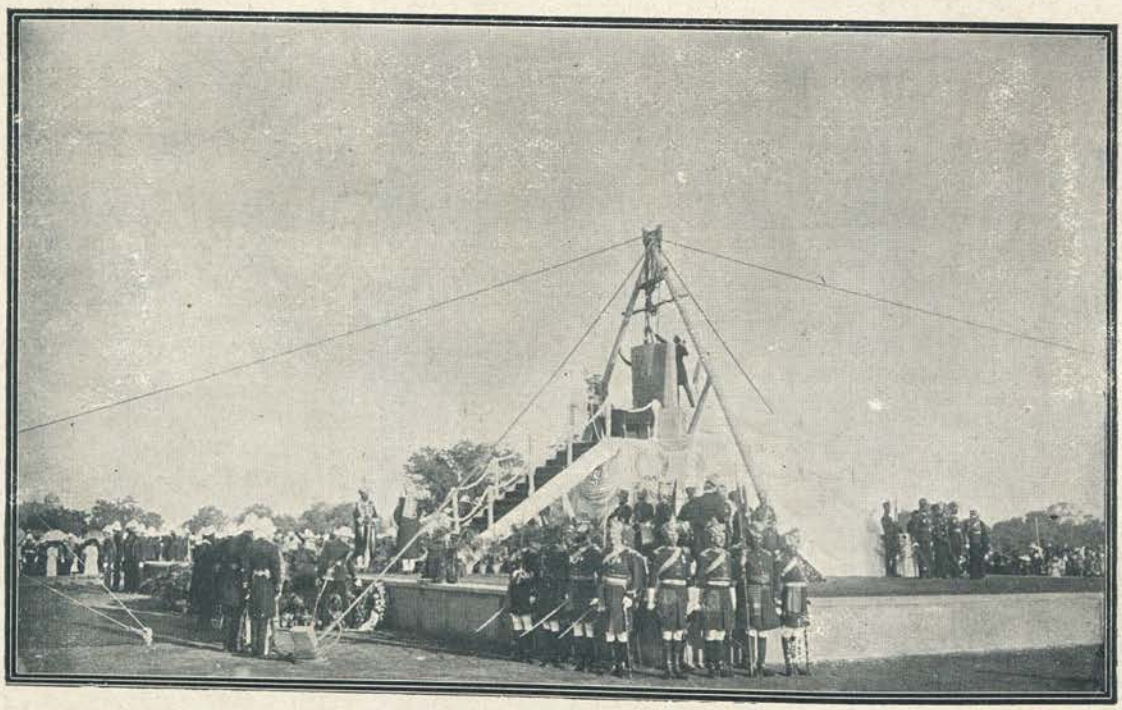
ENTRANCE TO ELEPHANTA CAVES, VISITED BY THEIR MAJESTIES.

DELHI: THE TRUMPETERS IN PROCESSION.

THE KING'S PROCESSION.



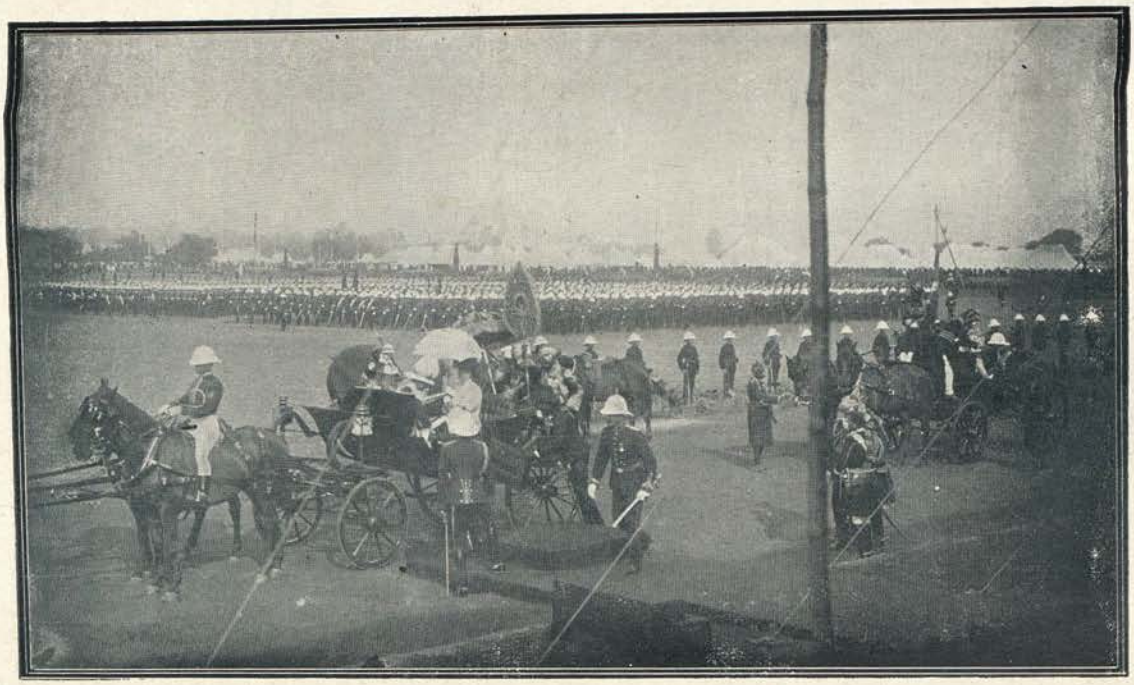
THE MAHRAJAH OF MYSORE IN THE PROCESSION.



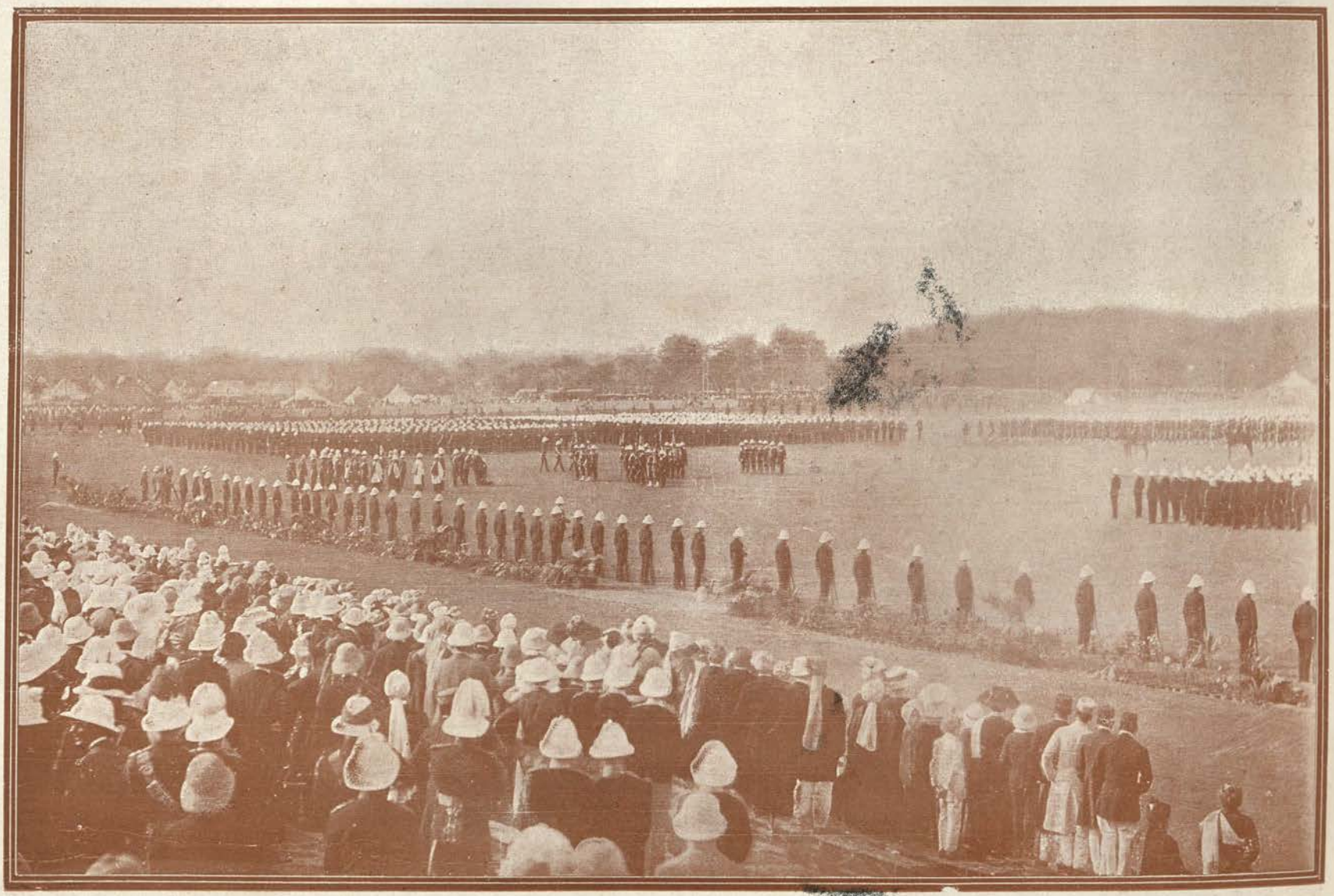
UNVEILING OF THE ALL INDIA MEMORIAL.

HIS MAJESTY'S ADDRESS AT THE ALL INDIA MEMORIAL.

HIS MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL: PRESENTATION OF COLOURS.

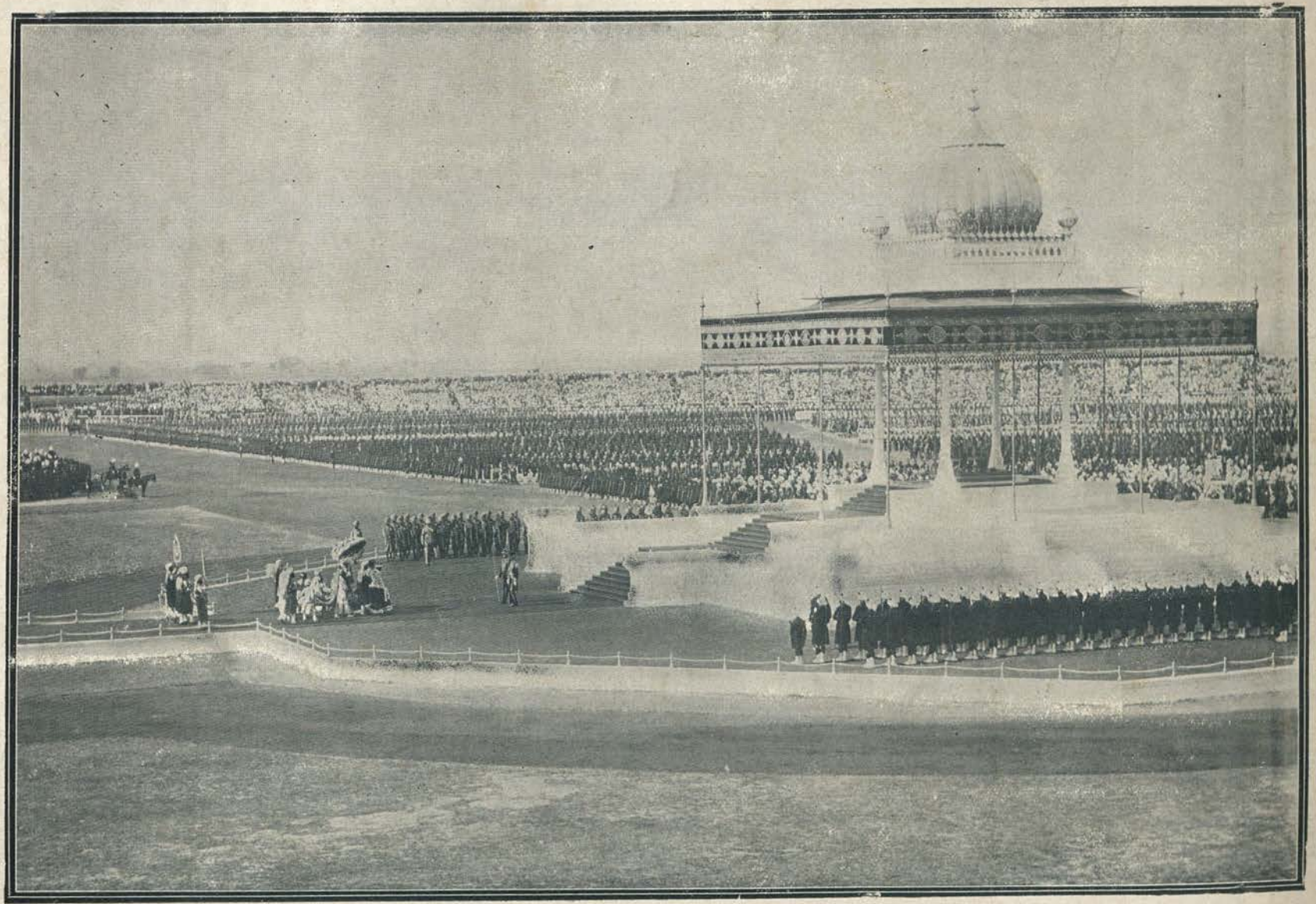


HER MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL: PRESENTATION OF COLOURS.



THE PRESENTATION OF COLOURS.

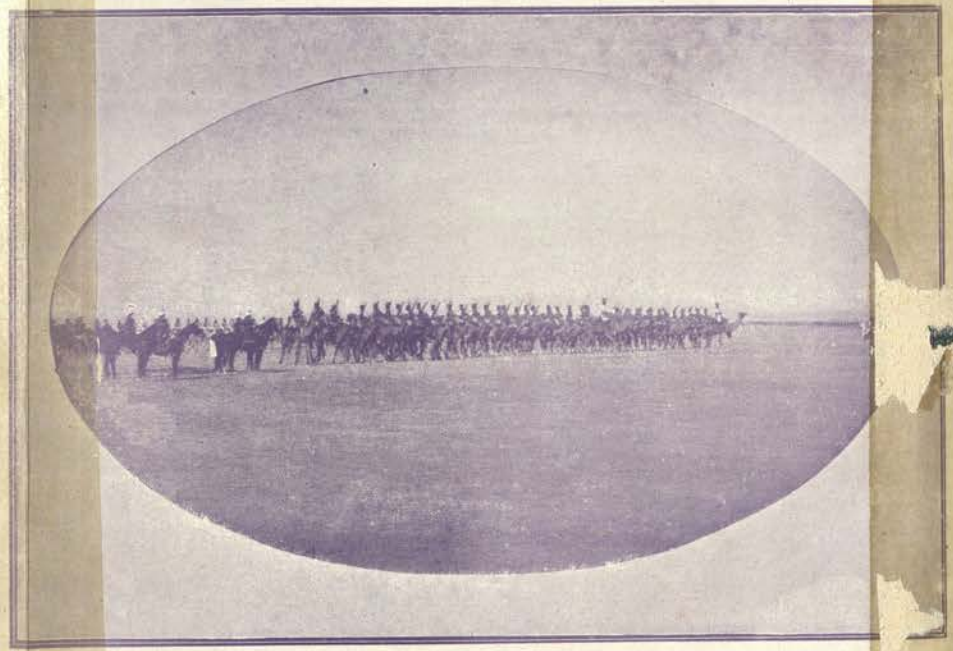
THEIR MAJESTIES' ARRIVAL AT THE DURBAR.



THEIR MAJESTIES ADVANCING TO THE THRONE.

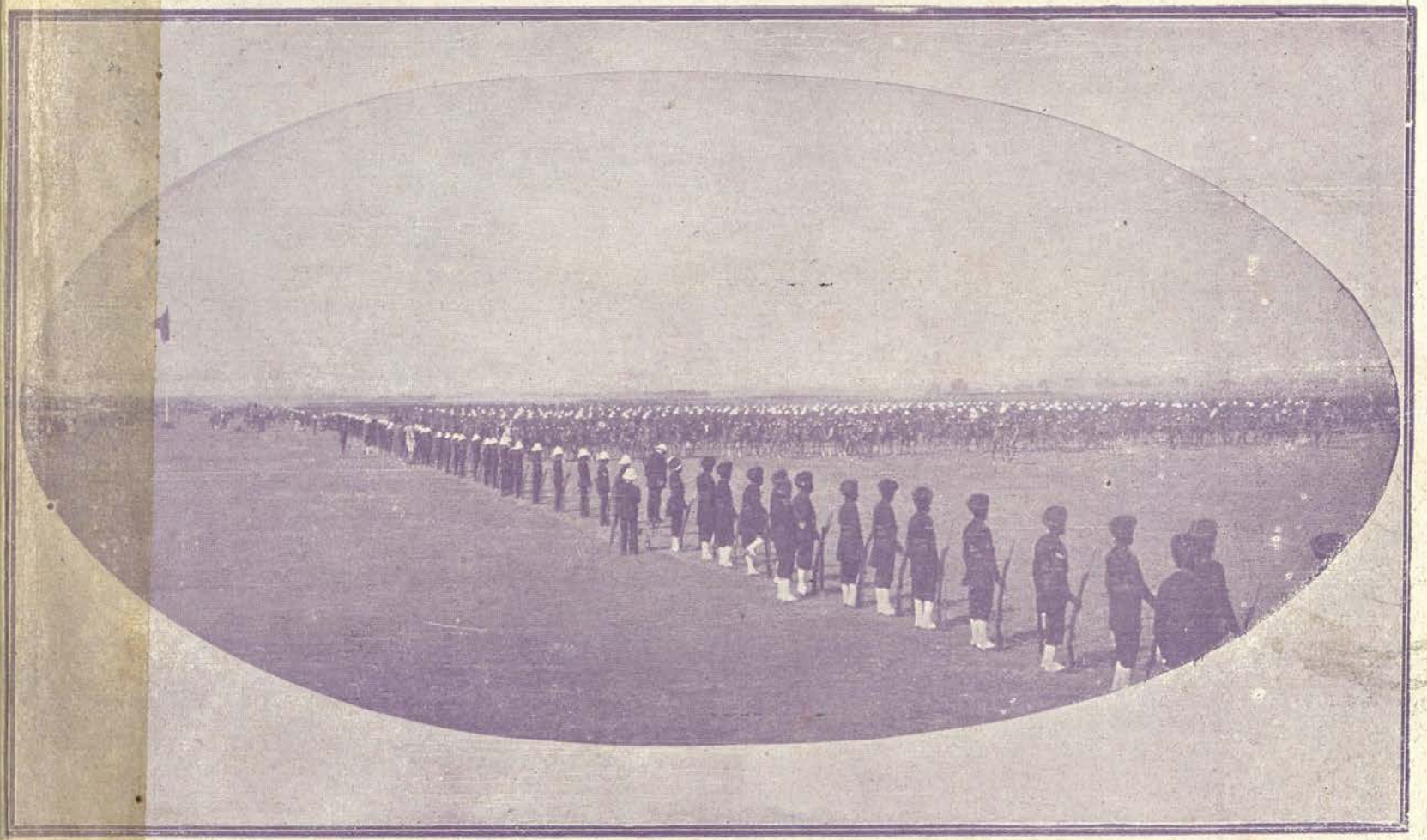
Panorama of the Delhi Durbar, 12th December, 1911.

CHURCH PARADE.

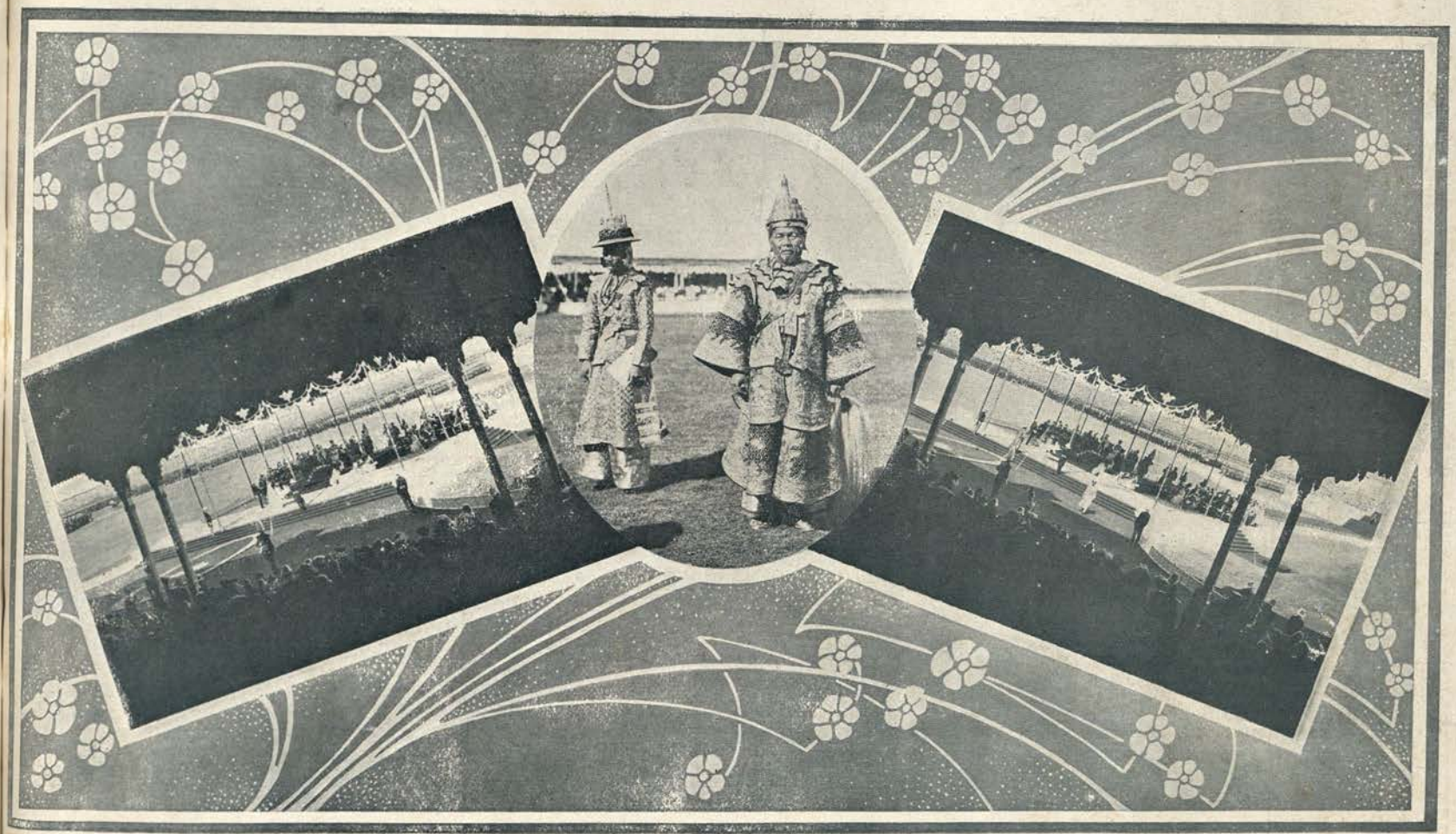


ROYAL REVIEW : BIKANEER CAMEL CORPS.

LAYING FOUNDATION STONE, NEW CAPITAL.



ROYAL REVIEW: 10TH HUSSARS.



PRESENTATION OF CHIEFS. SHAN CHIEFS AT THE DURBAR. PRESENTATION OF CHIEFS.

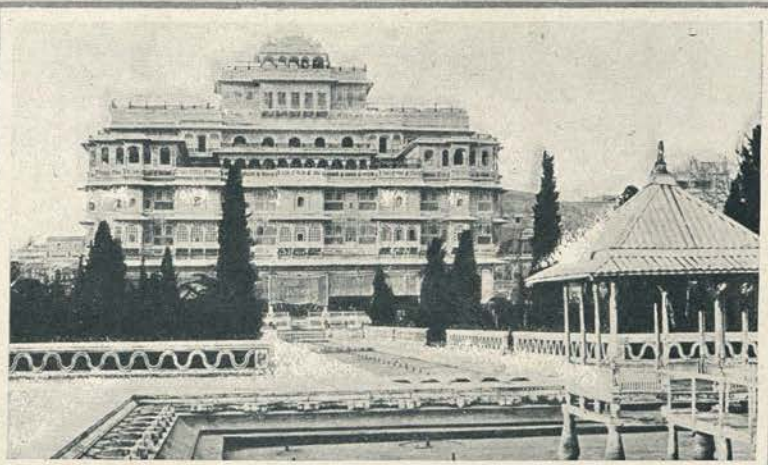
VETERAN OFFICERS BEING PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY.

LEAVING THE RIDGE PAVILION.

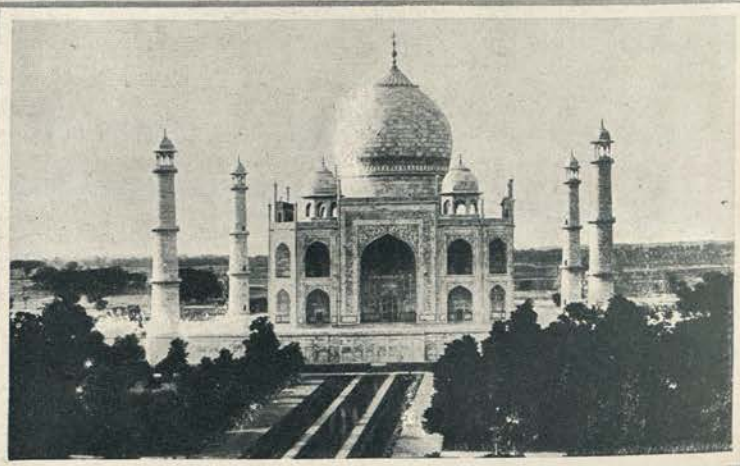
THE QUEEN AT KOTAH.

RAJA OF BUNDI.

AJMERE.



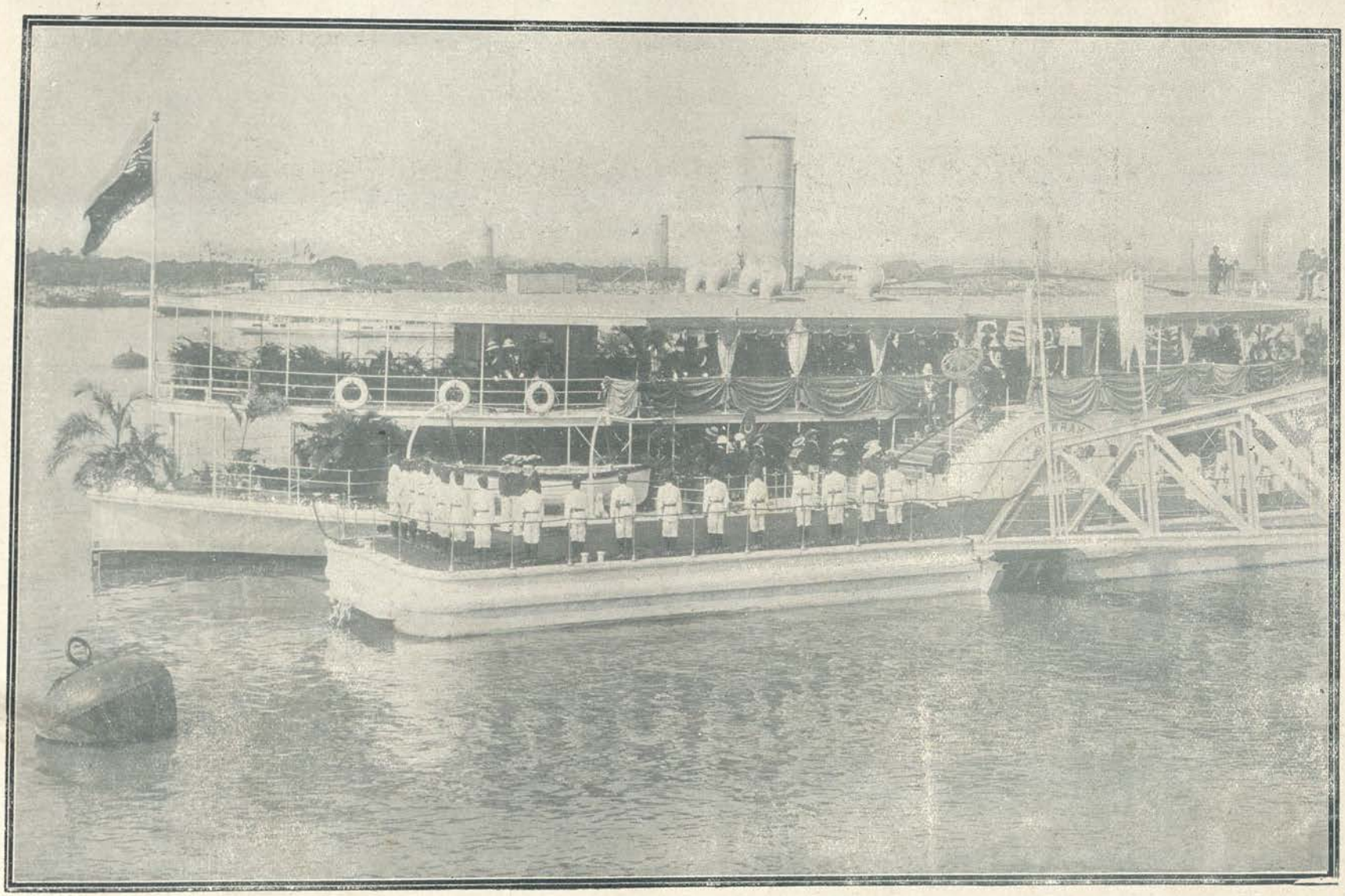
JEYPORE.



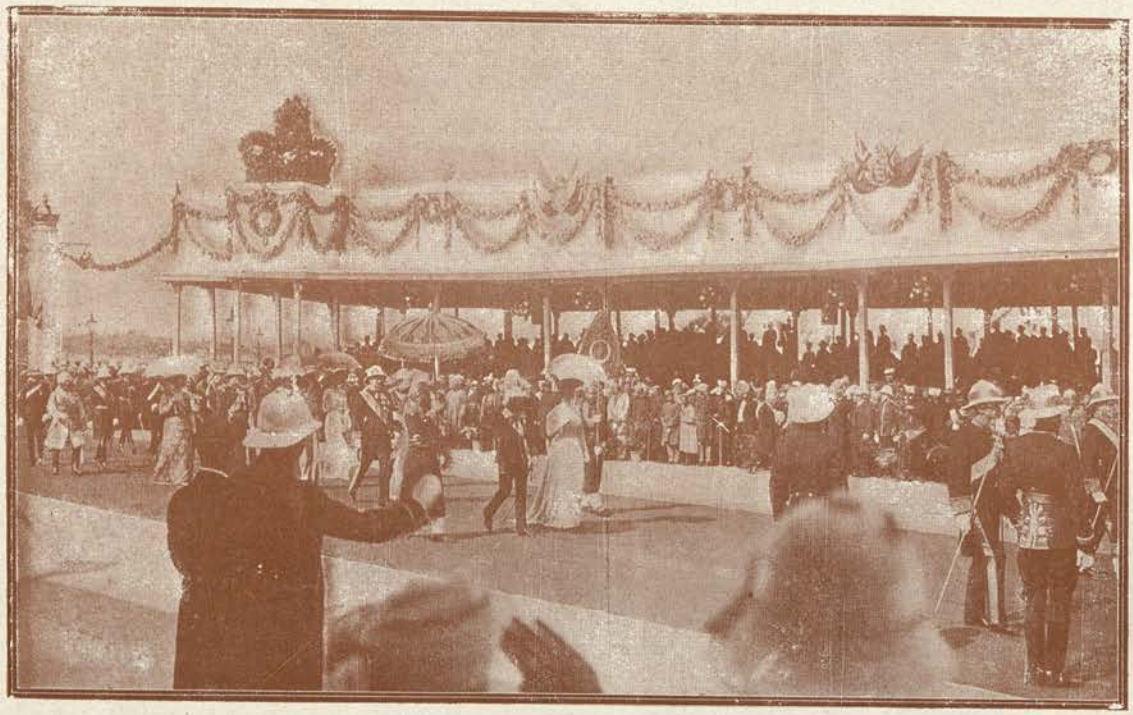
AGRA.

HIS MAJESTY IN NEPAL: THE KING'S RIFLE FACING A RHINOCEROS.

HIS MAJESTY IN NEPAL: TIGERS AND BEARS SHOT BY HIS MAJESTY.



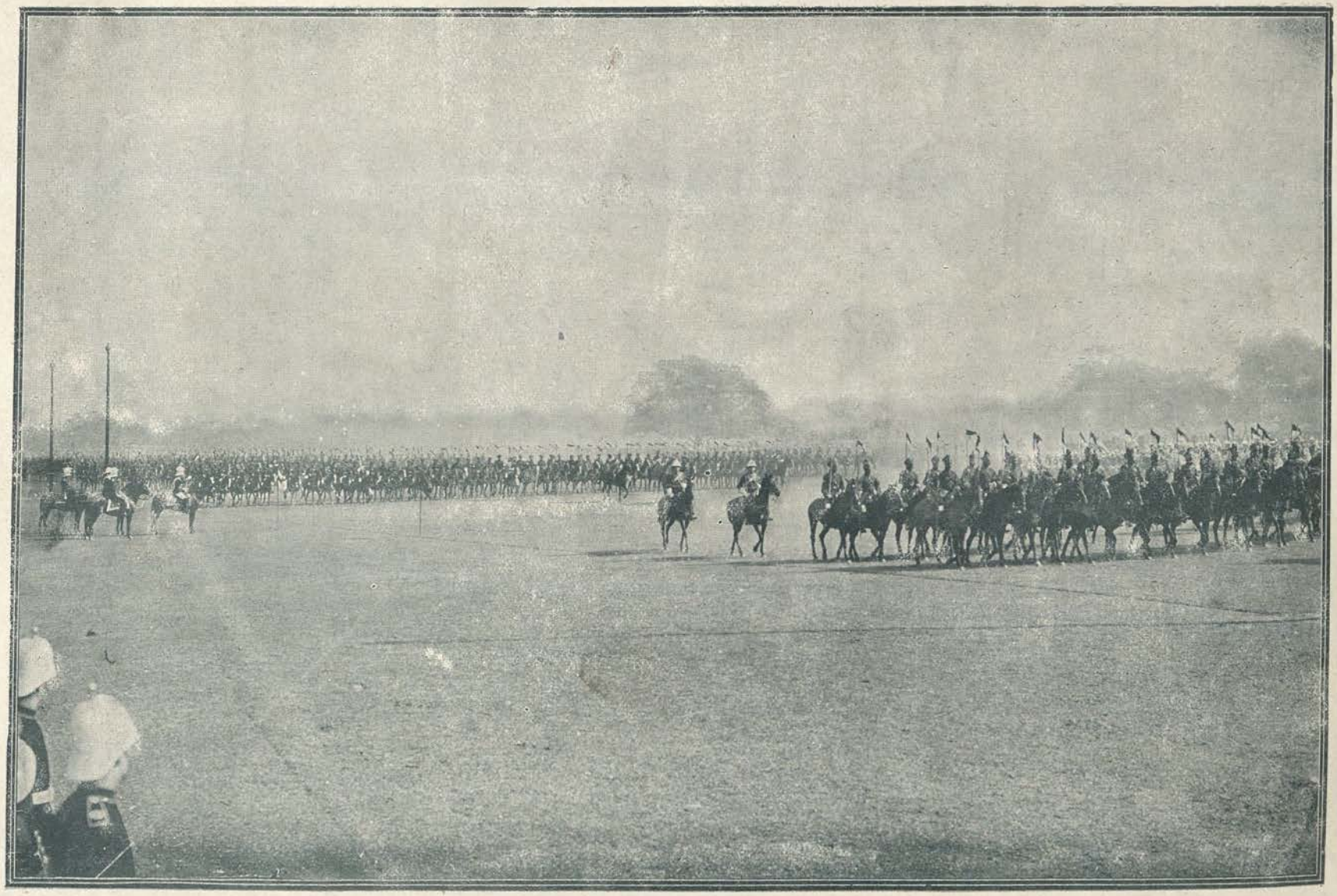
LANDING AT PRINSEPS GHAT, CALCUTTA.



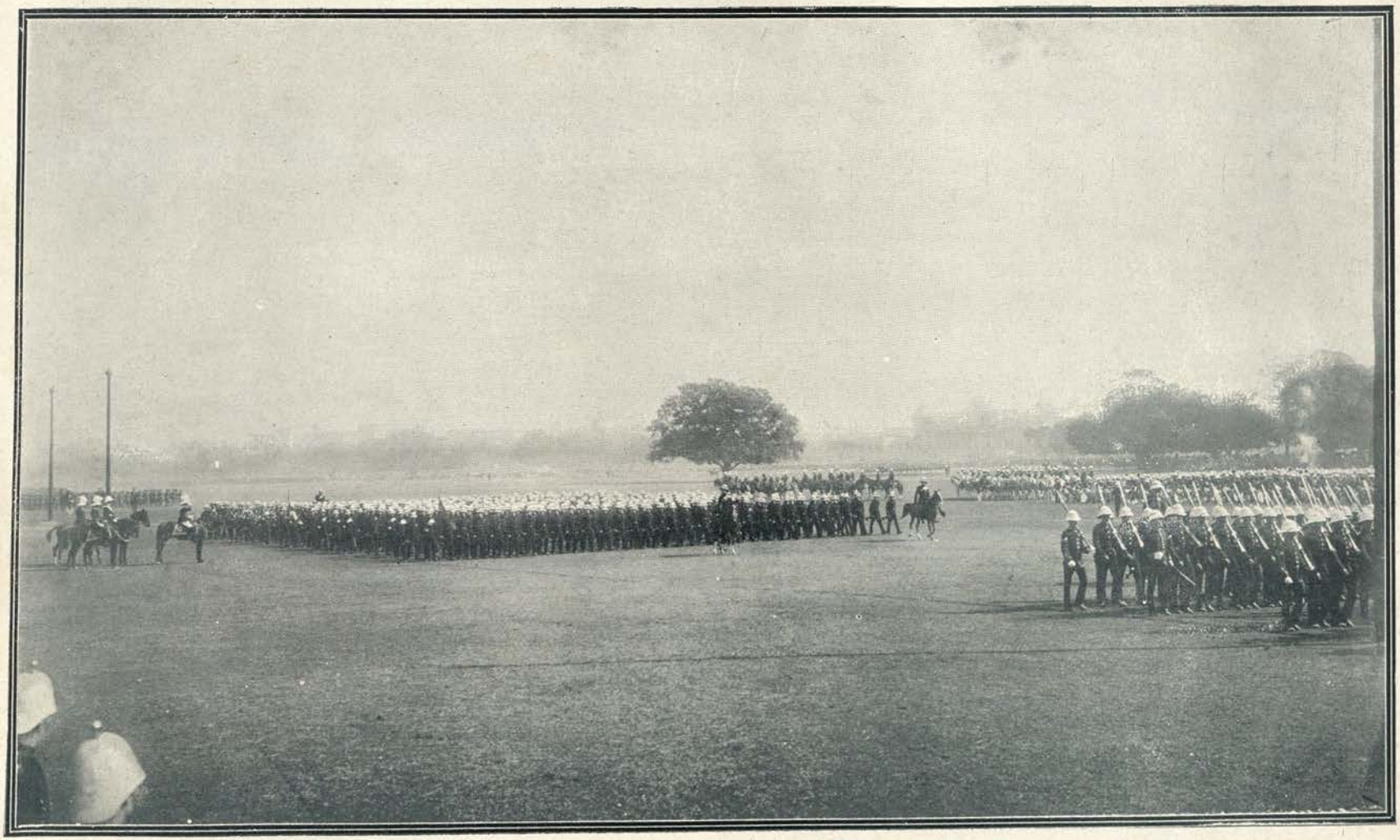
PROCESSION ON ARRIVAL AT CALCUTTA.

RECEIVING THE MUNICIPAL ADDRESS, CALCUTTA.

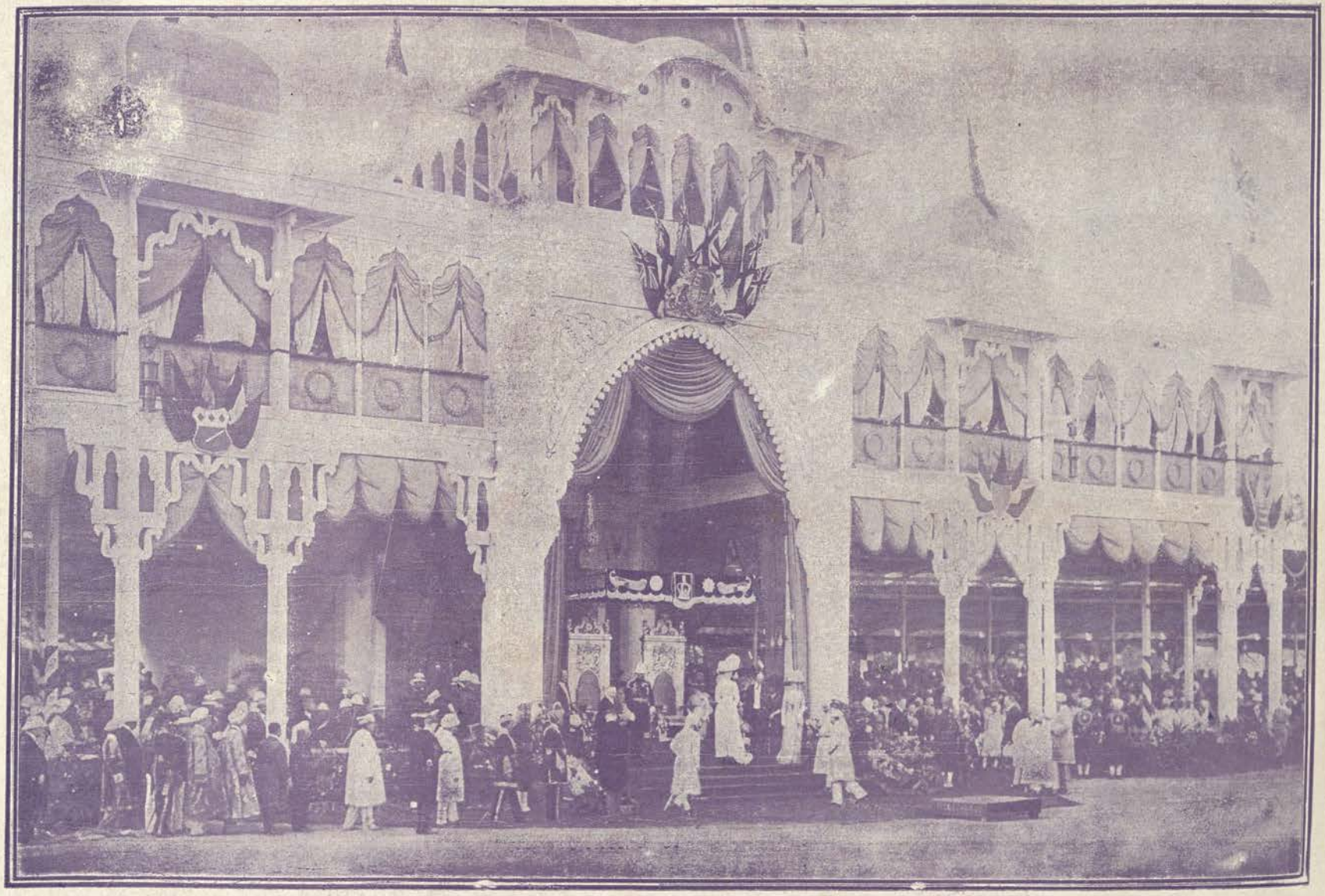
STATE ENTRY INTO CALCUTTA.



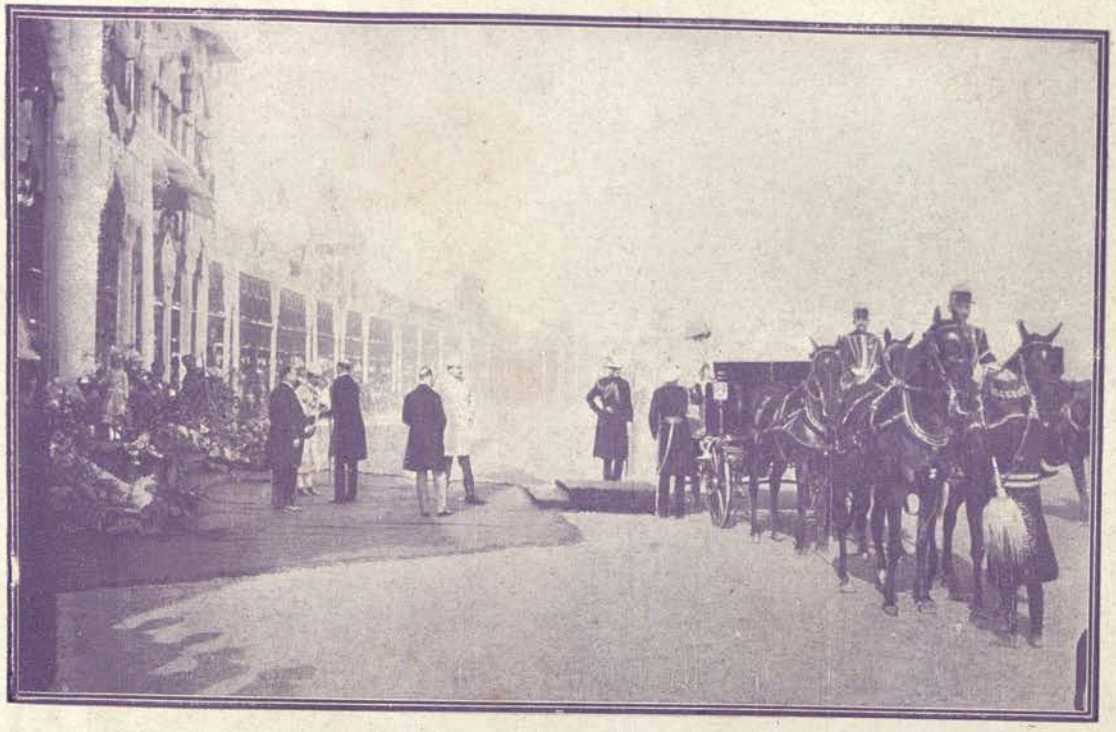
PROCLAMATION PARADE, CALCUTTA.



PROCLAMATION PARADE, CALCUTTA.



PRESENTATION OF BENGAL CHIEFS.



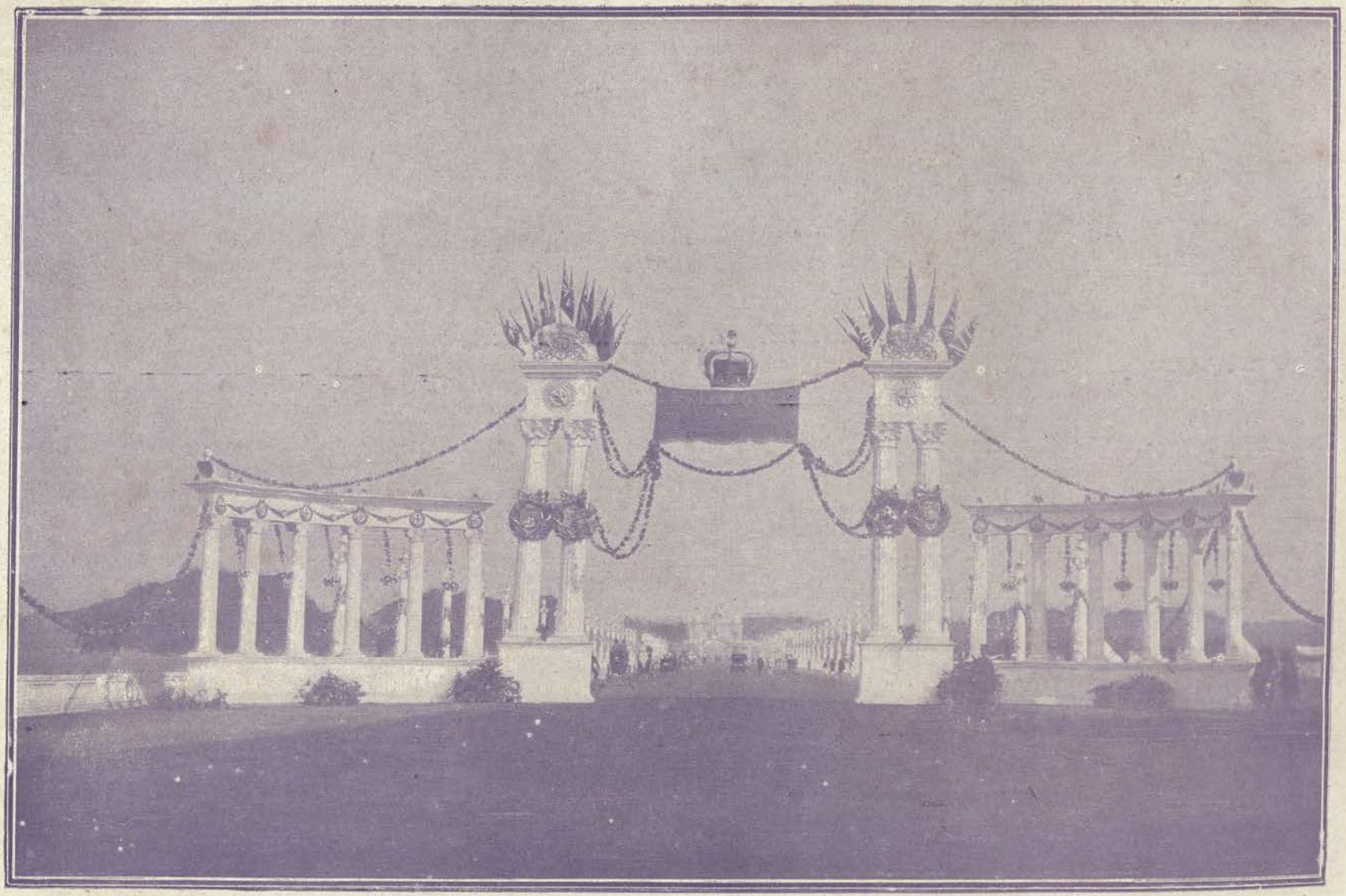
ARRIVAL OF H. E. THE VICEROY IN CALCUTTA.

THE KING'S CUP: HIS MAJESTY IN THE ROYAL BOX.

CALCUTTA PAGEANT.

CALCUTTA PAGEANT.

ORISSA PAIK'S DANCE, CALCUTTA PAGEANT.

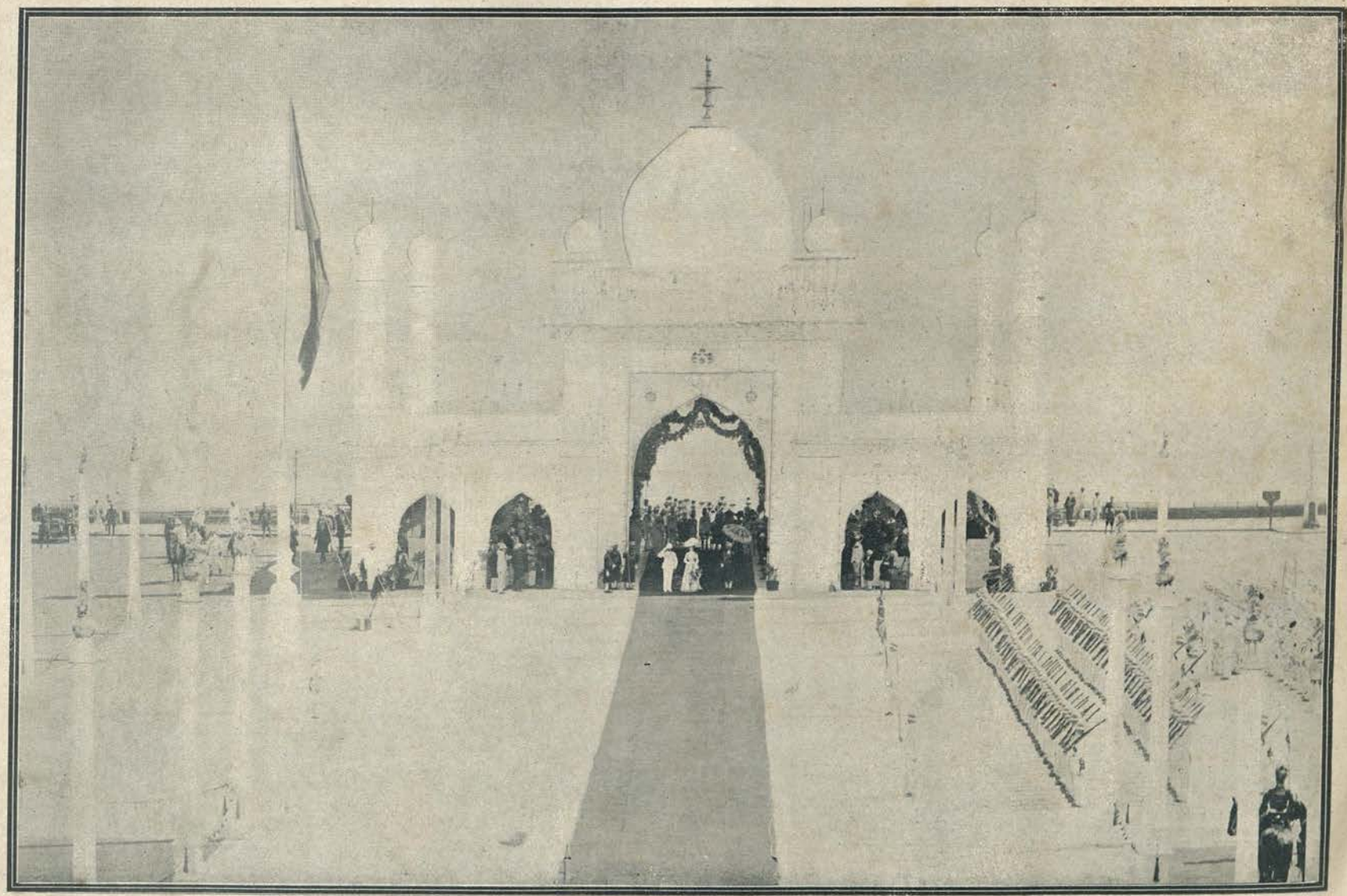


TRIUMPHAL ARCH ON RED ROAD, CALCUTTA.

THEIR MAJESTIES' DEPARTURE FROM CALCUTTA.

PROCESSION TO APOLLO BUNDER BOMBAY: THE DRAGOON GUARDS.

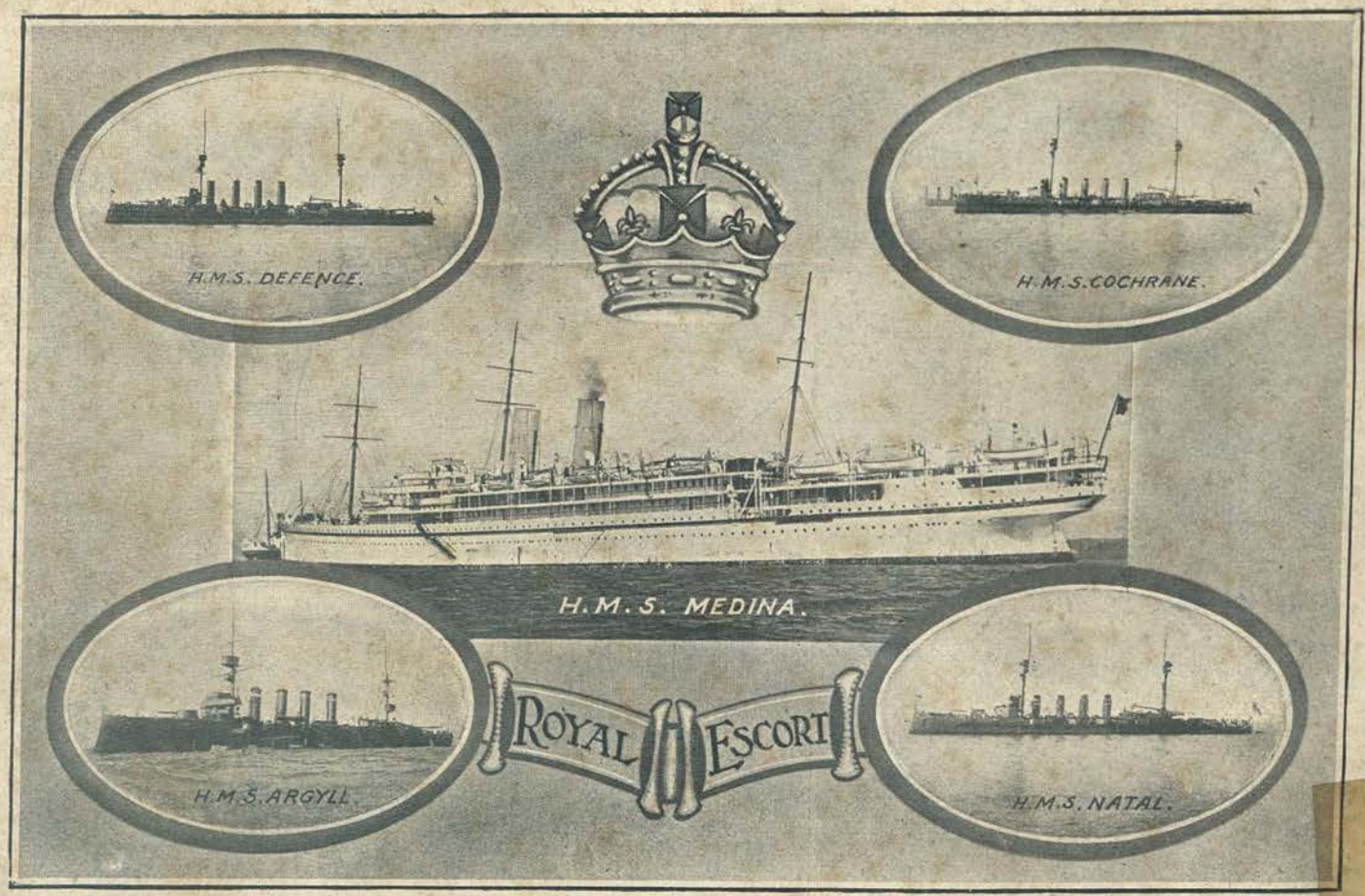
PROCESSION TO APOLLO BUNDER, BOMBAY: 7TH BATTERY R.F.A.



HIS MAJESTY'S LAST SALUTE TO BOMBAY.

THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING THE STEPS, APOLLO BUNDER.

THEIR MAJESTIES ON BOARD H.M.S. MEDINA.



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